



# LADY'S · VOYAGE

ROUND

## THE WORLD:

A SELECTED TRANSLATION FROM THE GERMAN

OF

IDA PFEIFFER.

BY MRS PERCY SINNETT,

NEW EDITION

LONDON

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS

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## TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

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THIS translation has not been made *verbatim* from the original. Retrenchments have been found expedient in those parts where the authoress has passed over quite familiar ground, and occasional omissions, such, for instance, as of slight statistical notices already to be found in other books, accounts of the mode of life on ship-board, and directions for stores to be laid in for a sea voyage, &c , —not without interest, perhaps, in Germany, where, as there are comparatively very few who “go down to the sea in ships, and have their business in the great waters,” such things have more novelty, but too familiar to the English reader to be worth laying before him. No word, however, has been omitted that seemed likely to afford information or pleasure, and it is hoped that the work will prove not less but more acceptable for being somewhat compressed.

Its chief attraction will most likely be found in the personal narrative, and in the singular character of the authoress, who, though apparently far removed by circumstances from the romantic or adventurous, yet passes through the most surprising scenes, and encounters the most imminent perils, with a calm and unconscious heroism that can hardly fail to command admiration.

We have often heard of late years of a certain, probably fabulous, creature, supposed to exist in the latitude of Berlin, and elsewhere, and denominated an “emancipated woman.” nothing



can be less like Madame Pfeiffer, yet truly she has emancipated herself in earnest—not from the fashions of gowns and petticoats, but from indolence, and vanity, and fear,—under whose bondage both the stronger and the weaker sex are liable to fall,—and that, too, without deviating for a moment from the simplicity and housewifely sobriety of her sex, her age, and her position in life. There is no country in the world where such a writer is likely to meet with more cordial appreciation than in England, and this feeling has greatly lightened the labour of clothing the original in an English dress.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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“ANOTHER journey,—and moreover, into regions that everybody would rather shun than seek ! This woman, it would seem travels in order to attract attention ! The first journey for a woman alone was tolerably venturesome, but it was possible that religious feeling might have something to do with it, and that will excuse much, but in the present instance, one can find no rational motive for such an undertaking ”

Such, or, perhaps, still more severe, will be the judgments that will be passed upon me, and yet they do me great injustice I am a harmless and well-meaning person enough and certainly the last thought that would occur to me would be to do anything whatever with a view to attract attention May I be permitted to say a few words concerning my character and circumstances, which may serve to remove whatever appearance there may be of eccentricity in my mode of action ?

From my earliest childhood I had always the greatest longing to see the world When I met a travelling carriage I used to stand still and gaze after it with tears in my eyes, envying the very postilions, till it vanished from my sight As a girl of ten or twelve, I read with the greatest eagerness all the books of travels I could get hold of, and then I transferred my envy to the grand traveller who had gone round the world The tears would come into my eyes when I climbed a mountain and saw others still piled up before me, and thought that I should never see what lay beyond I afterwards, however, travelled a good deal with my parents, and subsequently with my husband, and did not of reconcile

## INTRODUCTION.

myself to remaining at home, till my two boys required my attention and had to attend particular schools

When their education was completed,—when I might, if I pleased, have spent the remainder of my days in quiet retirement, then my youthful dreams and visions rose again before my mind's eye. My imagination dwelt on distant lands and strange customs,—a new heaven and a new earth. I thought how blessed it would be to tread the soil hallowed for ever by the presence of the Saviour. I thought long, and at length formed my resolution. I had represented to myself first all the difficulties, obstacles, and dangers connected with the undertaking, and endeavoured to dismiss the idea from my mind, but in vain. I cared little for privation, my bodily frame was healthy and hardy, I had no fear of death, and as my birth-day dated from the last century, I could travel *alone*. With a joy amounting to rapture, I set out then on my journey to Palestine, and as I came home again in perfect safety, I trusted I had not acted presumptuously in following the impulse of my nature, and I determined to see a little more yet of the world.

These are Madame Pfeiffer's animated expressions in a preface to one of her works of travel. They are placed here by the translator as an introduction to the English public, and as giving a picture of her mental character, much in the way that a portrait is prefixed to a volume to give the reader some notion of the personal appearance of the author.

# A LADY'S VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

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*At Sea off Rio de Janeiro—Landing—Description of the City—The Blacks and their relation to the Whites—Arts and Sciences in Rio de Janeiro—Public Festivals—Christening of the Princess—Fete in the Barracks—Climate and Vegetation—Manners and Customs—Emigrants*

ON the morning of the 13th of September 1846 I found myself on board a Danish brig, nearing the land of South America. I had been more than two months at sea, having left Hamburg on the 29th of June, and it was, therefore, with much satisfaction that, following the advice of the helmsman when I crept up on deck about daybreak, I stretched my head over the bulwark and drew in deep draughts of a sweet balmy land breeze. The land, however, to my surprise, was not yet in sight, though the sea was covered with the bodies of butterflies driven out by a gale that we had had for two days before, and which had cost us two sails. The sea had been so high, too, that we had had the greatest difficulty in getting our meals, as we had to hold our plates and the table with one hand, while with the other we made repeated efforts, sometimes successful, to carry the food to our mouths. At night I had to pack myself tight in my berth with cloaks and clothes, to prevent my being beaten black and blue with the rolling of the vessel.

Longingly did our eyes now search the horizon for Cape Frio, which we were told was not far off. No Cape Frio, however, was to be seen, and the distance was covered with mists and clouds which the sun seemed to have no power to pierce. We hoped for what the next morning might bring us, but in the night came another gale, we had to go out to sea again, and were glad the next evening to be able to get back again to the same spot. We did really now catch a glimpse of the outlines of Cape Frio, but only for a short time, for the gale sprung up again, and again we lost sight of the wished-for land. On the 15th nothing was to be seen but sky and water except some sea-mews, which served to keep up



our hopes by showing that it could not be far off, and affording us at the same time some amusement. They kept close to the ship, and swallowed eagerly every piece of meat or bread thrown to them. The sailors caught some and placed them on the deck, and they seemed hardly able to move a few yards, although they could rise quickly enough from the watery surface and fly very high. One of the passengers wanted to kill one for the sake of stuffing it, but the sailors protested, declaring we should have a calm directly if he did. They would often during a calm throw overboard empty casks or pieces of wood, probably, it seemed to me, as sacrifices to the gods of the winds.

In the morning we were really so fortunate as to be in sight of Rio de Janeiro, and by two o'clock we had entered the bay. Immediately at its entrance lie several mountains, some of which rise singly out of the water, and others are connected at the base. These sea-mountains, as one might call them, form by their combinations the most exquisite prospects, sometimes opening so as to show a singular ravine, sometimes a beautifully situated quarter of the town, and sometimes the open sea or a magnificent harbour. At that part where the city lies there are masses of rock which have served as foundations for the fortifications. On various conspicuous points are seen churches and convents—the public walk, with its two elegant pavilions, close to the sea—and the extensive villages, Praya Flamingo and Botafogo, with their beautiful villas and gardens,—these, with the many ships in the harbour, and the luxuriant vegetation,—all together formed a picture which my pen, at least, cannot describe.

We all went to bed that night rejoicing at the safe termination of our long voyage. There was one poor woman on board who had followed her husband, an artisan, all the way from Germany, and had spent all her little savings to do so. She rejoiced too, and the captain did not tell her till the following morning the news he had for her, namely, that her husband had quitted the place in company with a negress, and had left behind him nothing but debts.

On the morning of the 17th the captain accompanied us passengers ashore, warning us especially to make no attempt at smuggling, and to carry with us no sealed letters, for in no other place were the custom-house officers so rigid, or the punishment so severe. We felt, therefore, rather anxious when we saw the guard ship, and expected to be searched from head to foot, but instead of that,

the captain simply requested permission to go ashore, it was immediately granted, and there was an end of the whole affair. As long as we continued to live in the ship, we went backwards and forwards as often as we liked, and were never subjected to any inquiry, only when we took chests and boxes with us we had to go to the custom-house, and there the examination was made pretty strictly, and the duty on books and other things was certainly very high.

We landed at *Praya dos Mineiros*, a dirty, disgusting looking square, with a no less dirty and disgusting population of negroes, who were crouching on the ground and offering for sale fruits and various dainties, the praises of which they were screaming in all possible discordant tones. Through this place we passed into the main street, the only beauty of which is its breadth. It contains several public buildings the Exchange, the Post Office, &c., but all so insignificant looking, that you would not notice them at all but for the people standing before them. At the end of the street is the Imperial Palace, like a large private house, and without any pretensions to architectural beauty. It is adorned with a fountain of very dirty water, round which many poor free negroes take their repose for the night, and in the morning perform their ablutions very composedly in the presence of the public. One part of the space before the Palace is enclosed with a wall, and serves as a market for fish, fruit, and vegetables.

Of the remaining streets, the most interesting are the *Rua Misericordia* and *Ouvidor*, the latter has the largest and richest shops, but the best are not to be compared with those of a European city. I did not find much to admire in any, with the exception of the artificial flower shops, where was a splendid assortment of flowers made of birds' feathers, fish scales, and beetles' wings. From the *Largo do Rocio*, omnibuses run in all directions, here stand the government offices, and it also enjoys the distinction of being the very dirtiest square in the whole city. The first time I visited it there were dead dogs and cats lying about, and another time the carcase of a mule in a state of putrefaction. There is a fountain in it, but I do not know that that contributes much to its beauty, for since fresh water is somewhat scarce in Rio de Janeiro, the noble guild of washerwomen have established their head quarters in this square, which offers, at the same time, the advantage of a drying ground. Here, therefore, they wash and wring out and

dry, and carry on all their operations, not to mention such vociferous exercise of tongues as made me glad to make my escape.

The houses are built much in the European style, but small and mean, with only one or at the utmost two stories, and without the terraces and verandahs found in other hot countries. Some tasteless little balconies hang against the wall, and the windows are closed with clumsy wooden shutters which exclude every ray of sunshine. You sit indeed, almost in darkness, but the Brazilian ladies do not mind that, as they never have anything to do.

But if the streets of the city are little attractive, the people you meet in them are still less so. Scarcely any one is to be seen but negroes and negresses, mostly half naked, or clad in miserable rags, or, what is almost as bad, in the worn-out European clothing of their masters, and the unpleasantness of their appearance is greatly heightened by the numerous infirmities—elephantiasis especially—to which they are subject. Even the dogs and cats, which run about the streets in great numbers, are infected with the general ugliness, as well as with diseases which manifest themselves in frequent sores.

I should like to bring to this city some of the travellers who are frightened at the streets of Constantinople, and who expatiate on the manner in which the impression made by the aspect of that city from without, is destroyed by a sight of the interior. It is true that the streets of Constantinople are narrow and dirty, the houses are often small, the dogs unpleasant,—but every here and there you come upon some magnificent memorial of former days, some stately palace or wonderful mosque, and you may continue your ramble into vast cemeteries and dreary express-woods. Every now and then you step aside before a pasha or high priest moving onward in state, surrounded by a glittering throng of attendants, or a Turk in his noble costume, or a Turkish woman with her dark eyes flashing through her veil. You see Persians with their high caps, the noble features of the Arab, dervises with their conical head gear and flowing petticoats, and from time to time heavy gilt and painted carriages, drawn by richly caparisoned oxen.

All these things make one some amends for what is ugly. But in Rio de Janeiro there is nothing to offer compensation for the disagreeable and repulsive sights that meet your eyes at every turn. It was not till I had been several weeks in the city, that I could find among the young negresses some pleasing figures, and among the dark tinted Brazilian and Portuguese dames some handsome

expressive faces. On the male sex the gift of beauty seems to have been bestowed very sparingly indeed.

The minutum of the objects I found by no means so great as I had often heard represented, certainly nothing to compare with that of Naples or Messina. The greatest noise is made by the negroes carrying burdens, and especially those who carry the bags of coffee on board the ships, singing at the same time a monotonous tune that helps them to keep time in their steps. All the heavy and dirty work of Brazil is of course performed by blacks, but many of them learn mechanical trades, and I have seen in the shops, black hands engaged in the preparation of fine gold and silver work, and delicate embroidery; but notwithstanding the many proofs they are constantly giving of skill and intelligence there are among what we must call the educated classes here numbers who maintain that a negro is only a link between the trees of man and monkey. The negroes are, I grant, far enough from the intellectual level of the whites; but I find the cause not in their want of capacity, but in their total want of education. There are in Brazil no schools for negroes, nor is the smallest attempt made to cultivate their intellectual faculties. Their lot otherwise is not so hard as many Europeans believe—certainly not so hard as that of the Russian, Polish, or Egyptian peasants who are not called slaves. They are not overburdened with work; they have good nourishing food, and their punishments, except for running away, are not severe. One which I noticed was that of veering a turban fastened behind with a loop, which is applied, among other offences, for that of drunkenness. The city of Rio de Janeiro is tolerably well lit, and even the environs to some distance, a measure which is to be ascribed to the fear entertained of the black population, which is four-fold that of the white. No slave is allowed to be seen in the streets after nine at night without a pass from his master. Should one be caught without this protection, he is sent to prison, his head shaved, and he is kept till his master has ransomed him with a fine of four or five milreis, (a milreis is about 2s 4d).

One of the disagreeable characteristics of Rio de Janeiro is the entire want of drains. After a few heavy showers of rain every street is turned into a regular river, which one cannot cross on foot, but must be carried over by negroes. Almost all traffic is stopped, no invitation is accepted, nay, even bills of exchange are in such

cases not taken up. One is not easily induced to make use of a hired carriage, since the foolish custom prevails of charging as much for the shortest drive as for the use of a carriage for a whole day. When you get them they are only half covered, and have seats for but two persons, though a drive costs six milreis (14s. English).

For what concerns the state of the arts and sciences in this city, they may be dismissed in very few words. The Academy presents a few busts and figures, mostly in plaster, a few architectural plans and drawings, and some old oil pictures, the whole looking like the refuse of some private gallery that had been cleared out. The pictures are so much injured that it is sometimes scarcely possible to make out what they are meant to represent, but this is perhaps no great matter, for their only claim to veneration is their age. A very striking contrast to their faded dinginess is presented in some copies made of them by the students, which are staring in all the fierce intensity of red, yellow, and green, &c., with scarcely an attempt at softening or harmonizing any tint. I had some doubts whether the artists in question meant to found a new school of colouring, or whether they intended to make the beholder amend for the discolouration of the originals by the glaring brightness of their copies. There were as many blacks and mulattoes among the students as whites, but the number of the whole was very small. With music the case is little if at all better than with painting. It is true that in almost every family you enter the daughters both sing and play the piano, but the style of their performance makes it difficult to recognise any piece, even of the simplest and easiest character. The church music is something better, though by no means what could be wished, but the best certainly is the military band.

Considering, however, the generally feeble and languishing state of art, one is rather surprised at the colossal proportions of the Opera House, which has four tiers of expensive boxes, and is calculated to accommodate 2,000 people. I saw "Lucrezia Borgia" performed very tolerably by an Italian company, and the costume and decorations were not amiss. But if this establishment on the whole somewhat exceeded my expectations, I experienced the contrary on visiting the Museum. In a country so richly endowed by nature, I expected to find it large and well filled, but though there were many large rooms, I found them all but empty. The only department in any tolerable state of completeness was the collection of birds, that of minerals is extremely defective, and that of the quadrupeds

and insects very poor. What most attracted my attention were the beads of four savages—two of the Malay race, and two New Zealanders, completely covered with the handsomest tattooing, and as fresh as if they had departed this life but yesterday.

Among other sights of Rio de Janeiro, I witnessed three public festivals, of which the best was the christening of the Imperial Princess. All the morning, carriages had been driving up to the Palace, with splendidly dressed ladies and gentlemen, and towards four in the afternoon the procession began to move. First came the band of court musicians, in crimson velvet, with three heralds in the old Spanish costume of black velvet and caps with waving plumes. They were followed by judges and official persons, chamberlains, courtiers, senators, deputies, generals, and clergy, and lastly came the tutor of the little princess, bearing her imperial highness on a cushion of white velvet, trimmed with broad gold lace, followed by the Emperor and the nurse, surrounded by the most distinguished cavaliers and court ladies. The Empress and her ladies, meanwhile, had reached the church by a private passage. She presented the most striking contrast to her husband, being little and sickly, while he, though not yet quite twenty-one, is six feet high, and very corpulent.

The moment of the baptism was announced by the firing of guns and the letting off of rockets and other fireworks, and when it was over the church was opened to the public. I went in with the rest of the curious crowd, and was really surprised at the magnificence and taste that appeared in the decorations. Costly silks and velvets, with gold fringes, clothed the walls, rich carpets covered the floor, on a table in the middle of the nave was set out the superb gold and silver plate belonging to the church; and amongst the massive vessels of the most elaborate workmanship stood splendid cut glass vases filled with flowers, and golden candelabras glittered with innumerable lights. In a little side chapel stood the cradle of the little princess, covered with white satin and gold lace and fringe. In the evening the public buildings were illuminated. But the most peculiar part of the entertainment consisted in a species of ballet, got up at the various barracks in honour of the occasion, in which all the parts, including those of the ladies, were performed by soldiers. The best of these was in the Rua Barbone, where, in a spacious courtyard, an elegant semicircular gallery was erected, in the centre of which was a

small temple, with the busts of the imperial pair. The gallery was for the ladies, who appeared in full dress, and were received at the entrance by the officers. In front of the gallery was a stage, on each side of which were rows of benches for the less distinguished part of the feminine audience, and beyond these benches stood the men. The soldiers appeared in various costumes, as Scots-Poles, Spaniards, &c., but what I most admired was the extreme propriety and decorum which the manly young ladies observed in all their evolutions.

Few armies are more splendidly equipped than that of Brazil. Every common man is fine enough for a lieutenant at least, but there is a total inattention to size and colour in their arrangement. You will see a black beside a white, and a boy of fourteen marching as the comrade of a robust man of full age, which makes the effect of the whole very odd and irregular. The army, I was told, is recruited by pressing, and the time of service is from four to six years.

I had heard and read much in Europe of the magnificence and luxuriance of nature in Brazil, of the constantly bright sunny sky, and the charms of perpetual spring, and it is true that vegetation is here richer than in, perhaps, any country in the world, and that every one who wishes to see the operation of the forces of nature in their utmost activity should come to Brazil, but he must by no means expect to find every thing beautiful, or suppose that there will be nothing to weaken the charm of the first impression. You may rejoice, perhaps, at first at the never-changing verdure, and the unfading splendour of summer, but with time this will lose its charm. You will be glad of a little winter, and find the revival of nature,—the re-animation of the plant after their apparent death,—the return of the fragrant breath of spring,—all the more welcome for having been deprived of them for a time. The climate and the atmosphere I found extremely oppressive and disagreeable, the heat, although at that season scarcely exceeding  $24^{\circ}$  (Reaumur) in the shade, very exhausting. In the hot month, that is, from the end of December till May, the heat in the shade often rose to  $30^{\circ}$ , and in the sun to  $40^{\circ}$ . But in Egypt I have borne a much higher temperature for more weeks, possibly because there the air is very dry, whilst here it is extremely damp. Mist and clouds are in the order of the day, and highlands and mountains are often enveloped in impenetrable darkness, and the whole atmosphere impregnated with violent vapours.

The most agreeable season is the winter, when the temperature does not fall below  $14^{\circ}$ , and the air is dry and clear. This is the time usually employed for travelling. I really, however, do not understand what travellers mean by talking of the bright cloudless sky of Brazil.

Another enjoyment of temperate climates, that of the fine evenings, is lost here. The sun in the middle of the summer sets at three quarters past six, twenty or thirty minutes after it is quite dark, and with darkness everyone hastens home, since darkness and damp come together. Another annoyance is, of course, in the insects—mosquitoes, ants, and sand fleas, &c. Many a night have I passed in sleepless torment from their bites and stings. The ants especially often appear in innumerable swarms, and pass over everything that comes in their way.

At the country seat of M. Geiger (the secretary to the Austrian consulate), who had been kind enough to invite me there for the recovery of my health, a swarm of this kind passed through the house, and it was really interesting to observe what a regular line they formed, and how impossible it was to turn them out of the direction they had chosen. Madame Geiger told me that she had once been awakened in the night by a terrible itching in her skin, and immediately springing from her bed, she perceived that a swarm of ants was passing across her bedstead. There is no help for it, and one has nothing to do but to wait quietly the end of the procession, which lasts from four to six hours. Still worse, perhaps, are the sand fleas, which fix themselves in the flesh, mostly in the toes under the nails, where they lay their eggs. Altogether Brazil, though for a traveller one of the most interesting countries in the world, is one of the last I should recommend for a permanent residence.

Of the state of morals in Brazil, the short duration of my stay there, not much over two months, gives me, perhaps, little right to speak. It appeared to me that the love of money, generally so striking a characteristic of the Americanised European, is very prominent here, and is much promoted by some peculiar customs. It is for instance, usual for a husband not to make his wife any allowance in money, but to give her, for her own use, one or several male or female slaves, of whom she may dispose at her pleasure. She generally has them taught cooking, sewing, embroidery, and so





get ready employment and good wages, the demand for them is every day becoming less, as the negroes are now continually brought up to trades

Let none who leave their country delude themselves with false hopes, for terrible is the process of being undeceived, when they are here alone and in poverty

#### EXCURSIONS INTO THE INTERIOR

*The New German Colony of Petropolis — Murderous Attack by a Maroon Negro — Morroqueimado and Aldea do Pedro, Plantations of the Europeans — Forest Conflagrations — Primeval Forests — Last Settlement of the Whites — Visit to the Pure Indians*

I HAD heard in Rio de Janeiro so much of the rapid growth and prosperity of a colony lately founded by Germans in the neighbourhood,—of the magnificent region in which it lies,—of the primeval forests through which a part of the road to it leads, that I could not resist the wish to make an excursion thither. Count Berchtold, who had been my travelling companion from Hamburg, was to accompany me, and we accordingly engaged two places in a vessel going to Porto d'Estrella, whence the journey must be continued on foot. The bay through which we passed was most picturesque, surrounded by beautiful hills and sprinkled with scattered islands, some of which were so thickly covered with palm and other trees that they seemed almost impenetrable, while others rose up abruptly as colossal rocks from the sea. Our crew consisted of four negroes and the captain, and as at first a favourable wind filled our sails, they took the opportunity to refresh themselves with a meal of boiled fish, roasted mullet, oranges, cocoa and other nuts. Even white bread was not wanting, and I was heartily glad to see them so well provided. After about two hours the wind left us, and they had to take to the oars, which is here extremely toilsome, for the rower at every stroke steps up on a bench before him and then throws himself back with all his strength. In another two hours we had left the sea, and turned into the river Geomeim, at the mouth of which lies an inn, where we stopped for half an hour, and where I saw an extraordinary kind of lighthouse, namely, a lantern hanging from a rock. The beauty of the country ceases here for a mere spectator, though a botanist would consider it glorious from the abundance of fine water plants. The shores are flat and low,

and whatever houses are to be seen, though built of stone and with tiled roofs, have a deplorable appearance

After a voyage of seven hours on the river we reached Porto d'Estrella, a not inconsiderable town, and the staple place for goods from the interior of the country, and which are thence forwarded to the capital of Brazil. It contains two handsome inns, a building much like a Turkish khan, and an immense tiled roof resting on strong pillars. The first is intended for goods, the latter for the ass-drivers, a party of whom had now encamped beneath it, and were preparing their supper over a merrily blazing fire. This kind of quarters would have served us very well, but we preferred going to the "Star" inn, where the clean beds and savoury dishes pleased us still better. From Porto d'Estrella to Petropolis we had still seven leagues. The distance is usually done on mules, for which you pay four *milreis* a piece, but since we had been told in Rio de Janeiro that there was a most beautiful walk to it through the woods, quite frequented and safe, as it formed the principal communication with Minas Geraes, we resolved to travel it on foot, and for this we had also another inducement, as the Count wanted to botanise and I to collect insects. The two first leagues led through a broad valley, for the most part covered with thick underwood and young trees, and surrounded by lofty mountains. The path was beautifully adorned on either side by wild pine-apples, not yet quite ripe, but of a glowing rose colour, but unluckily they are not quite so good as they look, and are therefore very seldom plucked. I was delighted too with the humming birds, of which I saw several of the smallest species. Nothing can be imagined more delicate and graceful than these little creatures. They get their food out of the cups of flowers, hovering about them like butterflies, for which, indeed, they may be easily mistaken. The trees rather disappointed me, for I had expected to find those of a primeval forest with thick and lofty trunks, but this was not at all the case. Probably the vegetation is too strong, and the large trunks are choked and rotted beneath the mass of smaller trees, shrubs, climbing and parasite plants. The two latter are so numerous and exuberant that they often completely cover the trees, hiding not only the trunks but the very leaves. We had made a rich harvest of flowers, plants, and insects, and were quietly pursuing our way, enchanted by the rich woods and the glorious prospects that opened to us from time to time over mountain and valley, sea and sky.

even to the very capital itself, and the frequent troops of negroes, as well as other pedestrians, which we now met, freed us from any fear respecting the safety of the road, so that we took little notice of a negro who had been for some time following us, when, all at once, as we reached a rather lonely spot he sprang upon us. He had in one hand a long knife and in the other a lasso, and he signified, by sufficiently expressive gestures, that it was his intention to murder us and drag us into the wood.

We had no weapon with us, as it had not been thought necessary, and had nothing to defend ourselves with but our umbrellas. In my pocket, however, I had a penknife, which I managed to draw, firmly resolved to sell my life as dearly as possible. We parried a few of his blows with the umbrellas, but they were not strong enough, and besides, the negro seized hold of mine, we struggled and it broke, leaving only a bit of the handle in my hand, but during the struggle he happened to let fall his knife, which rolled away a few steps. I darted after it, but he was quicker, and got hold of it again, striking me as he did so with both hand and foot, and giving me two deep cuts in the fleshy part of the left arm. I now gave myself up for lost, and only despair gave me courage still to make use of my knife, I made two stabs at the breast of my assailant, but only wounded him in the hand, but in the mean time the Count sprang towards him and seized him from behind, so that I had time to get up again from the ground. All this had happened in less than a minute, and the wounds he had received now made the negro quite furious, he gnashed his teeth, flew at us like a wild beast, and wielded his knife with terrible rapidity but God sent us help at this last moment, for we heard the steps of horses on the road, and the negro immediately left us and escaped into the wood, and directly afterwards two horsemen made their appearance round the turning. We hastened towards them, and our cut umbrellas, as well as our bleeding wounds, explained our situation. They enquired after the direction the fugitive had taken, sprang again on their horses, and endeavoured to overtake him, but their exertions would probably have been in vain, had not two negroes come by and offered their assistance. He was soon brought back, tied fast, and when he refused to walk he received such a shower of blows, especially over the head, that I feared the poor creature's skull would have been fractured. He uttered no sound, however, but remained lying on the ground, and the two negroes had to

carry him along—biting like an enraged beast—to the next house. The Count and I got our wounds bound up, and then continued our ramble, not without fear, however, especially when we met any negroes, but unmolested and in constant admiration of the lovely landscape.

The colony of Petropolis lies in the midst of the forest, 2,500 feet above the level of the sea. It was founded about fourteen years ago, principally for the sake of growing, for the supply of the capital, various kinds of European fruit and vegetables, which in tropical climates will only flourish at a considerable height. There is already a street of small houses, and on a cleared spot stands the wooden skeleton of a large building intended for an imperial pleasure palace, but which will hardly when finished have a very imperial aspect, for its little low doors contrast very oddly with its broad large windows.

The town is growing up round this castle, but there are also many houses lying scattered about in the woods. A part of the colonists, mechanics, storekeepers, and so forth, had small portions of land for building in the neighbourhood of the castle given to them, the cultivators got rather more, but still but a very moderate quantity—not more than two or three acres. Surely these people must have suffered much misery in their native land to have been willing to come to this remote part of the world for no more than an acre or two of land.

At Petropolis, as well as afterwards on our return to Rio de Janeiro, people wondered so much at the attack made upon us, that if we had not had our wounds to show they would certainly not have believed us. It was said the fellow must have been drunk or mad, but we learned afterwards that his master had shortly before inflicted punishment upon him on account of some offence, and when he met us in the wood he probably thought it would be a good opportunity of revenging himself on the whites.

I did not allow this adventure to deter me from keeping the resolution I had previously formed of seeing before I left Brazil something more of the interior, and especially of paying a visit to the Indians—the original inhabitants. Count Berchtold again agreed to bear me company, and on the morning of the 2nd of October we set off for the port of Sumpayo, lying at the mouth of the river Maccacu, and which consists of an inn and two or three

little houses. There we engaged mules to ride to the town of Morroqueimado, twenty leagues off, and according to a custom here, implying a great deal of confidence in travellers, we might if we liked, have taken no guides with us, but have agreed to leave the mules at an appointed place. As we knew nothing of the road, however, we preferred taking a guide, and were glad we did so, as we found it in many places closed with wooden bars, which had to be opened and shut.

In about three hours we reached the great sugar plantation or *Fazenda de Collegio*, which had the appearance of a considerable country seat. There were a spacious house, many domestic offices, and a chapel, all enclosed by a wall, and far around, the plains and the lower hills were covered with sugar plantations. The wealth of a planter is usually calculated by the number of his slaves, and this one had about 500—a considerable property, as every male slave is worth from six to seven hundred milreis. Not far from the fazenda to the right and left lay several others, by which the monotony of the road was much relieved. In the following day's journey the mountains approached more closely towards each other, and the woods became thicker and more luxuriant. Indescribably beautiful were the creeping plants, which not only covered the ground, but hung their splendid flowers from the highest branches of the trees, so that they looked like some wonderful blossom. There are indeed trees whose red and yellow blossoms equal the finest flowers, and others whose leaves gleam like silver through the green and flowery sea of foliage—such woods as these may be regarded as the giant gardens of the world.

After crossing a rather high ridge of mountains, we reached the town of Morroqueimado, or Novo Friburgo, which lies in a romantic valley, 3,200 feet above the sea. The night was fine and mild, and we were heartily glad to find excellent quarters at the house of a German, Mr Landenroth, who made us beside a very moderate charge—one milreis a day for each person for lodging, and three good meals. We visited two other Germans of whom we had heard in Rio de Janeiro, one, Mr Beske, was a naturalist, with a better collection than that of the museum of the capital, and the other, Mr Ficese, a schoolmaster, with sixty scholars paying a good fee, and exhibiting considerable proficiency. We had not intended to make any stay at this place, but unfortunately the



part was not more than five or six hundred paces long, and we passed safely through it.

These fires never go to any great extent in Brazil, as the vegetation is too fresh, the woods have to be kindled in several places, and even then the fire often goes out, and spots are left unconsumed in the middle of the burnt forest.

On the other side of this dangerous spot we came to an imposing rock, seven or eight hundred feet high, with large loose fragments lying about. To my great astonishment I was informed by my guide that we were to pass the night here, and he showed me the way to a lonely *venda*, or inn, in the thickest of the wood.

One of the things which most strikes a traveller in the inhabitants of Brazil is the strange mixture they exhibit of cowardice and courage. On the one hand every one you meet in the street is armed with pistols and long knives, as if the whole country were full of thieves and murderers, and on the other you see the planters living quite at their ease in the midst of a crowd of slaves, and the traveller fearlessly passes the night at one of these solitary little inns, hidden in the depth of impenetrable woods, with neither shutters to his windows nor locks to his doors, the rooms occupied by the family are far away from those assigned to guests, and the servants (all slaves) are also a long way off, in the corner of some stable or outhouse. At first I felt very uncomfortable thus surrounded by the wild dark woods, and cut off from the possibility of any human help, but as I was assured no one had ever heard of any one breaking into a house, I dismissed my superfluous fears, and went quietly to sleep. I know few countries in Europe where, under similar circumstances, in the midst of a thick forest, with no one to depend on but a hired guide, one would have felt equally easy.

The character of the country we passed through on the following day afforded little variety. There were still narrow valleys and hills, covered with boundless woods, and only a small *fazenda* here and there, or a purposely burnt forest, served to remind me that I was not travelling through a hitherto undiscovered country. My guide managed, indeed, in one place, to make a little variety for me by losing the way, and in order to recover the path we had to break our way across the forest—a task of which a European can hardly form an idea. We got off our horses, climbed over fallen trunks, forced ourselves between others, and the guide hacked



away right and left at the branches, and cut through the thick web of the countless creepers. Very often we were entangled up to our knees in them, and even now I can hardly understand how we got through such a thicket at all. We reached at length the little town of Canto Gallo, containing about eighty houses, and stopped at a *venda*, where I took my place near the hostess, in order that I might look as closely as possible into Brazilian housekeeping. But the good lady, unluckily, troubled herself very little about kitchen or pantry. The cooking was performed by a negress, assisted by two negro boys, and all her operations were extremely simple. The potatoes were mashed with a bottle and then squeezed into the pan with a plate, that they might take the form of a cake, a piece of pointed wood serving for a fork. For each dish prepared there was a large separate fire, and when the dinner was put on the table, all who could be considered whites took their places at it, the slaves being fed separately on beans, *carna secca*, manioc flour, and long flat strips of salt beef, dried in the air.

*October 8th* — The woods we passed through to-day were more splendid than any I had yet seen. A narrow path led along the edge of a sparkling rivulet, palms with their majestic crowns rose proudly above the leafed trees, which formed with their foliage the most beautiful green bowers beneath. Orchidaceous plants, creepers, and ferns, shot up round the branches of the trees and formed perfect walls of flowers, which shone in the most gorgeous colours, and exhaled delicious fragrance, delicate little humming birds fluttered around, the gaily-coloured pepper-bird flew upward, parrots and parroquets rocked in the boughs, and many other superb birds, which I had known only in museums, animated these enchanted groves. It seemed to me that I was taking a ride in fairy-land, and that every moment some sylph or nymph would make her appearance. I was over happy, and felt every exertion I had made most richly rewarded. One thought alone clouded the sunshine of this enchanting picture — the thought that feeble man should venture to contend with the grand nature, and bow her to his will. How soon may the blows of the axe disturb the deep and holy tranquillity of the woods, and their glorious beauty be defaced to furnish the settlers with the necessities of life! Of dangerous animals I saw only some deadly green serpents, from five to seven feet long, and a few dangerous lizards had been slain. Monkeys I did not see, but I did perceive

hidden themselves deeper in the woods, where no human footstep could disturb them in their play

At the village of St Rita, four leagues from Canto Gallo, there are some gold washings, and not far off diamonds are found. Since the seeking or digging for diamonds is no longer in imperial monopoly, every one can devote himself to this occupation, but it is nevertheless carried on with a great deal of secrecy. In order to deprive the State of its legal share in the profits, no one will confess to having been so engaged. The precious stones are dug out in certain places from the midst of the sand, stones, and vegetable soil, into which they have been washed by the rains.

After passing Canto Gallo, there were no more *vendas* in which I could find shelter, and I had to rely on the hospitality of the owners of *fazendas*. On arriving at one of these, etiquette requires that you shall remain outside the door and ask, through your servant, permission to enter, which is scarcely ever refused. At a *fazenda*, called *Bona Esperanza*, I received a particularly friendly reception, and as I came in just at dinner time, a cover was immediately placed for myself and servant. The dishes were numerous, and prepared mostly in the European fashion. At every *fazenda* there was of course always a good deal of wonderment at seeing me, a woman, come in with no other companion than a single servant. The first question was always whether I was not afraid to travel alone through these forests, and my guide was privately taken aside and interrogated as to what was really the motive of my journey, and since he often saw me collect flowers and insects he took me for a naturalist, and said that the object of my journey was a scientific one.

When dinner was over, the good-natured hostess proposed to me to visit the coffee plantations, &c, and I willingly accepted her offer, as it gave me the opportunity of seeing the preparation of coffee from beginning to end. After it is plucked, it is spread out in spacious places enclosed by a wall of about a foot high, with small drains to let off the rain water, on these places the coffee is dried by the heat of the sun, and then shaken into large stone mortars, where it is struck lightly with wooden hammers, set in motion by water power. The whole mass then falls into wooden boxes fixed in a long table, at which sit the negroes, who separate the coffee from the husk, and put it into flat copper pans, where it is carefully turned about on a slow fire, till it is sufficiently dried—an operation which requires much care.

On the whole, the preparation of the coffee is not laborious, and the harvest far less so than our corn harvests. The negro in plucking the coffee stands in an upright position, and is protected by the tree from the heat of the sun. The only danger is of being stung by poisonous snakes, but that fortunately is of rare occurrence. The labour of a sugar plantation is said to be much harder, especially the weeding and cutting the cane.

At sunset the day's labour ends. The negroes then range themselves before the master's house and are counted, after which there is a short prayer, and then comes the evening meal, consisting of bacon, beans, *carne secca*, and manioc flour. At sunrise they all assemble again, are again counted, and then, after prayers and breakfast, go again to work.

In this as well as in many other fazendas, vendas, and private houses, I had occasion to observe that the negroes are by no means treated with the severity which we in Europe imagine. They are not overtasked, they go about it in an easy leisurely manner, and they are very well fed. Their children are actually the play-fellows of the masters, and they all romp and tumble about together. There may be cases where slaves are over severely or unjustly punished, but we have instances of injustice even in Europe. I am certainly an enemy to slavery, and should greet its abolition with infinite joy, but I must nevertheless repeat my assertion that the negro slave, under the protection of law, has a better lot than the free fellah in Egypt, or than many peasants in Europe.

The arrangement of these fazendas is extremely simple. The windows are without glass, and closed at night only by wooden shutters. It is not uncommon for the one ceiling to extend over all the apartments, which are then separated only by low partitions, so that you can hear every word and almost every breath of your neighbour, especially when he is asleep. The furniture is equally simple—a large dining-table, some divans stuffed with straw, and a few chairs. The clothes usually hang round the walls, and the linen only is put away in tin chests, in order to be preserved from the ants and barates. The children even of rich people go without shoes or stockings, but before they go to bed it is necessary to examine their little feet, and take out the sand-fleas that may have nestled in them—an operation which is commonly performed by the elder negro children with a pin.

I took leave of my kind hostess in good time in the morning, and she packed up carefully for me a roast fowl, manioc flour, and some cheese, so that I set out again well provided.

The next station, Alden do Pedro, on the banks of the Parahyby, was four leagues distant. You pass through magnificent forests, and before you are half way to the station reach the river, which is one of the largest in Brazil, and has a very remarkable bed—it is covered with countless rocks and cliffs and little wooded islands, which in the rainy season are completely overflowed, so that the river appears of most majestic breadth, but it is nevertheless, for this reason, only navigable by very small craft. As you reach the banks, the landscape changes—the foremost mountains sink into low hills, the higher retire, and the nearer you approach Alden do Pedro the freer and wider becomes the valley. My guide pointed to a rather bold conspicuous mountain in the background, and said that our road lay that way, behind that mountain, for there lived the Puri Indians.

About three leagues beyond Alden do Pedro (a village where I was hospitably received by the priest) we reached the last settlement of the whites. On an open space, that seemed to be with difficulty wrung from the forest, stood a tolerably large wooden house surrounded by some wretched huts, the house served for the whites, the huts for the abode of their slaves. A letter which I brought from the priest procured me a good reception, but I found the housekeeping in such a style that I really thought myself already among the savages.

The house contained one large hall, from which opened four rooms, each inhabited by a white family, whose entire furniture consisted of some mats. The inhabitants were crouching on the ground and playing with the children, or mutually freeing each other from vermin. The kitchen was like a great barn, with a fireplace running nearly its whole length, on which several fires were burning, over them hung small kettles, and wooden spits were fixed to the sides on which pieces of meat were being cooked, partly by the fire and partly by the smoke. The kitchen was full of people, there were whites, Puris, and negroes,—children of whites and Puris, or of Puris and negroes, in short, a perfect pattern-card of the various shades of these several races. The yard was swarming with beautifully-coloured ducks and geese, and I saw also enormously fat pigs and terribly ugly dogs. Beneath some cocoa-

palms and tamarind trees, laden with splendid fruit, groups of white and coloured people were seated, mostly engaged in appeasing their hunger. Some had before them gourds or broken earthenware pans in which they were mixing with their hands boiled beans and manioc flour, and this thick untempting-looking mess they ate with great eagerness. Others were devouring pieces of meat which they tore with their hands and threw into their mouths alternately with handfuls of manioc flour. The children had to defend their dinners valiantly against sundry intruders, for now a dog would snatch a bit, then a hen would peck out something she took a fancy to, and occasionally a little pig would come waddling by, and by its joyful grunt as it hurried away I saw it had not come in vain.

While I was pursuing my observations there suddenly arose a loud and merry cry in the yard, and I looked and saw two boys dragging along between them a great snake, certainly above seven feet long, but dead. As far as I could make out what the people said they considered its bite mortal. This account made me a little unwilling to start again on my journey through the forest just as it was getting dark, as I must then necessarily sleep under a tree, and I therefore preferred putting off my visit to the Paris till the morning. The good people thought I was afraid of the savages and assured me they were very inoffensive people, and as my stock of Portuguese did not extend beyond a few words, it was not very easy to make them understand the real cause of my fear, but at length, by means of gesticulations and a few drawings, I succeeded in explaining it. Among these semi-savages, therefore, I spent the night, and they treated me with the utmost kindness, indeed, almost overwhelmed me with attentions. A straw mat was, according to my wish, spread beneath a shed in the yard to form my couch, and for my supper they brought me a roast fowl and hard boiled eggs, with oranges and tamarinds for dessert. The women established themselves about me, and by degrees we got to understand each other very well. I showed them the flowers and insects I had been collecting, and they immediately came to the conclusion that I must be a very learned person, and of course possessed a knowledge of medicine. They therefore begged my advice in various cases, and I gave it to the best of my ability, freely recommending soap and water. On the following day we started in search of the Indians, and after working our way for eight hours through an

almost impenetrable thicket, we came to some Puri huts. I had seen many pictures of poverty in the course of my travels, but never anything like that. Their habitations consisted only of a roof of palm leaves supported on a sort of skeleton made with four stakes. It was open on three sides, a few mats were hanging up under the roof, their only weapon, the bow and arrow, leant against the wall, and a few gourds made up the whole stock of household utensils. Some roots and bananas were roasting in a glimmering fire.

I found these Indians still uglier than negroes. They have stunted-looking figures, broad compressed faces, and straight coal black hair, their foreheads are low, their noses flat, their eyes small and cut out like those of the Chinese, their mouths very large with thick lips, and over the whole physiognomy is diffused a peculiar expression of stupidity, heightened by the constantly open mouth. They are mostly tattooed with red or brown colour, and both sexes are passionate smokers and lovers of brandy. Their only clothing was a few rags round the loins.

The whole number of Puri Indians in Brazil is calculated at not more than 500,000, and they live scattered far in the recesses of the woods. Not more than five or six families are ever found at the same place, and they leave it as soon as they have killed all the game near it, and consumed the roots and fruits. Many of these Indians have been baptized, and, indeed, they are at all times willing, for the consideration of a little brandy, to go through the ceremony again, and only regret that they have not more frequent opportunities, especially as it does not last long. The priest on his side generally makes his mind easy that by this holy action he has won the soul for heaven, and does not, therefore, give himself any superfluous trouble about the morals of his new Christians. The Puri seldom alters anything in his old customs concerning marriage and other points. Their language is extremely poor, and they have no method of expressing number but by repeating one two—one two, as many times as may be required. For yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow they have only one word, and they express the variety of meaning by pointing backward for yesterday, forward for to-morrow, and over the head for the passing day.

The Puri are said to have an extraordinary keenness of scent, so much so that they are employed to scent out runaway negroes, in which task, unless a stream of running water intervene, so that the

fugitive can walk or swim, they scarcely ever fail. They will also for a very trifling reward perform very hard work, such as cutting wood, but there must be no attempt to constrain them, as they are conscious they are free men, and they can seldom be induced to work till they are half-starved. I visited all the huts at this place, and as my guide trumpeted forth my praises as a woman of astonishing bearing. I had soon a considerable number of patients and my for medical advice. Several of the women were afflicted with cancer, and with indurations and tumours on the breast, and one poor creature, whom I found groaning in a sort of hammock, made of a mat suspended between trees, had the entire breast eaten away by that terrible malady. I advised her to cleanse it with an infusion of Malva, a very wholesome plant that grows wild here, and then lay some boiled Malva leaves over it, and I trust that may have procured her some little alleviation.

After I had examined everything in the huts, I accompanied some of the Paris on a parrot and monkey hunt, and had an opportunity of admiring their skill in the management of their bows. They shot the birds even flying, and seldom missed their mark, but as soon as we had "bagged" three parrots and a monkey we returned to the huts. The poor creatures offered me the best of their huts for a shelter, and invited me to pass the night with them, I accepted their invitation willingly, for the heat, the exhausting foot journey, and the subsequent chase had greatly fatigued me. The day was drawing to a close too, and it would not be possible for me to reach the settlement of the whites before night fall, I therefore spread my cloak on the ground, took a clump of wood for a pillow, and found myself magnificently accommodated. My hosts in the meantime were engaged in cooking our game, the parrot and the monkey, which they did by sticking them on wooden spits and roasting them, and in order to render the banquet still more complete they added some tuberous roots and some cobs of Indian corn. They then plucked some fresh leaves, tore the monkey to pieces with their hands, laid a good portion of it, as well as one of the parrots, upon them, and placed it before me.

My appetite was boundless, for I had eaten nothing since the morning, so I began at once with the monkey, and found it excellent, the parrot was not quite so tender and savoury.

After the completion of our repast, I begged the Indians to perform one of their dances for my amusement, they immediately

completed, and as it was now dark they made a great pile of wood, and set light to it. The men formed a circle round me, and began to dance—they moved their bodies in a particularly clumsy manner from side to side, nodding their heads at the same time, and the women then made the same movements, but remained a little behind the men who afterwards began a hideous yelping that was so roar, rant and rage, and all distorted their faces in a most frightful manner, while some others stood by playing on a sort of stringed instrument made of the cane and fibres of the cabbage palm, and which gave a hoarse unpleasant tone. Thus a whole performance was denominated a peace or joy-dance. Some of a wilder character were performed by the men alone, after they had armed themselves with their bows and arrows and with stout sticks, they again formed a circle, but their motions were much more ferocious than the first time, and they laid about them furiously with their cudgels. They then bent their bows, fixed their arrows and went through all the pantomime as if they were shooting a flying foe, uttering at the same time such fearful yells that the whole forest resounded with them, and I started up in terror feeling as if I were surrounded with savage enemies, and no help near. Heartily glad was I when this terrible war-dance came to an end. When I once more lay down, and every thing was still around me, a fear of a different kind came over me, I thought of the many wild animals, the terrible serpents that might be lurking close to the open defenceless shed in which I was lying. For a long time I could not get over that fear, and I often thought I heard the leaves rustle as if one of these dreaded enemies was making his way to me. But at length my over-wearied body asserted its claims, I rested my head on the log of wood and consoled myself with the thought that there could hardly be so much danger as travellers would make us believe, or these savages would not sleep so composedly in their open huts, and without the smallest preparation for defence.

In the morning I took leave of the Indians, and presented them with some bronze ornaments, with which they were so delighted that they offered me every thing they possessed. I accepted a bow and arrows as a *souvenir*, and then returned to the wooden house, and after distributing some similar presents, mounted my mule and late in the evening found myself once more in Aldea do Pedro,



where I took leave of the friendly priest, and in three or four days had made the journey back to Novo Friburgo, and again met Count Berchtold, now perfectly recovered from his wound

### CAPE HORN — ARRIVAL AT VALPARAISO

*Description of the Town — Manners of the People — The Restaurant of Polonsu — Little Angels*

THE dangerous part of the passage round Cape Horn begins in the opinion of navigators with the Strait Le Maire, and ends on the west side of America, in the latitude of the Straits of Magellan

Near this point, I found myself on the 3rd of February in the fine English barque "John Renwick," Captain Bell, with whom I had engaged for twenty-five pounds to carry me to Valparaiso. We had little to dread in the passage, for we had a good ship, large convenient cabins, as well as a most good tempered and complaisant captain, and such fare as none of us had ever seen equalled on a sailing vessel. Every day we had boiled or roast fowls, fresh mutton and pork, ducks and geese, plum puddings or pastry, besides fruit and side dishes. We were not, however, now to enjoy these good things without disturbance. As soon as we had reached the above strait, two sudden squalls from the icy ravines of Terra del Fuego seized the vessel, and violent storms afterwards drove us considerably too far to the southward, and all the while the motion was so violent that we could not attempt to dine at the table, but had to crawl with our plates on the ground. On one of these days the steward tumbled over me with a pot of boiling coffee, but fortunately only a small part came on my hand, so that the damage was not very great.

The extreme point of Cape Horn is a mountain about 600 feet high, but before it, and separated only by a narrow strip of sea, lies a magnificent group of black basaltic rocks. Near it we saw some whales and albatrosses, but no icebergs. We thought when we had passed this cape, and fairly entered the Pacific Ocean, it would have brought us weather that would do credit to its name, but for fourteen days we had to struggle with storm and sea, with rain and cold, before we reached the latitude of the Straits of Magellan, and after this came a tempest that lasted four and twenty

hours, had carried away four of our sails. We shipped two such tremendous seas that a plank in the deck got loose, and the water penetrated to the cargo of sugar. The deck was like a lake, and it was necessary to make great openings in the bulwarks that the water might run off the quicker, and in the mean time we had got two inches of water in the hold. No fire could be made, and we had to content ourselves with bread and cheese, and raw ham, which indeed we had no little difficulty in carrying to our mouths. The last cask of lamp oil too became a sacrifice to the storm, it broke loose and was dashed to pieces, and the captain began to be apprehensive that we might not have oil enough left to light the compass till we reached Valparaiso. All the lamps in the ship were therefore replaced by wax lights, in order to save what remained. In spite of all these disagreeables, however, we kept up our spirits, and during the gale could not help laughing at the comical positions we involuntarily assumed whenever we attempted to rise.

The first view of Valparaiso is dreary and monotonous. The town consists principally of two long streets, which stretch round the foot of bleak hills, looking like gigantic sand heaps, but which are really rocks, thinly covered with sand. Some houses are also scattered about them, which somewhat improve the prospect. Seen from within, the streets look tolerably animated from the number of fine horses, and every Chilean is born a rider.

The more modern houses are in the European style, with flat Italian roofs, and tastefully arranged in the interior. A broad flight of steps leads up to the first floor, and into a lofty hall, serving as an antechamber to the reception-room, which is the pride not only of European settlers, but also of the Chileans who often spend considerable sums in fitting it up. Heavy carpets cover the floor, the walls are hung with rich paper, the most costly furniture and looking glasses decorate the rooms, and on the tables lie magnificent albums and engravings. Very elegant fire-places suggested to me also that the winters are not quite so mild as many of the inhabitants would have had me believe.

The dwellings of the poor are extremely miserable-looking huts of wood and clay, that mostly look ready to tumble in, I scarcely ventured to enter them, but when I did so found to my great astonishment not only good beds, tables, and chairs, but often little domestic altars very prettily decorated with flowers. The dress,

too, of the people was far better than might have been expected, and the linen that I saw hanging up to dry before these hovels was often superior to what I had seen in towns in Sicily, hanging before the windows of elegant mansions.

To make one's self acquainted with the manners and mode of life of the people, there is no better way than to go among them on Sundays and holidays in the quarter of Polanka and visit the cool shops. I will introduce my readers to one of these.

In a corner on the ground a great fire is burning, surrounded by pots and pans, and spits with pieces of pork and beef, and such a cooking and roasting and boiling is going on, that you see there will soon be a famous meal ready. A rough wooden tressel, on which is placed a long broad plank, stands in the middle of the room, and is covered with a table cloth, the original colour of which might be hard to guess. This is the table round which the guests place themselves. At dinner, not only do all the guests eat out of one dish, but every thing is served in one and the same, beans and onions, beef and rice, potatoes and fruit, all lie comfortably together, and are eaten in silence with abundant appetite. At the end of the meal, the jug, whether it contain wine or water, is passed from hand to hand, and after that, the company begins to talk, and there is often a good deal of dancing to the guitar. Unfortunately it was fast time when I was there, but people are not immoderately strict, and for a few reals they agreed to perform in a little back room their national dances, the Sammaquecca and the Kefolos, to the best of their ability. I soon had enough of it. The movements of the dancers were so extremely indecorous that I could not but grieve for the young people whose natural delicacy must be so early corrupted by the sight of such things.

I was not much better pleased with a strange custom that prevails here of considering the death of a young child as a festival and an occasion of rejoicing for the parents. The deceased child is called an angelito, or little angel, and dressed out in all the finery that can be mustered. The eyes are not closed, but on the contrary opened as widely as possible, the cheeks rouged, a garland of flowers put on the head, and it is then placed on a small chair in a niche, also adorned with flowers. The relations and neighbours then come in, and wish the parents joy on the possession of such a little angel, and on the very first night after the death there is feasting and dancing and all kinds of merriment. Not long before

my visit to Valparaiso, a case occurred of the landlord of a public house having bought one of these angehtos for two reals from the man who was carrying it to the churchyard, and then stuck it up in his house, and made it the occasion of a merrymaking

Of the uncommon honesty of the Chilians, of which Captain Bell had spoken to me in a flourishing style, rather customary with him, I am sorry I cannot speak so confidently. He said I might leave a purse full of gold in the street over night, and be sure of finding it the next day, whereas the expression of many of the faces I met was so decidedly sinister, that I should have been rather sorry to meet them in a lonely place, with money even in my pocket, and as I saw a great number of prisoners in chains, working on the roads, and found the doors and windows barred in a way I have scarcely ever seen in any town in Europe, I incline to the opinion that my own impression was nearer to the truth than the account of the captain. At night there are placed in every street, and on all the hills that are built on, police patrols, who challenge one another like the sentinels in war time, mounted policemen also traverse the town in various directions, and it is very common for people coming from the theatre, or from parties, to get some of them for an escort,—all this does not look as if robbery were a very rare occurrence. I was not a little surprised in this country, where no regular communication is established with any place, and where there is not even a regular post, to hear mention of a railroad, the surveys for which, I was told, were already made. It is in the hands of an English company, and is to run to Santiago, but the country is extremely mountainous, and the expenses must be far greater than the present traffic can support. It was the general opinion, whether well-founded or not, that the railroad was undertaken principally with the view of thoroughly exploring the country for gold and silver mines, as the conditions are here extremely favourable to discoverers. They have the fullest right of property in the discovery, and need do nothing more than notify to the Government their taking possession. These privileges are carried so far, that if you can show any tolerably plausible reason for supposing that a mine exists under a house or a church, and can give security for making good the damage, you have a right to pull it down.

## VOYAGE BY TAHITI TO CANTON.

*Furnished Lodgings in Papeiti—A Court Ball—An Excursion—Lake Vairuria—The Mountain Pass of Fantauz—The Diadem—Voyage across the Pacific—Arrival in China*

THE announcement, that the ship in which I had taken my passage to China was about to sail, arrived at a moment when it was extremely unwelcome, since I had been for some days suffering from diarrhoea, and that was not likely to be improved by the sea diet and the exposure to weather, but as I had already paid my two hundred dollars I was obliged to go on board, and take my chance. The most effectual remedy I found was a cold sea bath, which I used to take in a cask, remaining a quarter of an hour at a time in the water—besides this, cooling drinks—such as buttermilk, sour milk, orangeade, and so forth—were very beneficial when this malady attacked me in warm countries.

On the thirty-ninth day after leaving Valparaiso we came in sight of Tahiti, where we were to touch, and soon after saw the entrance to the harbour of Papeiti, surrounded by coral reefs as by a fortification. A strong surf was beating upon them, leaving only a narrow entrance open, but we got a pilot, and though the wind was unfavourable, he carried us safely in. We were, however, congratulated on our escape, for the people on shore watching us had thought that from the turn the wind had taken, we should certainly have run on one of the coral reefs—an accident that had really happened under similar circumstances some months before to a French ship, which was still here repairing her damage.

The anchor was scarcely let fall before we were surrounded by half a dozen canoes, with Tahitians, who climbed on the deck from all sides, and offered us fruit and shell fish—not as formerly, for glass beads and baubles, those golden days for travellers are over, but for hard cash, which they are just as eager after as the most civilized Europeans. I offered one of them a brass ring, he took it, smelled it, and then shook his head and returned it to me, giving me to understand that it was not gold. He then returned

a ring on my finger, and after smelling it also, signified that he would accept of that one. I am told they can always distinguish real gold by the smell.

On landing, I went in vain from house to house to procure some kind of lodging, but as the town consists only of a row of little wooden cottages round the harbour (with the woods immediately behind them), and even officers of rank have to put up with a wretched lodging in Indian huts, I was for some time unable to find a place where I could lay my head. At length I procured it, in the most literal acceptation, in the house of a carpenter,—a house consisting of one room, in which his family of four persons already lived, I obtained leave to deposit myself in a corner behind the door, in a space exactly six feet long and four broad, the floor was not boarded, the walls were only palisades, and of chair or bedstead there was no question.

Tahiti, as is known, is now under the protection of the French, who are building a handsome house for Queen Pomare, and allow her a yearly pension of 25,000 fr., but she is not allowed to receive any stranger without their permission. There were several of their ships in the harbour, and the place was full of French soldiers, a circumstance which, as far as I could perceive, did not seem likely to improve greatly the morals of the inhabitants. The people have acquired a number of new wants, in consequence of which the eagerness for money has greatly increased among them, and what is worse, as they are by no means fond of work, they make their wives, daughters, and sisters earn money for them. The women have no objection, for they get dress and ornaments on what they consider easy terms, and the house of almost every French officer is a rendezvous for these native beauties, who are to be seen going in and out at all times of the day, and even joining them in public.

As a woman of advanced age, I may be permitted to speak of these things, and I must declare that, much as I have travelled in the world, I have nowhere seen behaviour in this respect so shameless.

On the 1st of May the French officers gave a public entertainment, at which her Tahitian Majesty was present. She was very showily dressed in sky-blue satin with flounces of rich black blonde, a wreath of flowers in her hair, and in her hand an embroidered handkerchief trimmed with broad lace, and, moreover, for this



trowsers, men's shoes, and a blouse, which I could tuck up to my hips, and, thus prepared, I set forth in company with a guide. The first part of the way led along the sea coast, and I counted thirty-two brooks which I had to walk through. We then turned inland through some ravines, and halted at a Tahitian hut for a meal of fish and bread-fruit, for which the inhabitants were quite willing to receive compensation. After this we continued our journey and came to a broad stream, which, from its frequent windings, it was necessary to cross sixty-two times. At dangerous places the Tahitian took hold of my hand and drew me often half swimming after him. The water reached to my waist, and when I came out it was, of course, no use to think of drying myself. The foot-path, also, was very toilsome and difficult. We had to climb over rocks and stones so covered with the large leaves of the oputu, that we never knew where we could safely set our foot. I got many a wound in my hands and feet, and frequently fell in attempting to cling to the treacherous stem of a pisang that broke under my hands. It was really a break-neck expedition, and probably never before undertaken by a woman.

In two places the ravine narrowed so much that there was no other path than the bed of the river, and at these places the Indians had, during the war with the French, carried up stone walls five feet high, as a defence against the enemy if he should attack them from this side.

After eight hours toil we had ascended a height of 1800 feet, and then we saw the lake lying in a hollow of the mountain. It has, at the utmost, a diameter of not more than 800 feet, but it has a very strange appearance, being so closely surrounded by a girdle of deep green hills as not to leave space for the narrowest foot-path or margin. It is probably the burnt out crater of a volcano which has filled itself with water, and this conjecture is strengthened by the masses of basalt that lie in the foreground. It is said, however, to be full of fish, and even to possess some of a peculiar kind, also to have a subterranean outlet, but this has never yet been discovered.

Whoever wishes to cross the lake must either swim or make use of a very fearful kind of vessel, which every Tahitian can make in a few minutes. Curiosity induced me to try this mode of navigation, and I signified to my guide that I wished to cross. He immediately tore down some stalks of the pisang, fastened them together by





Mr. ———, at whose house I stopped, frequently receives visits from travelling French officers and their Tahitian female friends, whose behaviour is not always of the most decorous. Thus it was on this occasion, and I took refuge with my book in the room where the servants sit, *their* jokes, at least, were not such as I was ashamed to listen to.

Somewhat comic it was to hear one of these gentlemen boasting of the gratitude, attachment, and fidelity of his Tahitian lady, considering what I saw of her behaviour in his absence, I could not help once hinting my opinion on this point, and expressing my surprise at the universal attention and devotion with which these covetous mercenary creatures are treated, but the reply was that if they were not, they would run away, and that even the best treatment only served to keep them faithful for a short time. The Tahitian people in general—I cannot but think from what I saw of them—are not very capable of any noble feeling, and have no aspiration after any thing better than enjoyment. In this nature seems to encourage them, for they have no need to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. Their island is superabundantly rich in delicious fruits, in edible tuberos roots, and in wild pigs, the people have really nothing to do but to kill the pigs and pluck the fruit, and it is consequently very difficult to get any of them to work. The poorest day labourer will not engage under a dollar a day, and for washing twelve articles of linen you have also to give a dollar, and find the soap into the bargain.

One of my most interesting excursions was to Fantaua and the Diadem mountain. Fantaua is a point which the Tahitians considered impregnable, and which nevertheless the French took in the last war. As I wished to see it, the Governor, M Bruat, was so kind as to lend me horses, and send a subaltern officer with me, who could explain every position of the French and Tahitians. The road for two hours led through savage ravines, rushing mountain torrents, and thick woods. The mountains often approached so closely that, as at the pass of Thermopylae, a small band of determined men might keep back whole armies. The entrance to Fantaua is the key to the whole island, and in order to take it, it was necessary to climb one of the steepest mountain sides, and advance along a narrow ridge, in order to attack the enemy in the rear. For this dangerous service M Bruat called for volunteers, and had soon more than were necessary. Out of them he chose



It was intended that we should keep together as far as the Philippines, but, alas! on the third morning our companion had disappeared, without our being able to discover whether we had out-sailed her, or she us, and we were now again alone on the measureless waste of waters.

On the 23d of May we came near the low island of Penryhn. Some dozens of the inhabitants, half naked savages, appeared to intend paying us a visit in canoes, but we were sailing too quickly for them, many of the sailors and the captain declared that we had had a lucky escape, for that with these people the name of "savage" was by no means a misnomer. I believe I was the only one who regretted not to have made a nearer acquaintance with them.

On the 1st of July we again saw land—the coast of Luzon—the largest of the Philippines, on the south coast of which is the harbour of Manilla. In the course of the day we came to the island of Papua, and to several colossal rocks which rose like towers out of the sea. Four of them formed a particularly picturesque group, and afterwards we saw two more.

On the 2d of July we reached the western point of Luzon, and sailed into the dangerous Chinese Sea. I was heartily glad at length to bid farewell to the Pacific Ocean, for a voyage upon it is excessively tedious: you very seldom meet a ship, and the water is so smooth that you seem to be sailing upon a river, not seldom I started from my writing-table, actually thinking for the moment I was in some tiny room on shore—a delusion so much the more natural as we had on board three horses, a dog, some pigs, geese, and canaries, and there was a perpetual neighing and barking and grunting and cackling, as if it had been a farm-yard.

The first days in the Chinese Sea presented little change from what it had been in the Pacific, and we moved slowly and calmly on. On the 6th we saw the coast of China, and towards evening we were not a hundred miles from Macao. With considerable impatience I awaited the following morning, hoping now soon to tread the long wished for Chinese shore, but in the middle of the night the wind changed, and before the next we were driven nearly 400 miles off. The barometer too fell so rapidly that we feared the typhoon, and made on board all preparations for the reception of this dangerous guest. But the hurricane did not come after all, or it passed at a great distance from us, and we had nothing more than a trifling storm of very short duration.

sixty-two men, who stripped themselves to their trousers and shoes, and took with them nothing but a musket and a cartridge box. After twelve hours hard climbing, they succeeded, by means of ropes, bayonets, and sharp irons, in reaching one of the mountain tops, where they made their appearance so unexpectedly to the Tahitians that they were struck with terror and threw down their arms. They thought that mere men could never have climbed that point, "they must have been assisted by spirits, and against them they were not able to fight." A small fort is now built on Puntana, and on one of the highest peaks is a guard house. This is reached by a foot-path along a narrow ridge falling on both sides into measureless abysses. People who are subject to giddiness could scarcely venture to proceed along it, but they would lose a splendid prospect if they did not—mountains, valleys, and ravines without number, of the latter, especially the colossal rock of the *Diadem*, woods of palm and other gigantic trees, and, beyond, the mighty ocean breaking on a thousand cliffs and reefs, and, in the remote distance, mingling with the clear blue sky. Near the fort a cataract plunges down a perpendicular wall of four hundred feet high. The body of water is not great, and the bottom of the fall is, unluckily, concealed by rocks and advancing hills, or it would deserve to be counted among the grandest in the world. The view from the *Diadem* is still more extensive than from the fort, as on two sides you look over the island to the sea.

This was the last of my excursions, for on the following day, the 17th of May, I had to return on board the ship. The cargo was discharged, the ballast taken in, for Tahiti produces no article of export, and the flour, salt, meat, potatoes, wine, &c., for the use of the French, have all to be imported. In the morning we got out of the harbour of Papeete. A fine wind carried us clear of the coral reefs, and in seven hours we had lost sight of the beautiful island, which I should have left with still more regret, had it not been for my desire to see the strangest of all countries—Otaheite.

The first days of our voyage were very agreeable. Brought by a favourable breeze, we had the company of a fine Belgian brig, that had run out at the same time with us. We seldom indeed came near as to be able to have any verbal intercourse, but the sailors are aware of the exceeding monotony of long voyages, and therefore, what a pleasant, nay, joyful feeling, it is to be within reach of human society.

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On the 9th we cast anchor in the roads of Macao. The town is delightfully situated on the sea-shore, surrounded by fine hills, and the palace of the Portuguese governor, the convent of Guim, the fortifications, and some other handsome buildings have a picturesque appearance from the sea.

## CHINA

*Macao — Hong Kong — Victoria — Voyage in a Chinese Junk — The Tai-Kiang — Whampoa — Canton — Mode of Life of Europeans — The Chinese Manners and Customs — Criminals and Pirates — Murder of M. Fauchet — Walls and Excursions*

A YEAR ago I should have little thought there was any chance of my becoming acquainted with this remarkable country, not merely from books but in my proper person, that the shaven heads and long tails and cunning little eyes, as we see them in pictures and on tea chests, would have presented themselves in living forms before me. But scarcely was our anchor dropped before several Chinese already stood upon our deck, whilst numbers of others appeared in boats surrounding us, and displaying in pretty order fruits, pastry, and various kinds of beautiful works, so that the space round the ship looked like a fair. Some among them hailed in broken English the treasures they had brought, but after all they got but little for their trouble, for our crew bought only fruit and cigars.

Captain Julianse now hired a boat and we rowed ashore but on landing the first thing we had to do was to pay half a Spanish dollar each to a mandarin. I heard that this abuse was shortly after abolished. We had to go to one of the Portuguese houses of business, and in doing so passed through a great part of the town; for Europeans, women as well as men, can now go about freely here, without as in other Chinese towns being exposed to the danger of being stoned. In those streets which are exclusively inhabited by Chinese, things looked very lively and bustling. The men were sitting in groups playing dominoes in the streets, and in the shops of the locksmiths, tailors, shoemakers, &c., there was a constant gossiping, gambling, and dancing going on at once. I was greatly amused at the Chinese mode of eating with two little sticks which they manage with great adroitness, it is only in eating rice that

they seem to labour under difficulties, as it will not hold together. The plan is therefore to bring the vessel containing it as near as possible to the mouth, which is held in readiness wide open, and then dexterously shove a heap into the expectant aperture. In performing this operation it happens of course often that a portion falls back again into the dish, but that is of no consequence, with fluid food they make use of China spoons. My stay at Macao proved to be an exceedingly short one, for as our captain found there was no chance of doing any business there, he resolved to go to sea the next day, but he kindly offered to take me with him as a guest. His invitation was so much the more welcome to me, as I had not a single letter of introduction to Macao, and the opportunities of going to Hong Kong are not at all frequent.

Our vessel, on account of the shallowness of the water, lay rather far from the land, by no means out of the reach of the pirates, who are here so numerous and audacious, that it was found necessary at night to take all possible precaution, and set a double-watch, especially as a year or two before a brig had been plundered by them on this very spot, and the crew killed. In the middle of the night, a shampan (a smaller vessel than a junk) rowed up to the ship, and the leader delivered a note to the watch, saying it came from the captain, who was not on board. As the sailor advanced to the lantern to read it, the pirate struck him a blow on the back of the head that felled him to the ground. The rest of the gang, who had been concealed in the shampan, then climbed up on all sides of the deck, and soon made themselves masters of the sleeping sailors.

The distance from Macao to Hong Kong is about sixty leagues, and as you are continually passing bays, gulfs, and groups of islands, the voyage is varied and interesting.

The English obtained the island of Hong Kong from the Chinese in 1842, and founded upon it the seaport of Victoria, which already contains many palace-like buildings of freestone. Merchants receive land gratis from the government, on condition of building upon it, and many on the first occupation of the island began buildings on a grand scale, which they would now gladly sell for half their cost price, since trade has been far less profitable than was expected, nay, in some instances, they would be willing to give up their land and the foundations laid upon it, merely to be released from the necessity of completing the buildings. The situation of Victoria is not very pleasing, as it is surrounded by naked hills,



it has a decidedly European aspect, so that if it were not for the Chinese workmen and small dealers in the streets and booths you could hardly believe yourself on Chinese ground. No Chinese woman was to be seen in the streets, so that I was not sure it might not be unsafe for me to wander about as I did. I never experienced, however, the smallest insult, and even the curiosity of the people was by no means troublesome.

In Victoria I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with the celebrated Mr Gutzlaff, and with four other German missionaries. They were studying the Chinese language, allowing their heads to be shaven, and wearing the Chinese costume, long tails included. It happened after a few days that an opportunity presented itself for me to go to Canton, but in a Chinese junk. Mr Pustan, a merchant of Victoria, who had received me in a very friendly manner, strongly dissuaded me from trusting myself without any protection to the Chinese, and thought I should either hire a boat for myself or get a place in the steamer, but for my limited means these plans were too expensive, as neither would have cost less than twelve dollars, while the price on the junk was only three. The appearance and manner of the Chinese too was not such as to occasion me any fear, so I put my pistols in order and went quietly on board the junk. It was raining violently, and just getting dark, and I therefore went down into the cabin, to amuse myself by looking at my Chinese fellow voyagers. The company was certainly not select, but not at all indecorous in behaviour, so that I had no fear of remaining among them, some were playing at dominoes, and others on a sort of mandolin with three strings, which uttered most dismal music, and nearly all were smoking and gossiping, and drinking tea without sugar out of little cups, which were offered to me from all sides. No Chinese, either rich or poor, drinks either water, or anything stronger, but constantly unsugared weak tea.

I did not go into my cabin till rather a late hour, and then I made the unpleasant discovery that it was not water tight, and that the rain was coming in. Immediately, however, that the captain of the junk was made aware of this, he found me another place, in company with two Chinese women, who, as well as the men, were smoking tobacco, and out of pipes not larger than thumbes, which required to be stuffed afresh every four or five whiffs. My neighbours soon remarked that I had no *head-stool*, and they would not desist from their entreaties till I accepted one.

from them. These stools, made of baminho or strong pasteboard, and about eight inches high, are made use of instead of pillows, and are really more comfortable than might be supposed.

Early in the morning I hastened on deck to see the entrance into the mouth of the Yang-I-ki King, (also called the Tiger River,) but we were already so far up that there was no more mouth to be seen, I saw it however, on my return. It is one of the largest rivers of China, and at a short distance from its entrance into the sea it has a breadth of nearly eight miles, but at the actual mouth it is so hemmed in by rocks that it loses half its breadth. The country is beautiful, and some fortifications on the summit of a hill give it a very romantic aspect. At Hoo-man, or Whampoa, the stream divides into several arms, of which the one leading to Canton is called the Pearl river, and here ships drawing much water have to anchor. Along the banks of the Pearl river extend immense rice plantations, intermingled with fruit trees and bananas—the latter often form beautiful arcades, but they are planted more for utility than ornament, as they consolidate the ground, and prevent its being entirely washed away by the abundant irrigation required for the rice. Pretty country houses, in the true Chinese style, with fantastic jagged and peaked roofs, and coloured tiles, come into view from time to time, lying in the shade of groups of trees, and various kinds of pagodas, from three to nine stories high, rise on small hills near the villages, and draw attention from a great distance. There were many fortifications, but they looked more like great unroofed houses than anything else.

As you advance towards Canton, the villages begin to follow each other very closely, but they have a miserable appearance, and are mostly built on stakes close on the river, and lying before them are numerous boats, many of them also serving as dwellings. The river now becomes more and more animated, and covered with vessels of all sizes and of the strangest forms. There were junks, the back part of which rose two stories above the water, and which looked like houses with lofty windows and galleries, and covered by a roof, they are often of immense size, and several thousand tons burthen. Then came the Chinese ships of war, flat, broad, and long, and carrying twenty or thirty guns—mandarins' boats, with their painted doors and windows, carved galleries, and coloured silk flags, and, best of all, the flower boats decorated with wreaths and garlands, and pretty arabesques. The

interior of these flower boats consists of a saloon and several cabinets, furnished with looking glasses, silk hangings, glass lustres, and coloured lanterns, between which are suspended ornamental baskets filled with fresh flowers, so that they have quite a fairy-land aspect. The flower boats remain at anchor night and day, and serve for places of entertainment; plays are acted in them, and dancing and conjuring tricks performed. Women of good character are never to be seen in them, the entrance of Europeans is not exactly prohibited, but they would not be likely to receive a very flattering reception, should they make their appearance, and might even meet with serious ill-treatment. Besides all these, there were thousands of shampan, some anchored, some cruising, and darting about; fishermen casting their nets; people of all ages bathing and swimming, and children romping and tumbling about in the boats, so that one dreaded every moment to see them fall overboard. but careful parents tie the little ones to hollow gourds, or bladders filled with air, so that if they fall into the water they may not sink. All these varied occupations, this unwearied life and activity, affords such picturesque effects as can hardly be conceived without being witnessed.

Since these few years past, the entrance into and residence in the factories of Canton has been permitted to European women, so that I did not feel much hesitation in landing from the junk. It required consideration, however, by what means I was to reach the abode of Mr. Agassiz, to whom I was recommended. I could, as yet, speak no Chinese word, and had to make myself understood by signs; I succeeded, however, in making my captain comprehend that I had no money with me, but that if he would take me to the factory I would pay him, and he agreed to accompany me thither.

When Mr Agassiz saw me come in in this unceremonious manner, and heard the mode of my journey, and of my having walked from the junk to his house, he appeared excessively surprised; and it was then that I first learned how much risk I had run in venturing into the streets of Canton, in company only with a Chinese. I was told I might regard it as quite a peculiar piece of good fortune that I had not been grossly insulted, and even stoned by the populace, and in such a case my Chinese escort would infallibly have taken to flight, and left me to my fate.

I had certainly remarked that on my way from the ship to the factory, that old and young had called and hooted after me, and pointed

their fingers—that the people had run out of the shops, and that by degrees we had quite a procession following us. But there was nothing to be done but to put a good face on the matter, and I therefore marched fearlessly on, and it may be that precisely because I showed no fear, no harm happened to me. Since the last war with the English the hatred against Europeans has been on the increase, and it has been embittered against the women by a Chinese prophecy which declares that a woman shall one day conquer the Celestial Empire. I feared, therefore, that it would be to little purpose for me to remain in Canton, and was beginning to consider whether I might not do better to go to the north of China, where the people and the nobles are easier of access, but I fortunately became acquainted with a German, a Mr. Carlovitz, who had passed some years in Canton, and who offered to become my mentor, if I would only wait with patience for the arrival of the European post which was expected in a few days. During this period the minds of merchants are so excited that they have not leisure for any other thought than that of their correspondence. I had to wait eight days—until the steamer arrived and again departed—but the reception I met with was so very kind and cordial, that the time did not appear at all long, especially as I had thus an opportunity of studying a little the mode of life of the European residents.

Very few Europeans bring their families to China, and fewer still to Canton, where women and children live almost as prisoners, and can at the utmost only leave the house in a closed litter. Besides this everything is so excessively dear that you might live as cheaply in London. An apartment of six rooms and a kitchen costs from seven to eight hundred dollars. Servants require from four to eight dollars a month, and female servants nine or ten, for no Chinese woman will serve a European without being very highly paid for it. Since, too, custom requires a separate servant for every different kind of work, you have to keep a great number.

A family of not more than four persons will need twelve or more. In the first place every member of the family must have one servant exclusively to himself,—then there must be cooks, waiting women, nurses, and coolies for the commoner kinds of work, such as cleansing rooms, and carrying wood and water, and with all this crowd you are badly served, for if one goes out, and you happen

to want his particular branch of service, you must wait till he comes back, for no other will supply his place

The whole household is under the guidance of an officer called a comprador, to whom all the plate, furniture, linen, &c., is given in charge, and who engages the other servants, feeds them, and is answerable for their fidelity. In consideration of this he deducts for himself two dollars per month from the wages of each. It is the comprador who makes all the purchases of provisions, pays the house bills, and at the end of the month gives you in the total sum, without troubling himself too much with details. In some houses the comprador, besides fulfilling all these domestic duties, is also cashier for the house of business. Hundreds of thousands of dollars pass through his hands, for the goodness of which he must vouch, and for paying or receiving large sums he has his assistants, who examine every piece with unexampled rapidity. They will take a whole handful of them, and tossing up every piece ring it with the thumb and middle finger, and examine the reverse side as it falls back into their hands. In a few hours they will thus examine many thousands of pieces, and this care is necessary on account of the many false dollars in circulation. On every piece found good, the house stamp is struck, so that at last the coins become so broad and thin, that they fairly fall to pieces, but the separate pieces lose nothing of their value, being always estimated by weight. Besides dollars, pure silver in ingots is in circulation, and the practice is to cut off larger or smaller pieces, as they are wanted. Europeans seldom carry any money about them, but it is all kept in the room of the comprador, who has a per-centage upon all money transactions, and knows very well how to make them for himself out of the house bill—a matter of course, as he receives no salary. Allowing for this, he is usually trustworthy, and indeed a mandarin high in office (to whom he has to give security) is answerable for him.

The daily manner of life of the Europeans settled here is the following. A cup of tea is taken immediately after rising, then a cold bath. About nine follows the more substantial breakfast, consisting of fried cutlets, cold roast meat, eggs, bread and butter, and tea. Every one then departs to his employment till dinner, which is generally at four o'clock. The general dishes are turtle soup, highly seasoned curries, roast meat, ragouts, and pastry. All the dishes, curry and rice excepted, are dressed in the English

made by Chinese cooks. Cheese and fruit are taken after dinner, pine-apples, mangoes, *long-yen*, and *lytschu* which latter fruit the Chinese esteem as the most delicious in the world, it is about the size of a nut, has a reddish brown rough shell, very white and tender pulp, and a black kernel. The *long yen* is something like it, but rather smaller, and somewhat watery in flavour, I did not think either very good. The pine apples are larger than those reared in European foreign houses, but inferior I thought to them in sweetness and aroma.

The liquors drunk are Portuguese wine, and English beer. Ice broken into small pieces and wrapped in a napkin, is offered with both, though this is rather an expensive article, as it is brought from America. In the evening tea is again drunk.

A large punka is kept constantly going during the meals by a cord carried through the room like a bell wire, by means of which a servant works the punka in an ante or lower room.

Living is very dear for Europeans—for the cost of a small establishment cannot be reckoned at less than 6,000 dollars yearly—a large sum considering what is got for it, neither carriages nor horses are kept, there are no public amusements, the solitary recreation of many gentlemen consists in a boat, for which they pay seven dollars a month, or in a small pleasure-garden laid out by the Europeans of Canton, where they walk occasionally of an evening. It lies opposite the factory, surrounded by a wall on three sides, the fourth is washed by the Pearl river. The Chinese on the other hand live at very small expense, a man can subsist very well on 60 cash a day—(1,200 cash make a dollar). He can hire a boat for half a dollar a day, which will bring him in enough for a family of from six to nine persons to live on. It must be confessed, however, that the Chinese are not fastidious in the matter of eating, they devour dogs, cats, rats, and mice, the blood of every animal, the entrails of birds, and even, I have been told, silk-worms, grubs, and animals that have died a natural death, but rice is their chief article of food, and serves them not only as a dish, but as bread. It is very cheap, from one and three-fourths to two and a half dollars the pikul, of 125 pounds.

The dress of both sexes, of the lower classes, consists of wide trousers and a long upper robe, generally disgustingly dirty, indeed a Chinese is no friend to washing either his garments or his person, and generally wears his trousers till they fall to pieces. The upper

robe is made of silk or nankeen, dark blue, brown, or black. In the colder season, they put one summer garment over another and bind them together with a girdle.

As great pride is taken in the length and thickness of the tail of hair, it is often increased by false or black silk interwoven. When they are at work, the tail is coiled round the neck, but it must always be let down on entering a room, as it is contrary to all Chinese notions of propriety to appear with it twisted up. The women comb their hair back from their foreheads, and bind it round their heads in a very artist-like style, it must take a good deal of time to construct the edifice, but is seldom done more than once a week. Both men and women cover their heads occasionally with hats of thin bamboo, often three feet in diameter, which are admirable protectors from the sun and rain, excessively light and almost indestructible. The poorer classes go barefoot, their houses, of brick or wood, are miserable hovels, and the inside is worthy of the out—a wretched table, a few chairs, and bamboo mats, head-stools, and old coverlets form the whole furniture, a few flower-pots, however, are never wanting. The cheapest of all dwellings is a boat, one half of which is reserved for the family, and the other let out either as a ferry or excursion boat, generally under the management of the wife. Notwithstanding the limited space, for the whole boat is scarcely twenty-five feet in length, it is usually kept extremely clean. Every nook is put to use, and place for a diminutive altar always found, all the cooking and washing for the family is done in their half of the boat, yet no disagreeable sight shocks the temporary possessor of the other half, and rarely is a whimper from the poor little ones heard. The mother steers with her youngest child tied to her back, the elder children have often similar burdens with which they climb and jump about without taking any heed of the unfortunate infants. I was often pained to see the head of a newly born baby flung from side to side with every caper of its juvenile nurse, or exposed wholly unsheltered to the burning sun. One who has not seen can hardly form an idea of the poverty and privations of a boat-dwelling Chinese family.

The Chinese are accused of putting many of their children, especially the weakly ones, to death. It is said that they either suffocate them immediately after birth, throw them into the river, or expose them in the street. The latter is the most cruel of all, as

the wretched babes become the prey of the numerous swine or masterless dogs. It is generally the girls who are thus sacrificed, as the boys are bound to support their parents in their old age, and in case of the father's death the eldest son is bound to supply his place, and has the same claim to unconditional obedience from all his brothers and sisters. The Chinese esteem it an honour to be a grandfather, and make known this dignity to the world by wearing a moustache, these scanty grey decorations excite the more notice as the young men wear neither moustache or beard.

It is exceedingly difficult, almost impossible, for a foreigner to give any very accurate information of Chinese habits and customs but I saw all I possibly could, never missed an opportunity of mingling with the people, and carefully noted down all I saw. One morning, as I was going out, I met fifteen criminals all bearing the *Cang-que*, or wooden yoke, in which they are led about the streets as a spectacle to the people. The *Cang-que* consists of two large pieces of wood fitting into each other and having one to three openings, through which the head and one or both hands are drawn, according to the greatness of the crime. Such a yoke weighs from fifty to a hundred pounds, and weighs so heavily upon the back and shoulders that the poor criminal is unable to feed himself, and must wait till some compassionate person lifts the food to his mouth. Such a punishment is inflicted for periods varying from a few days to several months, and in the latter case it is almost always fatal.

Another punishment, beating with a bamboo stick, if given on a tender part of the body, often causes death after the fifteenth stroke. Some of the punishments are of such hideous severity that our capital punishments of strangling or beheading seem mild in comparison. The Chinese endeavour to obtain the ends of justice by slaying alive, crushing the limbs, cutting the sinews of the feet, &c, and I was told that in certain cases criminals are sawed in two or starved to death. In the first case the poor wretch is pressed between two planks and sawed lengthways, in the second buried up to his chin in the earth and so left till death puts an end to his sufferings, or the *Cang-que* is put on him and from day to day less and less food given him, till at last it is reduced to a single grain of rice.

In the year 1846 *four thousand* men were beheaded in Canton, it is true they were the criminals of two provinces which together



reckon nineteen millions of inhabitants, yet it is a frightful number. Were the criminals really so many, or is the punishment of death so lightly inflicted, or is both the case?

I came once by chance upon the place of execution and saw, to my unspeakable horror, a long row of bleeding heads set upon poles. The relations are permitted to remove the bodies.

The population of China consists of many and very different races, whose characteristics I am, unfortunately, unable to give, on account of the shortness of my stay in China. The people whom I saw in Canton, Hong Kong, and Macao were of middling stature, the countryman, the porter, the workman, is much sunburnt, the upper classes, generally white skinned. The face is broad, the eyes small, oblique, far apart, the nose broad, and the mouth wide. The fingers of many I found to be extraordinarily long and thin. Aristocratic nails are generally half an inch long, one man I saw who had them above an inch in length, but only on the left hand with this hand he was unable to lift a flat object without laying the hand flat upon it and clutching it between the fingers. Women of rank are generally inclined to corpulence, which is greatly admired in man or woman.

Although I had heard so much of the little feet of the Chinese women, the first sight of one excited my highest astonishment. The sight of these feet *in naturâ* was procured me by a missionary's wife, Madame Balt. The four smaller toes seemed to me grown into the foot, the great toe was left in its natural position. The fore part of the foot was so tightly bound with strong broad ligatures that all the growth is forced into height instead of length and breadth, and formed a thick lump at the ankle, the under part measured scarcely four inches long and an inch and a half wide. The foot is constantly bound up in white linen or silk and strong broad ribbons, and stuck in a very high-heeled shoe.

To my surprise these crippled fair ones tripped about with tolerable quickness, to be sure they waddled like geese, but they did manage to get up and down stairs without the help of a stick.

The boat dwellers being the poorest are the only class of Chinese who do not cultivate this peculiar species of beauty. In families of rank all the girls are condemned to it, in the lower classes only the eldest daughter. The value of a bride depends upon the smallness of her foot.

The crippling process is not begun before the completion of the first, sometimes not till the third year and the foot is not pressed into an iron shoe, as some have asserted, but only tightly bound with very strong ligatures

Although the religion of the Chinese permits several wives, they are far behind the Mahometans in their use of the privilege, the rich have seldom more than from six to twelve, and the poor are content with one

I visited in Canton the workshops of the different artists and artisans as much as possible. My first visit was to the painters, and I must admit the vivacity and splendour of their colouring of perspective they are wholly ignorant, the figures and objects in the back emulate those of the foreground in size and brightness of colour, and rivers and seas often hover at the top of the picture among the clouds. On the other hand they are excellent copyists, especially of portraits. I saw portraits so well drawn and admirably coloured, that European artists of reputation need not have been ashamed of them. The extraordinary skill of the Chinese in carving ivory, tortoiseshell, and wood is well known. I saw little work-tables of the value of 600 dollars. The mats, baskets, &c., of bamboo, are equally excellent. The beauty of the Chinese porcelain too, is undeniable, tea-cups and other objects of small size are exquisitely fine, transparent as glass, and with brilliant colours, but the drawing is stiff and bad. Some vases, four feet high, which I saw, were not transparent. The goldsmiths' work I thought clumsy and tasteless, but their silk and crape stuffs I consider unsurpassable, the latter, especially in beauty and substance, are far superior to either French or English manufacture.

In music the good Chinese are scarcely above the level of savages. They have instruments, but not the skill to use them, violins, guitars, lutes (all with metal strings), wind instruments, cymbals, drums, and kettle-drums, but they are ignorant of melody, harmony, and execution and they scrape, scratch, and beat their instruments in a style that has all the effect of a regular cat's concert. I had the pleasure of hearing many such from the mandarins and flower boats on the Pearl river. In the arts of trickery and deceit of all kinds, however, the Europeans certainly cannot come near them. Honour seems an unknown thing among them. If their roguery is found out they simply observe, "Such a one was cleverer than I was!" I was told that when they sell living animals, calves,

swine, or the like, whose value is determined by weight, it was a common practice to make the animals swallow large quantities of water and even stones. The flesh of dead birds they have a way of so puffing up as to give them the appearance of being perfectly fresh and fat, and lying and cheating are not confined to the lowest classes, for these estimable qualities may be found amongst the highest officers.

It is well known that the seas of Cantou swarm with pirates, yet nothing is ever done either to punish them or diminish their numbers, as the mandarins do not think it beneath their dignity to go shares with them. The commerce with opium is forbidden, yet so much is smuggled into the country every year that its value exceeds that of the tea exported. The merchants come to an understanding with the mandarins and public officers, a certain sum is paid for every pikul, and not unfrequently the mandarin will bring the whole cargo to land under his own flag.

It is said that an extensive establishment for coining false money is known to exist near Hong Kong, which carries on its operations quite undisturbed simply by paying tribute to the mandarins in authority. A short time ago some pirate ships ran aground near Canton and the commanders were captured. Their companions wrote to the government to free them, and threatened, in case of refusal, to set some towns on fire. Every one was convinced that a sum of money had been sent with the letter, for shortly after it was announced that the pirates had escaped.

An affair that took place while I was at Canton, and caused me great alarm, was proof enough of the weakness and wickedness of the Chinese government.

On the 8th of August, Mr Agassiz went with a friend to Whampoa intending to return in the evening. I was left alone in the house with the Chinese servants. Mr. Agassiz did not return; at last about one o'clock in the morning I heard loud voices without, and a violent knocking at the house-door. At first I supposed Mr Agassiz had returned, and only wondered he should make so much noise, but I soon became aware that the noise was not in our house, but in one opposite. It was easy to make such a mistake, as the streets are very narrow, and the windows stand open day and night. I soon heard people exclaim, "Get up and dress yourself—it is horrible, it is dreadful—good God! where did it happen?" I sprang out of bed, and threw on my clothes, thinking there must

be a bad fire or an insurrection broken out. A report that such a thing might be daily expected, and that no mercy would be shown to Europeans, was very current at this time—and I was alone, surrounded by Chinese!

Seeing a gentleman at a window near, I called out to him, and begged him to tell me what had happened. He said that news had just been brought him that two of his friends, who had gone to Hong Kong, (Whampoa lies on the road to Hong Kong,) had been attacked by pirates, that one was murdered and the other wounded. He left the window directly after, without mentioning the name of the unfortunate man, so that I was left the whole night in terror lest it should be Mr. Agassiz. Happily this was not the case, at five o'clock he returned home, and I then heard that the victim was a M. Vauchec, a Swiss who had frequently spent the evening with us. I had seen him the very day before in the house of a neighbour, where he had entertained us with some beautiful songs and quartettes. This was about eight in the evening, at nine he went on board the boat, it sailed at ten, and about a quarter of an hour after he met his tragical end, though hundreds of sampans were on the river at the time. Vauchec had intended to go to Hong Kong, and there embark in a larger vessel for Tschang-hai, a new port opened by the English in 1842. He had Swiss watches with him to the value of 40,000 francs, and had been telling his friends how careful he had been in packing that none of his servants should know anything about them. Unfortunately that was not the case, for the pirates have their spies in every household, and they were only too well informed.

A day seldom passed on which I did not hear of some act of violence, and an attack upon all Europeans was hourly expected. Many of the merchants were prepared for flight, and almost all had a formidable provision of muskets, pistols, and sabres in their counting-houses. Happily the Chinese populace did not put their threat in execution.

The Chinese are in the highest degree cowardly, they talk big indeed when they are in no danger, but where resistance may be expected they will be in no hurry to attack. I believe a dozen good European soldiers might at any time put hundreds of them to flight. A baser, falsier, crueller people than the Chinese I never met with, and one proof of this is, that their greatest diversion consists in tormenting animals.

In spite of the ill-will of the people I ventured upon many excursions, in which Mr Von Carlovitz had the kindness and the patience to accompany me, and exposed himself to many dangers on my account, he bore with the greatest indifference the abuse of the mob, when they followed us and gave vent to their wrath at the boldness of the European woman, and I saw, under his kind protection, more than any woman ever saw in China before.

Our first visit was to the celebrated temple Honan, said to be one of the finest in China. This temple with its numerous subsidiary buildings and extensive gardens is surrounded by a high wall. We entered a large outer court, at the extremity of which a colossal gate led into an inner court under the arch of this portal stand two statues of war-gods, eighteen feet high, in threatening attitudes and with frightfully distorted faces, they are to guard the entrance from evil geni. A second similar portal, under which the four heavenly kings are placed, leads to a third court, in which is the chief temple, 100 feet long, and of equal width. The flat roof, from which depend a multitude of glass lustres, lamps, artificial flowers, and coloured ribbons, rests on rows of wooden pillars. The numerous statues, altars, censers, vases of flowers, candelabras, and other ornaments, reminded us involuntarily of a Catholic church.

In the fore-ground stand three altars, behind which are three statues, representing Buddha as the past, the present, and the future, of colossal size, and in a sitting posture. By chance a service was going on when we entered,—a kind of mass for the dead, celebrated at the charge of a mandarin for his deceased wife. Before the right and left altar stood priests, whose robes, as well as the ceremonial observance, strikingly resembled those of Roman Catholics. The mandarin himself was praying before the middle altar, attended by two servants armed with large fans. He kissed the ground repeatedly, and every time he did so three perfumed wax tapers were put into his hand, which he first elevated in the air, and then handed to the priests, who placed them before the images of the god, without lighting them however. The choir consisted of three men, one of whom scraped a stringed instrument, another struck upon a metal ball, and the third played the flute.

Beside this chief temple there are a number of small ones, all decorated with statues of gods. The twenty-four gods of mercy

and Kwanfootse, a demi-god of war, seemed to enjoy particular reverence. The former have four, six, and even eight arms. All these divinities, including Buddha himself, are made of wood, gilded and painted in gaudy colours. In the Temple of Merey we had like to have met with a disagreeable adventure, a Bonze offered me and my companions a couple of wax tapers to light in honour of their god, we were about to comply as a matter of civility, when an American missionary, who accompanied us, snatched them out of our hands angrily, and gave them back to the priests, declaring that our compliance would be an act of idolatry. The priest took up the affair seriously, immediately closed the door and called to his brethren, who came flocking from all sides, and abused us terribly, all the while pressing upon us in an alarming manner. With considerable difficulty we fought our way through the crowd, and got out of the temple.

When the scuffle was over, our guide led us to the house of the Sacred Swine, a handsome stone hall, but in spite of all the care bestowed upon these singular objects of reverence, their odour was so offensive, that we could only approach them with compressed noses. These creatures are fed and cherished so long as they live, and are suffered to die a natural death. We saw only one pair of these fortunate grunTERS, and were told the number rarely exceeded three pairs. The dwelling of a bonze which we visited pleased me better than the swine-palace, there were but two rooms, a sitting and bed-room, but they were neatly and conveniently arranged. The walls of the sitting-room were ornamented with wood carving, the furniture was old and elegantly wrought, a small altar stood against the further wall, and the floor was paved with large stone slabs.

We found here an opium smoker, he lay stretched on the ground on a mat, and had beside him some tea-cups, some fruit, a small lamp and several pipes, the heads of which were smaller than thumbes, out of one he was imbibing the intoxicating vapour. I was told that there were persons who smoke from twenty to thirty grains a day. As he had not yet reached the unconscious state, he dragged himself up with some difficulty and laid his pipe aside, his eyes were fixed and vacant, his face deadly pale—it was a depressing and pitiable spectacle. In conclusion, we were taken into the garden, where the bodies of the bonzes are burnt after death—a particular distinction, other persons being simply buried.

A plain mausoleum about thirty feet square, and a few small private monuments, is all there is to be seen, and neither were handsome. The large one contained the bones of the consumed bodies, in the smaller, rich Chinese were buried, whose friends must pay enormously for the honour of such a burial place. At a little distance stands a tower, eighteen feet high, and about eight in diameter, in the floor of which is a small hollow where the fire is kindled; over the hollow stands an arm-chair, wherein the deceased bonze is placed in full costume. Wood and dry twigs are then heaped round, kindled, and the door fast closed. After some hours it is re-opened, the ashes scattered round the tower, and the bones laid aside till the mausoleum is opened, which is only done once a year.

The beautiful water rose or lotus (*Nymphaea Nelumbo*), of which China is the native land, is the greatest ornament of these gardens. The Chinese are such lovers of this flower that they often make ponds in their gardens on purpose for it. The flowers have a diameter of six inches, and are generally pure white; sometimes but very rarely of a pale rose colour, the seeds resemble the hazel nut in size and taste, and the roots when boiled are said to have the flavour of artichokes.

Above a hundred bonzes have their dwelling in the Temple Honan. In their house-dress they are only to be distinguished from the common Chinese by their wholly shorn heads, and none of the priests seem to rejoice in the smallest respect from their countrymen.

Our second excursion was to the Halfway Pagoda, so called by the English, because it is situated halfway between Canton and Whampoa. We went thither by the Pearl river. The pagoda stands on a little eminence in the midst of extensive rice fields, has nine stories, and a height of 170 feet. The circumference is not great, and the size all the way up being nearly the same, it has the appearance of a tower. It was formerly one of the most celebrated in China, but has been long disused. The interior was quite empty, and no intermediate ceiling prevented the eye from losing itself at the summit of the building. On the outside, narrow balconies, without any kind of balustrade, and attainable by excessively steep stairs run round each story. As these projecting balconies are formed of coloured tiles, and floored with brightly painted clay, the effect is very pretty. The edges of the tiles arranged obliquely in rows, with each edge raised about

four inches above the next, have, at a distance, the effect of fret-work, and from the beauty of its colour, and fineness of the clay made use of, they might easily be mistaken for porcelain.

Whilst we were looking at the pagoda the people of the village gathered about us, and as they seemed tolerably quiet, we ventured upon a visit to the village itself. The houses, or rather huts, were built of a kind of brick, with flat roofs, but had nothing peculiar in their construction. There was no interior ceiling, the only covering was the roof of the house, the floor of beaten clay, and the partition wall chiefly composed of bamboo matting, there was very little furniture, and that little exceedingly dirty. In the midst of the village stood some small temples, with a few dim lamps burning before the chief idol.

The most remarkable thing about this village was the enormous number of domestic birds in and about the houses. It really required considerable care to avoid treading on the creatures as they walked, they are artificially hatched, as in Egypt. As we were leaving the village, we saw two chimpanzees approach the shore, out of which leaped a number of brown, half-naked, and mostly armed men, who rapidly traversing the rice-fields, came straight towards our party. We took them for pirates, and awaited their approach with some anxiety if they meant mischief we were lost, for here, at a distance from Canton, and surrounded by Chinese, who would unquestionably have lent them a helping hand, it would be easy to despatch us, if they were so inclined.

But the leader, accosting us in broken English, announced himself as the captain of a Siamese ship-of-war. He said that he had brought over the Governor of Bangkok, who was going thence to Peking, and by degrees we recovered from our fright, so far as even to accept the captain's invitation to go on board his ship. He took us into his boat, which he steered himself, and did the honours of his vessel in person. There was nothing very attractive in it. the crew were a rude, wild-looking set, and all alike so ragged and dirty, that it was impossible to distinguish officers from men. The ship mounted twelve guns, the crew was sixty-eight in number. The captain entertained us with English beer and Portuguese wine, and it was late in the evening when we reached home.

The farthest excursion it is permitted to make from Canton extends to about eighty miles up the Pearl river. Mr Agassiz



was so good as to procure me this pleasure. He hired a handsome boat, furnished it amply with provisions, and requested a missionary, who had made the voyage several times, to accompany me and Mr Von Carlovitz. A missionary is the best escort one can have in China, for they speak the language of the country, become acquainted with the people, and, within certain limits, go about in tolerable freedom and security.

About a week before we ventured on our excursion, some young men had made a similar attempt, but were fired upon from a fortress on the river's bank, and compelled to return. As we approached this fortress, our boatmen would not proceed till we compelled them, and we too were favoured by a discharge from the fort, but, fortunately, not till we had nearly passed it, and receiving no damage, we pursued our way without further hindrance, landed at several villages, entered the so-called "Lord's Pagoda," and looked about us to our hearts' content. The country was very beautiful, extensive plains with fine groups of trees, rice, sugar-cane, and tea plantations, and graceful hills, the view bounded in the distance by lofty mountains. On the declivities of the hills we observed many upright monumental stones.

The Lord's Pagoda consists of three stories, the roof is peaked, and the exterior much decorated with sculpture, and round each story winds a triple wreath of foliage. In the first and second story, which were reached by excessively steep narrow steps, we saw some small altars with carved idols. The third we were not allowed to enter, under the pretence that there was nothing to be seen in it.

The villages were all more or less like those we had seen in the neighbourhood of the Halfway Pagoda.

In this excursion I had an opportunity of observing the manner in which the missionaries manage their peculiar business. The gentleman who had been so obliging as to accompany us, made use of this voyage to scatter some of the good seed. He had packed five hundred tracts in our boat, and as often as another boat approached ours, which happened pretty frequently, he leaned as far over the side as he could, held up his hand, furnished with half a dozen tracts, and shouted and gesticulated for the people to come nearer and receive the prize. If they did not comply with the invitation, we rowed close to them, the missionary showered down his tracts by dozens, and rejoiced in anticipation at the good

that was to result from this proceeding. When we reached a village the business was done on a yet more liberal scale: the servant was laden with a whole pack of tracts, in a few minutes we were surrounded by curious lookers-on, and as quickly the cargo was discharged amongst them.

Every Chinese took what was offered—it cost him nothing, and if he could not read (the tracts were written in the Chinese language) he had at least a stock of paper. Our friend returned home glowing with satisfaction. He had distributed 500 copies of his book among the Chinese! What delightful intelligence for the Missionary Society! what a splendid announcement for the religious periodicals!

Three months later, six young Englishmen made the same excursion up the Pearl river, stopping also at the villages and mixing with the country people, but, unhappily, they all fell a sacrifice to Chinese fanaticism. The whole six were murdered under circumstances of horrible cruelty!

My wish to take a walk round the walls of Canton, an attempt no woman had ever yet ventured to make, was gratified by the kindness of the missionary, but under the condition that I should put on male attire. We passed through a number of narrow streets, paved with broad stones. In every house we saw in some niche a small altar, from one to two feet high, before which lamps were burning: the quantity of oil wasted in this way must be enormous. By degrees the shops were opened, which resembled pretty little booths, as the front wall was entirely removed. The goods were contained partly in open chests, and partly displayed on tables, behind which the owners sat at work. In one corner a small flight of steps led to the upper part of the house.

As in the Turkish towns, each trade has a street to itself, the dealers in glass in one street, the silk merchants in another, &c. the physicians, who are also the druggists, have their street apart also. Between the houses we saw many little temples, of which, however, the gods contented themselves with the ground floor, the upper ones being occupied by ordinary mortals.

The life and movement in the streets were very great, especially in those where provisions were sold. Women and girls of the lower class were walking about, making their purchases as in Europe. They were all unveiled, and many waddled like geese, for, as I have before observed, the custom of crippling some of the

women prevails in all classes. The throng was greatly increased by the number of porters carrying huge baskets laden with provisions on their shoulders, and shouting continually, now in praise of their wares, now bidding people get out of their way, sometimes the way will be stopped by the sedans of the wealthier inhabitants, which take up the whole width of the streets.

The care with which the Chinese cultivate every spot of earth is well known; as they have few cattle it follows that they have little manure, and hence the extreme care with which they seek for the article furnished by any and every living creature. The most disagreeable incident of the streets is meeting, as you do in every street—I had almost said at every step—persons bearing vessels full of all sorts of ordure.

All these little streets were built along the wall; and low doors, closed in the evening, lead into the interior of the city, which no foreigner dare profane.

Some few sailors and others, in their rambles about the wall, have passed through these doors without knowing whither they were going, till made aware of their mistake by a shower of stones.

After we had walked at least some miles, forcing our way through these close alleys, we emerged again into the open air, and from a small elevation near the wall gained a tolerable view over the town. The wall is about sixty feet high, in many places overgrown with grass, bushes, and parasite plants. The town looked, from the hill, a confused mass of little houses, with a few trees growing among them, for we could discern no wide streets or squares, nor any building of architectural importance, with the exception of one pagoda of five stories.

The road led us over a hilly but fertile country, and well cultivated fields and meadows. Many of these hills serve as cemeteries, and are covered with mounds, against which were laid gravestones about two feet high. Some had inscriptions, and there were also family vaults excavated in the hill side, and marked out by masonry in the form of a horse-shoe.

The Chinese do not bury all their dead. The coffins are sometimes placed on wooden benches, two feet in height, within small stone buildings, consisting of two side walls and a roof, the other two sides being left open. The coffins are hollowed trunks of trees, and very massive.



delicate as a gauze veil By the number of chairs and sofas placed against the walls, we concluded that the Chinese are no strangers to large parties There were arm-chairs formed of a single piece of wood, very richly carved, others of which the seats were slabs of marble or porcelain, European looking-glasses, table-clocks, vases, and console tables of Florentine mosaic, or coloured marble The number of lamps and lanterns suspended from the ceiling was amazing they were of various materials,—glass, transparent horn, coloured gauze and paper,—and decorated with beads, fringes, and tassels some lamps were also hung against the wall, and when all is illuminated the effect must be magical.

As we had been so fortunate as to reach the house without being stoned, we took courage to visit the extensive pleasure-grounds belonging to the mandarin, situated about three miles from the house, on a canal connected with the Pearl river We had scarcely entered the canal, however, than our boatmen attempted to turn back, for they saw a mandarin-boat lying within with all its flags flying—a sign that the mandarin himself was on board, and they were afraid of incurring punishment from him, or being stoned by the people, if they rowed past with Europeans However, we would not hear of such a thing, but boldly passed the mandarin's boat, landed, and pursued our way on foot In a few minutes we had a crowd after us, and the people began to push the children against us, in order to irritate us But we armed ourselves with patience, quietly walked on, and succeeded in reaching the gardens, the gate of which was instantly closed behind us

The gardens were in perfect order, but laid out with very little taste On all sides, pavilions, kiosks, and bridges were to be seen, and every path and corner was encumbered with pots of all sizes, containing flowers and dwarfed fruit-trees of various kinds

The Chinese are masters in the art of crippling trees, which they prefer thus treated to the finest in a state of nature The taste that called forth these Lilliputian woods is not to be admired, but the quantity and beauty of the fruit their miniature branches bore was really something remarkable Amongst these dwarfs we found playthings of another kind plants tortured into the shapes of fish, birds, ships, pagodas, &c, the eyes of the animals being represented by eggs stuck in their heads, with a black spot in the middle

There was no want either, of rock-work, singly and in masses, all crowded with figures of birds, beasts, and flower-pots, which can be removed at pleasure, and formed into different groups—a favourite amusement of the Chinese ladies, another, an equal favourite with both sexes, is flying kites, which they divert themselves with for hours together—and the garden of every Chinese of rank contains one or more open spaces for the pursuit of this pastime.

We saw here abundance of water in streams and ponds, but no waterworks.

As we had been so successful in all our attempts hitherto, Mr Von Carlovitz proposed we should visit the garden of the mandarin *Punting-qua*, in which I was the more interested because it was the birthplace of the first Chinese steam-boat, built by order of the mandarin and by Chinese workmen. The mandarin had gone through his studies in North America, where he remained for thirteen years.

The work was so far advanced that the boat was to be launched in a few weeks. The head builder exhibited his work to us with evident satisfaction, and was well pleased to hear its praises from our lips. He seemed to value himself especially on his knowledge of the English language, and when Mr Von Carlovitz spoke to him in Chinese he answered in English, and begged to carry on the conversation in that tongue. The machinery did not seem to me executed with the usual Chinese neatness, and the engine itself we thought too large for so small a vessel. Neither I nor my companions would have had the courage to make the first voyage with it.

The mandarin who had ordered its construction was gone to Peking to receive his *button* as a reward,—as an order might be conferred amongst us, the actual builder would probably have to content himself with the consciousness of merit.

From the dock-yard we went to the garden, which was very large, but ill kept. There were neither avenues nor dwarf trees, nor rock-work, nor figures of birds and beasts, but a wearisome succession of bridges, pagodas, pavilions, &c. The dwelling-house consisted of one great saloon and a multitude of lesser chambers. In the great saloon comedies and games were sometimes given for the diversion of the women, whose recreations are strictly confined to their houses and gardens. Chinese women of rank are much more confined than other eastern women. They

are seldom allowed to visit one another, and then only in closed sedans or boats, and there are no public baths or gardens where they might meet. The best ornament of these gardens were several peacocks, silver pheasants, and mandarin ducks. In one corner a small gloomy bamboo grove concealed the family burying-place, and not far off we saw a little mound of earth, with a wooden tablet, on which was inscribed a long poetical epitaph to the *memory of the mandarin's pet snake*.

After inspecting all these various objects at our leisure, we returned home in safety, but another day I was not so fortunate. We went to see a tea-factory, and the proprietor himself conducted me into the large and lofty apartments in which the various operations were carried on, and where about 600 people, many of them old women and children, were employed. My entrance was the signal for a general insurrection. Old and young left their work, the grown people lifted the children in their arms to point at me, and altogether raised so fearful a howl that I was almost frightened. The master of the factory and the overseer had work enough to keep the pack from laying hands on me, and therefore begged me to look about me as quickly as possible, and be gone. In consequence I had a very superficial view of the operation, but I saw that the tea leaves were thrown into boiling water for a few minutes, and then put into flat iron pans fixed in an oblique direction, where they are lightly roasted at a moderate heat, and stirred by the hand all the time. As soon as the leaves begin to curl up they are thrown on large boards, and every leaf is rolled up singly. This operation is carried on with such rapidity that it really requires close watching to ascertain that only one leaf is taken up at a time. The whole quantity is then a second time put into the pans. The so-called black tea is roasted a longer time, and to the green a small quantity of Prussian blue is frequently added at the second roasting. Lastly, the tea is spread out again upon the boards, carefully examined, and every imperfectly closed leaf once more rolled up.

Before I left the house, the proprietor entertained me with tea in the manner in which it is drunk by the upper classes of Chinese. Some tea is put into a fine china cup, boiling water poured over, and the cup covered with a very closely-fitting lid. After the lapse of a few minutes the infusion is drunk from the leaves. The Chinese mingle with it neither sugar nor milk, they say that any addition





time to time a pause was made and fires blazed up from the little boats fed by consecrated and perfumed paper. This paper, which must be bought from the priests, is burnt on many occasions, sometimes before and after every prayer, and the sale of it makes the chief part of the priest's revenue.

Occasionally I took a walk with Mr Von Carlovitz in the streets near the factory. These streets were somewhat wider than those round the walls of Canton, well paved, and protected from the burning rays of the sun by boards or mats stretched as awnings over head. The shops had doors and windows like our own, and we could enter them and thereby shelter ourselves from the rdeness of the populace.

In the neighbourhood of the factory, in Fonsch-an, where are the greatest number of manufactories, we can go to many places by water, as the streets, like those of Venice, have canals cut through them. This is not, however, the handsomest part of the city, as the magazines lie along the canals, and the workmen in the manufactories and day labourers are quartered here in miserable barracks resting half on the land and half on rotten piles, and projecting far into the water.

I once saw a disgusting spectacle as we came out of the canal into the river. A negro had died on board one of the ships lying there, and his naked body had been thrown overboard and was now the sport of the current, every boat thrust it as far off as possible when it was tossed against them, but it approached ours much too closely.

I had now passed five weeks in Canton, from the 13th July to the 20th August. This was the hottest time of the year, and I found it intolerably oppressive. In the house we had 94° Fahrenheit, in the open air 100° in the shade. People here have many contrivances to protect themselves from the heat, beside the punkahs. A web of bamboo netting is stretched as an awning over the doors and windows, over those parts of the roof beneath which the workshops are situated, and sometimes a kind of second wall is formed of it eight or ten feet from the real wall, and provided with entrances and passages, clothing the house as it were with a garment.

I returned to Hong Kong again in a Chinese junk—not quite so fearlessly as I came, for the tragical fate of poor Vauchée was fresh in my memory. I took care to pack up my small wardrobe in the presence of the servants, that they might be aware how ill it would

reward the pirates to give themselves any trouble on my account

On the 20th of August I bade my friends in Canton a hearty farewell, and at nine o'clock was floating down the renowned and mighty Pearl or Si Kiang river

## SINGAPORE.

*The English Steamer from Hong Kong — Singapore Plantations — A Hunting Party in the Jungles — A Chinese Funeral — The Feast of Lanterns — Climate and Temperature*

THE voyage from Hong Kong was somewhat tedious, owing to contrary winds, but without accident. The first night I was awakened by some shots fired, but as we met with no further disturbance, they were probably not intended for us. My Chinese fellow voyagers were exceedingly polite and obliging, and, had a look into the future been possible to me, I should have renounced my intention of pursuing my journey in an English steamer, and remained on board the junk, as it was not, I took my passage in the "Pekin," Captain Fronson, which makes the voyage to Calcutta every month.

As the fares are extravagantly high (173 dollars the chief cabin, 117 the second), I was advised to take the third fare, and hire the cabin of one of the subaltern officers or engineers. I was quite pleased with the notion, and hastened to put it in practice, but what was my astonishment when I found it impossible to get a third fare! I was told that the company would be very disagreeable, that the moon was exceedingly dangerous to passengers of the third class, who must sleep on deck, &c. In vain I urged that I knew perfectly well what I could and would do, I was compelled, if I would not be left behind, to take a second place.

When I went on board I found no attendant for the second cabin, and was obliged to request a sailor to carry in my luggage. There was no appearance of the *comfort* so much talked of by the English, the table and everything else was dirty and disorderly, and there was but one sleeping-place for the passengers of both sexes. I was told, however, that if I applied to one of the authorities I should certainly obtain another berth. I did so, and got a neat little cabin, and the steward offered to let me eat with his

wife. But this offer I would not accept,—I had not paid so much to receive every accommodation as a special favour. This was besides my first voyage in an English steamer, and I was curious to see how passengers of the second class were treated.

Our dinner party consisted not only of the passengers, of whom there were three besides myself, but of the cooks and waiters on the first-class passengers, of the butcher, and, in short, of the whole body of attendants, if they chose to favour us with their company. Not the slightest ceremony with regard to the toilette was observed, one would make his appearance without his jacket—the butcher generally forgot his shoes and stockings truly a stout appetite was required to eat in such society!

The food was well suited to the ship's company and their style of dress, but not quite so agreeable to passengers who were to pay thirteen dollars a day. The tablecloth was covered with stains, and every guest had to use his pocket-handkerchief by way of table napkin. The knives and forks were partly white, partly black handled, the knives full of notches, the prongs of the forks broken. Spoons we had none the first day, on the second a solitary one was brought, and it remained solitary to the end of the journey. Two drinking glasses, of the commonest description, did duty for the whole party, but, as a woman, I obtained the distinction of a teacup with a broken handle, for my especial use. The head-cook, who did the honours, excused every irregularity by saying that "This time the servant was not at hand." This apology seemed rather too *naïve*, inasmuch as when I pay I expect to pay for what I get, not for what I do not.

As I have before said, the fare was bad, and the leavings of the chief cabin were what fell to our share. Two or three different kinds of food often lay sociably together in one dish, even when there was not the slightest harmony in their character, and no one seemed to care whether the meat was hot or cold.

Once when the cook was in a particularly good humour at tea-time, he said, "I do all I can to feed you well, and I hope *there is* nothing wanting." Two of the party (Englishmen) answered, "Oh yes, that is true." The third (a Portuguese) had not understood this astonishing assertion. I, as a German, not possessing any English patriotism, could have given another answer if I had not been a woman, and if I had hoped to effect any improvement.



to which I had letters, and in Madame Behu I met the first German woman since I had left Hamburg. I cannot describe my joy, I could talk to my heart's content once more in my native language. She would not allow me to go to an inn, but insisted on my remaining with her amiable family. My plan was to remain but a short time in Singapore, and then to proceed to Calcutta in the first sailing-vessel—I thought I had had too much of English steamers, and I was told that a week seldom passed without such an opportunity presenting itself. I waited however in vain for two or three weeks, and at last was obliged to betake myself to a steamer.

The Europeans in Singapore live much in the same manner as those resident in Canton, except that the family generally resides in the country, and the gentlemen only drive every morning into the town. They are obliged to keep a great retinue of servants, and the mistress of the family has little to do with its management, which is generally in the hands of an upper servant.

The servants are Chinese, with the exception of the Seis, coachmen or grooms, who are Bengalese. Every spring brings shiploads of Chinese boys, from the age of ten to fifteen, who are generally too poor to pay their passage, in which case the captain takes them at his own risk, and receives in return the first year's wages, which the master who engages these youths immediately pays in advance. These lads live with extreme economy, and return to their native land when they have saved a little money, many, however, settle here as artisans.

Singapore has a population of about 55,000, of whom 40,000 are Chinese, 10,000 Malays, that is natives, and 150 Europeans. The number of women is very small, as the immigrants are men and boys exclusively. The town of Singapore, with its immediate environs, reckons about 20,000 inhabitants. The streets are broad and airy, the houses not handsome, they are built on one story, and with the roof so close upon the windows that it looks as if it were squeezing them down. On account of the heat, wooden blinds are in use, instead of glass, for the windows. Here, as in Canton, every trade has its own place,—the side if not the whole of a street, and the market is handsome and lofty as a temple.

As the population of this island is so various, the number of temples is considerable, but the Chinese alone is worth looking

at The body has the form of an ordinary house, but the roof is perfectly Chinese in its decoration,—in its points and notches, wheels and arches, without end, in painted tiles, clay, and porcelain, all overloaded with ornament in the shape of flowers, arabesques, dragons, and other monsters. Over the chief entrance bas-reliefs are cut in the stone, and there is an abundance of gilded wood-carving, inside and out.

On the altar of the Goddess of Merey fruits and pastry of all kinds were displayed, together with a small quantity of boiled rice. These refreshments are renewed every evening, and what the goddess does not eat naturally falls to the share of the bonzes. On the same altar lay two small oval-shaped and elegantly carved pieces of wood. These are flung up in the air by the Chinese, and as they fall, good or evil fortune is prophesied, but the good people have a knack of throwing them till they do fall in the desired direction. A second way of inquiring into the future consists in shaking a number of thin wooden sticks in a cup until one is shaken out. Each stick has a number indicating a passage in the Book of Moral Sentences. This temple seemed much more frequented than those of Canton, more, however, to try fortunes by means of the blocks and sticks than for the purpose of worship.

In the town itself there is nothing worth seeing but its environs, but the whole island is enchantingly beautiful, though the scenery cannot be called grand or sublime, as it wants the chief elements of grandeur and sublimity—high mountains. The highest hill, on which stands the governor's house and the telegraph, is scarcely more than 200 feet in altitude, but delightful is the fresh luxuriant verdure, the beautiful gardens round the houses of the Europeans, the extensive plantations of costly spices, the elegant areca and feather palms, whose slender trunks attain a height of 100 feet, and terminate in a superb crown of feather-like leaves, differing from all other species of palms in the fresh green of their hue, and, lastly, the beautiful jungles in the back ground, and all these charms are yet more striking when the traveller comes, as I did, from the dungeon Canton, or from the desolate environs of the town of Victoria.

The whole island is traversed with fine roads, of which those that wind along the sea-shore are the most frequented. Here are seen a number of handsome equipages, horses from New Holland,

Java, and even from England\* Besides the beautiful European carriages, palanquins are much in use, covered and shut in on all sides with blinds One horse only is harnessed to it; and the attendants run by the side of the vehicle. I could not conceal my dislike of this barbarous custom, but I was told that when the attempt was made to abolish it the servants themselves had objected, and preferred running beside the carriage to sitting or standing upon it They sometimes cling to the horse or the vehicle, and are dragged along with them

A day seldom passed on which we did not drive out Twice a week a splendid military band played on the Esplanade close to the sea, and there rode or walked all the fashionable world carriage followed carriage, and young men, on horseback and on foot, crowded round them, so that one might have fancied oneself in the midst of Europe But I found more pleasure in visiting the plantations and other places than in viewing over again the old European life. I went frequently to the nutmeg and clove plantations, to enjoy their balsamic fragrance The nutmeg-trees are enveloped from top to bottom in foliage, and attain the size of fine apricot-trees: they begin to spread from the lower part of the trunk, the leaves are bright and glittering, as if varnished, and the fruit resembles perfectly a yellowish brown-speckled apricot When ripe it bursts of itself, and displays a round kernel about the size of a nut, covered with a kind of net-work of a beautiful deep red, this net-work is the so called nutmeg bloom, or mace. It is carefully detached from the nut, and dried in the shade, during the process it is frequently sprinkled with sea water, as otherwise the fine crimson colour changes to yellow or black in addition to this web the nutmeg is surrounded by a slight delicate shell The nut itself is likewise dried, smoked, and then steeped in sea water, mingled with a slight solution of lime, to prevent its becoming rancid Wild nutmeg-trees are found in Singapore

The clove-tree is somewhat smaller, and the foliage is by no means so beautiful as that of the nutmeg-tree The clove is the undeveloped flower-bud, when gathered they are first dried in smoke, and then for a short time laid in the sun

The areka nut grows in clusters of from ten to twenty under the leafy crown of the palm of the same name The fruit is somewhat

\* Horses do not breed in Singapore, and must be constantly imported.

larger than the nutmeg, and the outward shell of so bright golden a hue that they look like the gilded nuts suspended to a Christmas tree. The kernel resembles the nutmeg, but without the net-like external covering—it is dried in the shade.

This nut, wrapped in betel-leaf, slightly smeared with lime obtained from burnt shells—is chewed both by natives and Chinese; when a little tobacco is added it produces a blood-red juice, and gives the mouth of the chewer a truly diabolical appearance, especially when, as is frequently the case with the Chinese, the teeth are filed down and stained black. The first time I saw such a spectacle I was quite frightened. I thought the man had injured himself in some way, and had his mouth full of blood.

One day I visited a sago manufactory. The raw sago comes from the neighbouring island of Borneo, and is the pith of a short thick stemmed palm tree. The tree is cut down in its seventh year, split lengthways, and the pith, which is found in great abundance, is cleared of the fibres, pressed into masses, and dried in the sun or by the fire. In this condition its colour is yellowish, for some days it undergoes repeated waterings—when it becomes of a fine white, it is then dried again, crushed with a wooden roller, and pressed through a hair sieve. The fine white flour is then put into a linen fan, which is previously watered in a very peculiar fashion, by the workman taking water in his mouth, and discharging it over the linen like a fine rain. In this fan the flour is well shaken by a couple of workmen, and watered from time to time in the same extraordinary manner, till it forms into grains; it is then thrown into large flat kettles and dried slowly over the fire, being stirred constantly. Lastly, it is pressed once more through a coarser sieve, in which the coarser grains are left. The factory was a large open shed, with a roof supported on trunks of trees.

I was indebted to the kindness of Messrs. Behm and Meyer for a very interesting excursion into the jungle. The gentlemen, four in number, were armed with their guns, as they purposed seeking for a tiger, and it was moreover necessary to be provided for the chance of meeting with bears, wild swine, or large serpents. We drove to the river Gallon, where two boats were in readiness for our party, before embarking, however, we went to look at a sugar boiling near the river. The sugar was piled up in sheaves before the building—but only so much as can be boiled in one day is cut at once, as it turns sour by the heat. The cane is crushed in metal



cylinders, whence the juice runs into great kettles, in which it is boiled and cooled, and afterwards dried in earthen vessels

After we had seen the process, we entered our boat, and proceeded up the river. We soon found ourselves in the midst of a primeval forest, and the navigation became more difficult at every stroke of the rudder, on account of the many trees that had fallen into the water. Sometimes we were obliged to get out of the boat, and lift or push it over, and sometimes to lie down flat in it, in order to force a way under the prostrate trunks that spanned the stream like so many bridges. Shrubs thick set with thorns embarrassed us on all sides, and even some single leaves were of so gigantic a size as to form a hindrance, these leaves belong to a species of grass-palm, called Mungkuany; they are nearly five inches broad near the stem, and about twelve feet long, and as the river in that part scarcely exceeded ten in width, they reach from one bank to the other. The objects of natural beauty were, however, so many that such obstacles were easily borne with, if they did not perhaps actually enhance the enjoyment. The forest offered underwood, parasite plants, palms and ferns in the richest luxuriance, the latter, sometimes sixteen feet in height, formed as good a shelter from the burning sun as the palms and other trees. My satisfaction was not a little increased when I saw some monkeys springing from branch to branch in the tree-tops, and I heard the cries of others not far off. for this was the first time I had seen these creatures in a state of nature, and I rejoiced in my heart that none of the gentlemen succeeded in hitting the playful little creatures. They were more fortunate with some magnificent lorys (a species of parrot with the loveliest plumage), and squirrels. Our attention was, however, soon drawn to a more formidable object, we observed some dark body between the branches of a tree, which on nearer inspection proved to be a large serpent coiled up, and probably on the watch for prey. We ventured to approach pretty near; but it remained motionless with its glittering eye fixed upon us, and not suspecting its approaching fate; the first discharge hit the side of the creature, and quick as lightning the tail was coiled round the tree, while it darted forward, but a few more well directed shots put an end to it, when we steered directly under the tree to which it hung. One of our Malays made a noose of tough grass, and passing it over the creature's head, dragged it into the boat; he told us that we should be sure to meet with another, as

this kind of serpent is always found in couples. The gentlemen in the second boat, had, in fact, found and killed another, which also had hung suspended from the bough of a large tree. These serpents were of a dark green colour, with beautiful yellow stripes, and about twelve feet long, I was told they belonged to the same species.

After a voyage of eight English miles in four hours we quitted the boat, and followed a narrow path which brought us to some cleared spaces in which pepper and gambic were grown.

The pepper-bush is a slender shrub-like plant, which, supported on props, attains a height of from fifteen to eighteen feet, the fruit grows in small grape-like clusters. These are at first red, then green, and lastly black. The shrub begins to bear in the second year, but the white pepper is the production not of nature, but of art, and made by dipping the black pepper repeatedly in sea-water, by which process it becomes whitish. The gambic does not grow higher than eight feet, the leaves are the only part made use of, they are stripped off and boiled down in large kettles. The thick juice is then put into broad wooden vessels, dried in the sun and cut into pieces three inches long and packed. The gambic is of some importance to the dyers, for whose use it is sent to Europe. Gambic and pepper are always planted together, because the latter is manured with the gambic leaves after they have been boiled.

The plantations are managed and indeed almost all work in Singapore is done by freemen, whose labour I was assured was cheaper than that of slaves. Wages are excessively low, a common labourer receiving three dollars monthly without food or dwelling, yet on this he can subsist and even maintain a family. His house, or leaf-covered hut, he builds himself, his food consists of small fish, tuberous roots, and vegetables, and his wardrobe causes him no great outlay, since out of the town he wears simply a cloth round his loins, and no other garment whatever. The children go quite naked, and the women alone can be said to be clothed.

The plantations, which we reached about ten o'clock, were cultivated by Chinese. Besides their huts we found here a little wooden temple which we made use of as an inn. The altar was quickly covered with the provisions furnished us by Madame Behr, but instead of offering them to the gods we devoured them our sinful selves and with an excellent appetite. When "the rage of hunger was appeased" we had the serpent we had caught skinned,

and the carcass given to the Chinese labourers. They gave us to understand that they would not touch it, which surprised me not a little, as the Chinese eat anything, but subsequently I was convinced that this abstinence was only pretended, for when, after the lapse of some hours, we returned from a hunting expedition, and I entered one of their huts, I found them all collected round a huge dish in which lay certain round pieces of roasted flesh which had, beyond a doubt, made part of the serpent's body. the people would fain have hidden their banquet, but I came boldly up to them, offered some money, and requested to taste it. I found the flesh extraordinarily fine and delicate, more so, I think, than that of young chickens.

The creepers and orchideæ are by no means so numerous in the woods as in those of Brazil, nor were the trees so close together, but some of the latter were most magnificent specimens, reaching a height of above 100 feet. The trees I most admired were the ebony and *kohim* trees. the former yields two kinds of wood a brownish yellow rind and the core of the trunk, which is much harder and black,—this is the true ebony.

The *kohim* tree has so strong an odour of garlic that it is perceptible at some distance. the fruit has the same flavour and is much used by the natives, the Europeans find both smell and taste too powerful. I just touched a piece of the fresh bark and my fingers smelt of it the next morning.

Although Singapore is an island, and all possible pains have been taken to annihilate the race of tigers, the effort has been hitherto unsuccessful. The government gives a premium of 50 dollars for every tiger, and the club of Singapore merchants the same. the beautiful skin is also the property of the hunter, and even the flesh brings a profit, as it finds a ready market among the Chinese but as tigers are numerous in Malacca, whence they swim over the narrow strait that separates that peninsula from Singapore, it would seem impossible quite to rid the island of them.

The fruits of Singapore are numerous and excellent. one of the best is the *mangustin*, which is said to thrive nowhere but in Singapore and Java. It is about the size of a middling apple, the rind about a third of an inch thick, dark green within deep red, and contains a white pulp divided into four or five quarters. the flavour is exquisite, and it almost melts in the mouth. The *pin*-apple is more juicy, sweeter, and much larger than that of Canton.

I saw some which weighed over 4 lbs. Whole fields are covered with them, and in the season they may be bought at from 300 to 400 for a dollar. they are generally eaten with salt. Another fruit is the sonr-sop, which is also frequently found of some pounds weight. it is of a green colour externally, the flesh whitish or a very pale yellow, with a strong flavour of strawberries, and, like these, is eaten with wine and sugar. The *gumaloh* resembles a pale orange in appearance, but is five times as large. many people prefer it to the orange, it is, however, neither so sweet nor so juicy. Of all these vegetable dainties, however, the custard-apple, in my opinion, deserves the prize, the pulp, in which a black kernel is embedded, is extremely white, of delicious flavour, and about the consistence of butter. it is eaten with small spoons.

Some days before my departure from Singapore I had the opportunity of seeing the funeral of a wealthy Chinese. The procession passed our house, and in spite of the extreme heat I joined and accompanied it to the grave, a distance of some miles. The ceremonies at the grave lasted two hours, but I was too much interested to quit it till they were over.

The procession was opened by a priest, at whose side walked a Chinese bearing a lantern two feet high, over which was thrown a white cloth. then came two musicians, one armed with a drum on which he gave a roll from time to time, the other with a pair of cymbals. then came the coffin attended by a servant carrying a large umbrella over the head. by the side the eldest son or nearest male descendant walked with hair unplaited, and bearing a white flag. The relations were all in deep mourning, that is, entirely clothed in white, the men had caps, also white, on their heads, and the women were muffled from head to foot in white cloths. The friends who attended observed no particular order in their march, but all wore a white cloth round their head, arm, or body. One of these persons when he observed me following the procession, offered me a strip of white stuff, which I wound round my arm.

The coffin itself was covered with a dark cloth, some garlands of flowers hung about it, and rice tied up in a cloth lay upon it. Four-and-twenty men carried the coffin upon enormous poles, and a good deal of stir and bustle was made in changing the bearers, who were sometimes laughing and sometimes quarrelling. No appearance either of grief or devotion was observed in the general body, some were smoking, some eating, and several men carrying

pailsful of cold tea followed the train. The son kept apart from all, and walked beside the coffin with the air of one overwhelmed with grief.

When the train reached the street leading to the cemetery, the son threw himself on the ground, covered his face, and sobbed aloud. After a time he arose, and tottered after the corpse, supported by two men. He seemed to suffer greatly, but I was subsequently informed that his excessive affliction is mostly put on, in compliance with Chinese custom, which requires the chief mourner to be faint and sick with sorrow, and if he is not he must pretend to be so.

Arrived at the place of burial, which was on the side of a hill, the pall, flowers, and rice were laid aside, and a quantity of gold and silver paper scattered in the grave, which was dug about seven feet deep. The coffin, a tree trunk, handsomely carved and varnished, and hermetically closed, was now lowered, this operation occupying at least half an hour. The relations then flung themselves on the ground, veiled their faces, and howled lamentably, but finding the lowering of the coffin somewhat tedious apparently, they afterwards seated themselves in a circle, had their little baskets, containing betel, lime, and areka nuts brought to them, and began to comfort themselves with a chew.

After the coffin was lowered, one of the Chinese went to the upper end of the grave, opened the packet of rice, and took a kind of compass, while another person handed him a string, which he drew backwards and forwards over the middle of the compass, till it lay in the same direction with the needle. A second string, to which a lead was suspended, was then attached to the first, and dropped into the grave, and the coffin was pushed backwards and forwards, until its central point fell under the lead. At least another quarter of an hour was spent before this was accomplished. It was then covered with a number of large sheets of white paper, and the individual who had been so busy with the compass made a short discourse, during the delivery of which the children of the deceased prostrated themselves on the earth. At the end of his address the speaker scattered rice on the coffin, and threw some to children. The latter held up the corners of their robes to catch the grains, and as they caught but few, the speaker added some thimbles full, which they tied up carefully and carried away with them. The grave was at last filled with earth, upon which the mourners again

raised a fearful outcry ; but as far as I observed, not an eye was moistened

After this ceremony, dressed fowls, ducks, pork, fruits, pastry, and a dozen cups and a pot full of tea were arranged in two rows on the grave, six painted wax candles were lighted and stuck in the earth by the food, and all this time some of the assistants were constantly burning gold and silver paper, of which there was a vast quantity consumed. The eldest son now again approached the grave, bowing repeatedly, till his forehead touched the earth. Six perfumed tapers of twisted paper were then handed to him, which he waved several times in the air, and then gave back to the assistants, who stuck them in the ground, and this rite was repeated by the other relations.

During the whole weary time the priest had kept at a distance from the grave, comfortably seated under the shade of a prodigious umbrella. He now advanced, repeated a short prayer, tinkling a bell from time to time,—and his part of the ceremony was over. The food was taken away, the tea poured over the grave, and the procession returned to the town in excellent spirits, to the accompaniment of music, which had been heard from time to time during the whole ceremony. The food, I was told, it was usual to distribute among the poor.

The day after I was a spectator of the celebrated Feast of Lanterns. On every house, on every projection of the roof, on lofty poles, &c, hung countless lanterns of coloured gauze and paper, tastefully decorated and painted with the figures of gods, warriors, and animals. In the courts and gardens, or where these were wanting, in the open street, before the houses, large tables were placed, on which were reared pyramids of food of various kinds and fruits, amid flowers and lamps innumerable. The inhabitants were roaming in crowds through the streets, courts, and gardens till past midnight, when the comestibles were vigorously attacked by the proprietors and their friends. This festival pleased me extremely, and in nothing more than the striking propriety of the demeanour of the crowd, every thing was looked at, admired, or criticised, but nothing was touched.

The climate of Singapore is very agreeable in comparison with that of other places near the line. During my stay there, from the 3rd of September to the 8th of October, the heat, within doors, rarely exceeded 23° (Reaumur) and 38° in the sun, and

even this was not intolerable, as every morning brought a fresh sea breeze

Singapore promises shortly to become the central point of India for steam navigation. Vessels from Hong Kong, Ceylon, Madras, Calcutta, and Europe, and Dutch ships of war from Batavia, touch here regularly every month, and steam vessels from Manilla and Sydney will, no doubt, arrive as regularly at no distant time

## CEYLON

*Departure from Singapore — The Island of Pinang — Ceylon — Pointe de Galle — Excursion to the Interior — Colombo — Kandy — The Temple Dagoba — Capture of Elephants — Return to Colombo and Pointe de Galle — Departure*

ON the 7th of October I left Singapore for Ceylon, by the "Braganza," an English steam vessel of 350 horse power. The distance is about 1,500 miles

The accommodation on board this vessel differed in some respects from the former, but was very nearly as bad. I and my fellow-passengers,\* four in number, dined alone, and had even a Mulatto to wait on us, but he was suffering under elephantiasis, and the sight was not calculated to improve the appetite

We passed through the strait of Malacca, and did not, during the 7th and 8th, lose sight of land

The foreground of Malacca is hilly, and farther in the interior of the country, these hills rise to mountains. To the left lay several mountain islands, which entirely concealed Sumatra from our view

Our crew consisted of seventy-nine persons, Chinese, Malays, Cingalese, Bengalese, Hindoos, and Europeans, and at their meals, the different country people usually kept together. All had enormous vessels, containing rice, and small bowls of curry placed before them, and pieces of dried fish served them for bread. The curry was poured over the rice, rolled by the hand into small

\* One of these passengers had been turned out of the chief cabin, because he was not, it was said, quite in his right senses, and did not always know what he was about. The chief cabin passengers found this unpleasant, and the captain took upon him to order the poor man to the second, retaining, however, the fare for the first.

bowls, and thrust into their mouths with a piece of fish, but a full half of the portion usually fell back again into the dish

The costume of the greater number of these men was simple in the highest degree, being merely a pair of linen drawers. The head was generally covered with a miserable, dirty turban, or in default of a turban, a coloured rag, or a sailor's old cap. The Malays wrap long cloths round their heads, of which a portion is thrown over the shoulder. The Chinese adhere closely to their national costume, and the coloured servants of the officers alone are well and tastefully dressed, they wear white trowsers and waist-coats, and white girdles, coloured silk jackets, and small embroidered caps, or handsome turbans.

The manner in which the coloured people were treated was anything but Christian-like. Thrusts, cuffs, kicks, and brutal words were but too plentiful, and the meanest European permitted himself the coarsest freedoms with them. Poor creatures! how is it possible they should love or respect so-called Christians?

On the 9th of October we landed on the little island of Pinang. The town of the same name lies in a small plain, but not far off the town the ground rises into a chain of beautiful hills, which give great beauty to the prospect.

I obtained a furlough of five hours, which I made use of to traverse the town in a palanquin, and I even saw something of the country. but all I saw reminded me of Singapore. The town is not pretty, but the country houses, all standing in the midst of magnificent gardens, were beautiful. The island is crossed by many good roads.

I was told that one of the mountains afforded a lovely view over Pinang, a portion of Malacca, and the sea, and there was also a waterfall to be seen, but unfortunately, I had not time to visit them.

The population of Pinang is mostly Chinese, and all the small commerce and manual industry is in their hands.

On the 17th of October we approached the coast of Ceylon, and I gazed with eager curiosity on a country which had been described to me as a perfect Paradise, the chosen resting-place of our common father when he was driven out of Eden, as a proof of which fact the inhabitants point to the spots yet bearing his name—Adam's Peak, Adam's Bridge, &c. I was eager also to inhale the balsamic odours of which so many travellers' spoken. The island rose in wondrous beauty from the wa



did the many mountain chains that intersect it develope themselves, the highest summits were glittering in magic splendour in the setting sun, while beneath hill, and valley, and cocoa forest lay in purple gloom. The aromatic odours, however, I was not favoured with, for I smelt nothing but the usual ship's perfume—tar, coal, smoke, and oil

Towards nine o'clock we neared Pointe de Galle, but as the entrance is extremely dangerous, we anchored for the night. On the following morning two pilots brought us safely into port.

We had scarcely landed before we were surrounded by scores of people offering for sale cut precious stones, pearls, and various articles in tortoiseshell and ivory. Those who understand these things might probably have made good bargains, but those who do not must beware how they allow themselves to be dazzled by the splendour and size of the gems, as the natives are said to have learnt from the cunning Europeans the art of profiting by the ignorance of their customers.

The position of Pointe de Galle is extremely beautiful in the foreground noble masses of rock, in the back stately palm forests stretching to the fortifications of the town. The houses are neat, low, and generally shaded by trees, and trees on either side form in many of the clean-kept streets beautiful avenues.

Pointe de Galle is the meeting-place of the steamers from China, Bombay, Calcutta, and Suez. Travellers from the three last places stop here twelve, or at most four-and-twenty hours, but those from China to Calcutta have to wait ten or fourteen days for the steamer that is to carry them to their journey's end, and I was not at all sorry for this delay, for I profited by it to visit Candy.

From Pointe de Galle to Colombo there are two conveyances the mail daily, and a coach belonging to a private company three times a week, the distance is seventy-three English miles, and is traversed in ten hours. A place in the mail costs thirty shillings, in the private vehicle only twelve, but being pressed for time I was obliged to go by the mail. The road is magnificent—there is not a hill nor a stone to impede the horses, which besides are changed every eight miles, the greater part of it lies near the sea-shore, through thick woods of cocoa-trees. The roads are frequented and peopled as I have seldom before seen even in Europe. Hamlet followed hamlet, and single dwellings lay so thick between that we passed one every minute. The small towns were numerous,

of which Culturi, inhabited mostly by Europeans, pleased me most, near Culturi, on a rocky eminence by the coast, is a small fortress.

Along the roads, under little sheds roofed with palm leaves, large vessels filled with water were placed, and cocoa shells for drinking cups lay beside them, a not less kindly arrangement for the convenience of travellers were small open stalls, furnished with benches many travellers pass the night under these places of shelter.

The constantly moving multitude of carriages and people made the way seem very short, and yielded abundant opportunity for studying the various component parts of the population of Ceylon the majority, of course, are Cingalese, but here are also found the various races of India,—Mahomedans, Lisars, Malibars, Moors, Jews, and there are even some Hottentots. Among the three former races I saw many beautiful and agreeable countenances, indeed the Cingalese boys and young men are particularly handsome. They have delicate well-formed features, and such slender elegant forms that they might easily be mistaken for girls,—an error to which their manner of dressing the hair would not a little contribute, as they wear no kind of cap or turban, but comb the hair back and twist it up behind into a knot, secured by a broad tortoiseshell comb, four inches high. This style of *coiffure* is not particularly becoming to men. The Mahomedans and Jews have more strongly marked features,—the latter bear some resemblance to the Arabs, and like them have a noble cast of countenance, they are easily recognisable by their shorn heads, long beards, caps, and turbans. Many of the Indians wear turbans, the majority, however, prefer a simple cloth thrown over the head the latter head-covering belongs also to the Malays, and men from the Malabar coast. The Hottentots allow their matted coal-black hair to fall in disorderly masses over the forehead and neck. None of these people, the Mahomedans and Jews excepted, trouble themselves much about dress. Some wear short drawers, and some kind of upper garment, but the majority are contented with a cloth about a hand's breadth in width round the waist and drawn between the legs.

Of women I saw but few, and these only close to their dwellings, which they appear seldom to leave. Their costume was extremely simple,—consisting merely of an apron, a short jacket, which

rather exposed than covered the upper part of the person, and a cloth thrown over the head many wore only a large shawl thrown in loose drapery round them. The edges as well as the tips of the ears were pierced and decorated with ear-rings, neck, arms, and feet were adorned with chains and plates of silver and other metals, and one of the toes was encircled with a large and very massive ring.

One would have expected that in a country where the female sex is kept so much secluded those persons would be closely veiled. but this was so little the case in Ceylon that many seemed to have forgotten both jacket and head-covering, and the old ladies were more particularly oblivious in this respect, though their appearance was not inviting. There were many beautiful and expressive faces among the younger women, but they should not be seen without their upper covering, as their breasts descend nearly to the loins.

The colour of the Cingalese varies between light and dark brown, reddish brown, and copper-coloured. the Hottentots are black, but not of the shining sable of the negroes.

The horror which these half-naked people have of rain and wet places is singular. During my excursion it began to rain a little, and in a moment the natives sprang like rope-dancers over every little puddle in their hurry to reach their huts, and hide themselves from the dreaded shower. those who were too far off held the leaves of the talipot tree (*corypha umbraculifera*) over their heads, by way of umbrella. These leaves are four feet in diameter, and can be folded up like a fan, and such a giant leaf will shelter two persons very completely. They have no such terror of the sun's rays, however powerful, but it is said that the thickness of their skulls and the fat lying beneath render the heat innocuous to the natives.

The carriages in use here are of a very peculiar construction, they are wooden two-wheeled cars, with a roof of palm leave, projecting four feet before and behind, and thus forming a protection against both sun and rain to the driver. These cars are drawn by two oxen, harnessed at such a distance from the carriage that the driver can run between them with perfect safety.

I made use of the half hour allowed for breakfast to go down to the sea-shore, where I saw a number of persons busily employed upon some dangerous cliffs in the midst of a terrible surf. some were loosening shell-fish from the rock by means of a long pole,

while others plunged into the sea to secure the booty. I thought that men would hardly expose themselves to such danger merely for the sake of oysters, and that there must be pearls in the shell. That was not the case, however, and I afterwards learnt, that although pearls were obtained in this manner, it was on the eastern coast only, and in the months of February and March. The boats made use of were of two kinds: the larger, which would hold forty persons, was made of planks, fastened together and bound with ropes of cocoa-nut fibre,—the smaller resembled those I had seen in Tahiti, but looked yet more dangerous. An excessively narrow, very shallow, hollowed trunk of a tree formed the body, the sides were raised a little by a plank with spars laid lengthways and obliquely. The vessel rose scarcely a foot and a half above the surface of the water, and the whole breadth at the upper part did not exceed a foot. A piece of plank lay across by way of seat, but the rower could find room only by crossing one leg over the other.

The greater part of the road lay, as I before said, through forests of cocoa-trees, the soil was sandy, and quite free from underwood and creeping plants, but in those parts where trees of more abundant foliage grew, the soil was rich, and both flourished in luxuriant profusion.

In the course of the journey we crossed four rivers,—the *Tinduch*, the *Bentock*, *Cattura*, and *Pandura*, two of which we passed in boats, the others over pretty wooden bridges. Two English miles from Colombo the cinnamon plantations begin. On this side of Colombo all the country houses of the Europeans are situated: they are extremely simple in construction, surrounded by walls and shaded by cocoa-trees. At three o'clock in the afternoon our carriage rolled over two draw-bridges, and through two fortified gates into the town. The site of Colombo is far more beautiful than that of *Poente de Galle*, as it is much nearer the mountains. I stopped the night here, and set off on the following morning with the post for the town of *Candy*, seventy-two English miles distant.

Colombo is built over a great extent of ground. We drove through broad streets of endless length, between rows of beautiful houses, with verandahs and colonnades, and a strange ghastly effect was produced by a number of human forms lying stretched out under white cloths in these verandahs and arcades. at first I took them for corpses, but the number was too great, and I found at

length that they were only sleepers, for they began to move, and throw off their winding sheets. The inhabitants of Colombo, I heard, think it more agreeable to sleep in the verandahs than inside the houses.

A long bridge of boats crosses the important river Calanyganga, and when the road quits the sea-coast the character of the landscape begins to change considerably. Fine rice plantations stretch over vast plains, whose tender green reminded me of our wheat-fields in spring. The foliage of the woods becomes thicker, and the palms fewer, only here and there they steal, as it were, among the stronger growth of the forest, rearing their tall heads over all. Nothing is more beautiful than one of these vegetable Titans clothed to the very summit with the luxuriant climbing plants.

After we had advanced about sixteen English miles the ground began to rise, and we were soon shut in on all sides by high mountains, at the foot of which we found relays of horses ready. The seventy-two miles, although we ascended to a height of above 2,000 feet, were traversed in eleven hours.

The nearer we approached Candy, the more varied became the mountain scenery. Now we were completely enclosed, now height was piled on height, and each mountain top seemed to surpass the other in beauty and in altitude, for the height of some thousand feet their sides were luxuriantly wooded, beyond, their aspect became more rocky. Not less interesting than the face of the country were the singular teams we encountered. Ceylon it is well known, is rich in elephants, of whom many are captured and made use of for various kinds of labour, and we saw huge waggon<sup>s</sup> filled with stones to mend the roads drawn by two and sometimes three elephants.

Four miles from Candy we crossed the river Mahavilagunga, which is spanned by a magnificent bridge of satin-wood in a single arch, to this bridge the following tradition is annexed.

After the Cingalese were subdued by the English, they still cherished hopes of regaining their freedom, because an oracle had announced that it would be as impossible for an enemy to maintain a lasting dominion over them as to unite the two banks of the Mahavilagunga by a single road. When the bridge was begun they laughed, thinking it an impossible undertaking, but now that it is accomplished I was assured that all hopes of shaking off the yoke were given up.

Near this bridge a botanic garden is laid out, which I visited the following day. I was astonished at the beautiful order in which it is kept, as well as at its wealth of flowers, plants, and trees. Opposite this garden lies one of the largest sugar plantations, and in the neighbourhood are several of coffee.

The situation of Candy is in my opinion exquisite, some people assert that the mountains are too near, and that the town lies in a basin. If so, the basin is most beautiful, and full of the richest vegetation. The town itself is little and ugly, nothing but a heap of small shops, the few houses inhabited by Europeans, places of business, and the barracks lie without the town on small eminences. A part of the valley is filled by vast reservoirs of water, surrounded by richly wrought open masonry, and shaded by avenues of the mighty tulip-tree. Near one of these reservoirs stands the celebrated Buddha temple Dagoba built in the Moorish Hindostan style and richly decorated.

When I left the coach, one of the passengers recommended me to a good hotel, and was also so obliging as to call a native to show me the house, but when I reached the hotel, I found that not a room was to be had, I requested the people of the house to name another to my guide, which they did. The fellow led me out of the town, pointed to a neighbouring hill, and gave me to understand that the house indicated was situated behind it. As I saw that all the buildings lay considerably apart from each other I believed him, but when we came near the hill I saw instead of a house, a solitary looking spot and a wood. I would have turned back but my guide paying no attention to my signs made straight for the wood, whereupon I snatched my portmanteau from his shoulder and stood still. He would have taken it again by force, when luckily I espied at a little distance two English soldiers, to whom I called for assistance, on which the fellow instantly made off. I related my adventure to the soldiers, who congratulated me on my escape, and took me with them to the barracks, where one of the officers was so kind as to send a person with me to an hotel.

My first visit was to the temple Dagoba, which contains a precious relic of Buddha,—one of the god's teeth. The temple with its supernumerary buildings is surrounded by walls, the circumference is inconsiderable, and the tabernacle which contains the sacred tooth is a small chamber scarcely twenty feet in diameter. within reigns

the deepest darkness, as there are no windows, and a curtain is suspended before the door to keep out the external light the walls and ceiling are overlaid with silk coverings, which, however, have no merit but that of age. They were, it is true, wrought with gold threads, but not very richly, and I could not believe that the effect produced was ever so dazzling as some travellers have asserted. A sort of altar plated with silver and with hangings, of which the edges are set with precious stones, takes up one half of the space on this altar stands a clock-shaped cover, at least three feet in diameter at the lower end and about as much in height, and made of silver, thickly gilt, and adorned with a number of gems. A peacock in the centre is wholly composed of precious stones, but no great effect is produced after all, as they are very ill-placed and clumsily set.

Under this large cover there are six smaller ones, said to be of pure gold,—the last of which conceals the precious tooth of the divinity. The outer cover is secured by three locks, two of the keys belonging to which were deposited with the English governor, the third is in the keeping of the chief priest of the temple, but a short time ago the government restored the two keys with great solemnity, and they are now in the custody of one of the Radschas (princes) of the island.

This relic is only shown to princes or other great ones of the earth; meaner persons must content themselves with the word of the priest, who is so good as to describe its glories for a consideration. Its dazzling whiteness shames the purest ivory, its form surpasses all excellence hitherto beheld, and its size that of the largest ox-tooth. Countless multitudes flock hither yearly to adore this sacred object. Faith makes blessed, and there are many among Christian sects who believe in things demanding quite as strong a dose of credulity to accept. I remember in my youth to have been present at a yearly celebration at Calvaria, a place of pilgrimage in Galicia. A great number of pilgrims flock hither yearly to fetch splinters of the true cross. The priests make little crosses of wax, which they assure the credulous people contains each a morsel of the real cross of Christ. These waxen crosses are wrapped in paper and stand by basketsfull for distribution, that is, for sale. Every peasant takes at least three, one for the dwelling, a second for the

stable, and a third for the barn. The most extraordinary part of the story was, that this purchase had to be repeated every year, as the crosses lose their healing virtue in that space of time.

But to return to Candy. In a second temple adjoining the sanctuary are two gigantic statues of the god Buddha in a sitting posture, said to be of pure gold (they are hollow). Before these colossal Buddhas stand whole rows of little Buddhas in crystal, glass, silver, copper, and other materials. In the vestibule there are a number of divinities hewn in stone, and fragments of others, all very rude and stiff in workmanship. In the midst stands a small monument resembling a reversed bell in shape, said to mark the grave of a Brahmin. On the external walls of the temple there are some awful frescoes representing the eternal punishment of the wicked. human figures half or whole roasted, torn with red hot pincers, or swallowing fire, crushed between rocks, having the flesh cut piecemeal from the bodies, &c., but fire plays the principal part in the Buddhist hell.

The gates of the chief temple are of metal, the posts ivory. On the former are some magnificent arabesques in high relief, on the latter similar decorations are inlaid. Before the chief entrance four of the largest elephants' tusks I ever saw are placed as ornaments.

Ranged round the court are the tents of the priests. They go constantly with their closely-shorn heads uncovered, and wear long light yellow robes tolerably sufficient as coverings. Formerly 500 priests were employed in the service of this temple alone, at present the divinity must put up with a few dozen.

The devotional service of the Buddhists seems to consist principally in making offerings of flowers and money. Morning and evening an ear-splitting music called *Tam-tam* is performed before the gates of the temple, accompanied by a frightful drumming and fife within. Shortly after the commencement of this concert, people come thronging from all sides, carrying baskets full of the most beautiful flowers, with which the priests decorate the altars with a taste and elegance that can scarcely be exceeded.

There are many other temples in Candy, but only one at all worthy of note. It lies at the foot of a rocky hill, out of which a statue of Buddha, six and thirty feet high, is cut, and protected by an elegant little vaulted temple. The divinity is painted in the most glaring colours. The walls of the temple are overlaid with a fine red-



coloured cement, divided into compartments, in which the image of Buddha is repeated in fresco Vishnu, another of their divinities, is also here represented, I was particularly struck by the beauty and freshness of the colours on the southern wall of this temple.

There also is a monumental stone, similar to that in the temple Dagoba, not however within the walls, but under God's free heaven, and shaded by some venerable trees

Schools taught by the priests are frequently found in the vicinity of the temples Near this one we saw about a dozen boys (the girls are not allowed to attend schools) busied in writing The copies were very beautifully written with a style on narrow palm leaves, and the same material served the boys as copy-books The valley traversed by the *Mahavilaganga* well rewards the trouble of the walk to view it A range of wavy hills runs through it, whose sides form regular terraces planted with rice or coffee Nature is here young and vigorous, and yields a rich harvest to the diligence of the cultivator Thick dusky groves of palms and other trees of more abundant foliage form the shade of the picture, and mountains clothed in verdure of velvet softness, and wild romantic dark grey rocks, the back-ground

I saw many of the highest mountains in Ceylon, but not, unfortunately, the most celebrated, Adam's Peak This mountain, 6,500 feet in height, is said to be so steep on the last peak, that it has been necessary to hew out steps in the rock, through which an iron chain is drawn The labour of the bold climber is however richly repaid On the highest level a faint impression of a foot, five feet in length, is to be traced, by the Mahomedans said to be the foot-print of our common father, by the Buddhists, that of their large-toothed divinity Many thousands of both sects make it the object of a yearly pilgrimage

In Candy, the palace of the former king or emperor of Ceylon is still to be seen, a handsome walled building, but offering little that is peculiar, I should have taken it for a European work It consists of a somewhat elevated ground floor with large windows, and handsome porticoes resting on pillars The only thing remarkable in this palace is a spacious hall, the walls of which are adorned with some coarse and stiff reliefs representing animals Since the native monarch of Ceylon has been dismissed from office by the English, the resident or governor of that nation inhabits this palace

If I had timed my visit to Candy fourteen days earlier, I might have witnessed an elephant hunt, or rather an elephant capture. For this object the banks of a river frequented by these animals is sought, and a great space enclosed within piles, to which various narrow paths strongly enclosed lead. A decoy elephant led within this space allures his thirsty fellows by his cry, who, once entangled within the passages, can no longer escape, and they are driven by the yells and outcries of the hunters into the greater space. The finest animals are taken alive and guarded, till hunger renders them so tame as to submit to receive a noose round them, and to follow the tame elephants unresistingly, the animals inferior in size and beauty are killed or set at liberty again, according as they possess tusks more or less valuable.

The preparations for such a capture, the seeking out the creatures to drive them towards the watering place, enclosing the space, &c., are often the work of several weeks. The elephant is sometimes hunted simply by armed men, but this is dangerous. It has, as is well known, only one very vulnerable point, the middle of the forehead. If this is hit, the huge animal may be destroyed by the first shot, but if it miss, woe to the hunter,—the infuriated beast will trample him to death in a few minutes. The elephant is, however, by nature a peaceable animal, and does not readily attack men.

The Europeans make use of the animal for draught and for carrying burdens, but the natives chiefly for riding and for state.

After a stay of three days I returned to Colombo, where I had to remain another day, as it was Sunday, when no mail is despatched. I went to the Catholic church, which was full of Irish soldiers and Portuguese, the latter were very richly dressed in silk stuffs and pearl ear-rings, precious stones round their necks and arms, and gold and silver chains on their ancles.

In the afternoon I visited the cinnamon plantations, of which there are many in the vicinity of Colombo. The cinnamon-trees or shrubs are planted in rows, their height does not at the utmost exceed nine feet, the blossoms are white and scentless. From the fruit, which is smaller than an acorn, oil is obtained, when the fruit is crushed and boiled the oil swims at the top. It is used for lighting, mingled with cocoa-nut oil. The cinnamon harvest takes place twice in the year. The first, called the great harvest, from April to July, the second, the little harvest, from November till

January The bark is pulled off the slender branches with a knife, and dried in the sun, by which process it acquires a yellowish or brown colour The finest cinnamon is light yellow, and about the thickness of card-board The fine cinnamon-oil used in medicine is obtained from the cinnamon itself it is shaken in a vessel full of water, in which it is steeped for eight or ten days, the whole is then thrown into a still, and distilled over a slow fire, on the surface of the water thus obtained the oil after a short time collects, and is removed with the greatest care

Among the animals of Ceylon, after the elephants, I was most interested by the ravens Their numbers and their tameness are remarkable In every little town and village they are to be seen in multitudes round the doors and at the windows, picking up whatever is to be found, and they perform here the same service as the dogs do among the Turks, that is, they act as scavengers The horned cattle are small and provided with fleshy humps between the shoulder-blades, which are considered an especial dainty

In Colombo and Pointe de Galle there are many white buffaloes of a large race belonging to the English government, and which were brought hither from Bengal They are used for heavy draught

Among the fruits the pine-apple is admirable for size and flavour.

The temperature I found pretty moderate, especially in Candy, which lies high, and where after much rain it was almost cold

In the mornings and evenings the thermometer fell to  $61^{\circ}$  (Fahr), at noon in the sun it did not rise above  $79^{\circ}$  In Colombo and Pointe de Galle the weather was beautiful, and  $7^{\circ}$  warmer than in Candy.

On the 26th of October I left Colombo for the peninsula of India, by an English steamer

## BENGAL

*Calcutta — Mode of Life of Europeans — The Hindoos — Things to be seen in the Town — Visit to a Baboo — Religious Festival — Dying Houses, and Places for Burning the Dead — Mahomedan and European Weddings*

THE first land which you catch a glimpse of on approaching Calcutta is flat and sandy, and without the slightest pretensions to natural beauty

We made it on the 2nd of November, and saw at the same time ten or twelve ships, among them some of the great East Indiamen, which, like ourselves, were bound for the wealthy city. Towards evening we had neared the mouth of the giant river, which pours such a flood into the ocean that several miles from its mouth the water tastes quite fresh, and I filled a glass from the sacred tide of the Ganges, and drank it to the health of my dear ones in my native land

As you enter the Hoogly, one of its seven branches, you see boundless plains extending along both shores,—fields of rice, with sugar plantations, and palms, bamboos, and trees with various kinds of foliage scattered about them, and the richest vegetation clothing the ground quite to the water's edge. As we proceeded up the river we saw boats of a very singular construction; the fore-part almost level with the water, and the stern about seven feet high. Half-naked men, too, began to make their appearance, and here and there a very poor-looking village, with huts made of clay or palm branches, and covered with rice straw thatch or tiles

About fifteen miles below Calcutta a palace-like building made its appearance, with a pleasant dwelling-house beside it, this was a cotton factory, and from this point many most elegant mansions in the Greek-Italian style, and richly ornamented with columns, terraces, &c., presented themselves on both sides of the river, but we flew too quickly past to catch more than a glimpse of them. Many ships of the largest size sailed by,—steamers dashed up and down, taking them in tow, and the strange and animating bustle constantly increased, and made it easy for us to see that we were approaching the metropolis of Asia. We anchored at Garderich, some miles below Calcutta, and our engineer took compassion on

One very remarkable building of Benares is the Observatory, built under the renowned Emperor Akbar, more than 200 years ago. There are no telescopes or instruments of the ordinary kind—but all that there are, are constructed of massive freestone. On a raised terrace, which you reach by a flight of stone steps, stand tables of an exactly circular form, and others of half and quarter circles, full of lines, characters, and writing. With these instruments the Brahmins have long made, and still make, their calculations. We found several of them busily engaged in writing when we entered. Many of the Brahmins, as is known, give instruction in astronomy, Sanscrit, and other scientific subjects.

Another of the sights of Benares is the abode of the Sacred Apes—some enormous mango-trees in the suburb of Durgakund. As we approached the trees, the animals perhaps perceived that we were coming to pay them a visit, for they came without any shyness quite close to us, but when the servant, whom we had sent for something to feed them with, came back, it was amusing to see the merry little race hurrying to us from all quarters—the streets, the roofs of the houses, and the tops of the trees—leaping and running with the most comic agility. In a few moments we were enclosed in a circle of some hundreds of them, mostly about two feet high, and of a dirty yellow colour, fighting and wrestling in the droll way with each other for the fruit and corn thrown to them. The oldest, or largest among them, played the commander, and wherever he saw a dispute going on, sprang towards the contending parties, grinned, muttered, and distributed cuffs to one and the other till they jumped away. It was the largest and most amusing company of apes that I had ever seen.

Among the thousands of temples to be found in Benares, few are worth seeing, much less describing—but among the things that interested me I may mention an indigo plantation, which was the first I had seen—and an Indian prince, namely the Rajah of Benares, to whom I had the honour of being introduced. The indigo is a shrub-like plant two or three feet high, with delicate blue green leaves, which at the harvest time, about the month of August, are cut off close to the stem, tied into bundles and laid in great wooden tubs. Planks are then laid on them, and great stones to cause a pressure, and then water is poured over them, and after

a day or two the liquor begins to ferment In this process of fermentation lies the principal difficulty, and every thing depends on allowing it to continue just the proper time When the water has acquired a dark green colour it is poured off into other tubs, mixed with lime, and stirred with wooden shovels, till a blue deposit separates itself from the water, which is then allowed to run off The remaining substance, the indigo, is then put into linen bags, through which the moisture filters, and as soon as the indigo is dry and hard, it is broken into pieces and packed up

For my visit to the rajah I was indebted to a travelling companion, Mr Law On the day when it was to take place, I found a splendidly adorned boat waiting for us near the bank of the river, and on the opposite side was a palanquin, which was to carry us to the residence of the prince, the citadel Ramnaghur, which lies on the left bank of the Ganges above the town We were soon before the entrance of the palace, a lofty and majestic-looking gate—and I hoped, therefore, that in the interior I should find an edifice of corresponding grandeur, but in this I was disappointed, for I saw only irregular courts, and small unsymmetrical buildings, without any pretension to either taste or luxury In one of the courts on the ground floor was a simple hall supported on columns, and full, overfull indeed, of European furniture, with some wretched daubs of pictures hanging on the walls The court, however, was crowded with attendants, who contemplated us with great attention

The rajah now made his appearance, accompanied by his brother, and some other great men, and followed by a crowd of attendants, whom from their appearance I could hardly distinguish from them

The two princes were very richly dressed in gold-embroidered satin, with their caps set with diamonds, silk shoes thickly worked in gold, and large brilliant rings on their fingers The brother, a lad of nineteen, whom the rajah had adopted as his son, wore a white turban, with a costly agraffe of diamonds and pearls, large pearls in his ears, and large heavy bracelets rich with gems The elder prince was a handsome man with a good-natured and intellectual expression, the younger did not please me so well

We had scarcely taken our places before large silver bowls were brought with elegantly wrought nargilehs, which we were invited to smoke We returned thanks for the honour, but declined it, and

the prince smoked alone—but never more than a few puffs out of one nargileh, he would then lay it aside, and another and handsomer one was presented to him. The deportment of the ryah was both decorous and lively, and I regretted my inability to converse with him otherwise than through an interpreter.

He inquired whether I had ever seen a natsch or festive dance, and on my replying in the negative, ordered one to be exhibited immediately.

In about half an hour two dancing-girls and three musicians made their appearance, the dancers were dressed in gold-embroidered muslin and wide trowsers, which descended to the ground, quite covering the shoeless feet, and they made animated movements with their arms, hands, and fingers, and sometimes with the feet, on which they wore silver bells, while the musicians stood behind them playing, two of them on four-stringed instruments, something like our violins, and the other on small drums. Sometimes the dancers formed pretty graceful figures and draperies with their upper garments, and when the performance had lasted about half an hour they accompanied it with a song, but the two sylphs made so lamentable a screeching that my ears and my nervous system could hardly endure it, even with the help of the refreshments that were handed to us the while.

When the dance was over, the prince asked me through the interpreter if I would like to visit his garden, which lay about a mile from the palace, and I was so indiscreet as to accept the proposal.

We then betook ourselves to the fore-court of the palace, where some richly-adorned elephants stood ready, and the ryah's on an elephant, an animal of uncommon size and beauty, was assigned to me and Mr Law, a scarlet covering with gold fringe borders and tassels was thrown quite over him, and on his broad back was placed a convenient seat, like a phaeton without wheels, and he was then made to kneel down, and a step-ladder being placed against him we mounted and took our places on the huge monster, and a servant placed himself behind us, holding an enormous umbrella over our heads, while the driver sat on the neck, and from time to time pricked the elephant slightly between the ears, the young prince with his companions and servants were distributed amongst the other elephants, some officers on horseback rode at our sides, two soldiers with drawn sabres led the way, and

the procession was closed by a dozen soldiers on foot and some on horseback

I was quite pleased with the genuine Indian style of this party, although the motion of the elephant is like that of the camel, very jolting and disagreeable

When we arrived at the garden, the proud glance of the young prince seemed to ask whether we were not enraptured with its magnificence, and we pretended to be accordingly, but, I must own, somewhat hypocritically,—for there was really nothing to admire in it

As we left it, the gardeners, according to Indian custom, brought us some fruits and flowers tied into nosegays, and on the following morning the rajah sent to inquire politely how the excursion had agreed with us, and to present us again with pastry, sweetmeats, and choice fruits, amongst which were grapes and pomegranates, which at this time of year were great rarities, and were brought 700 miles from Cabul

The rajah of Benares receives from the English government a pension of a lak (100,000) of rupees, and draws an equal revenue from his territories, yet he is, notwithstanding, deeply in debt, from the enormous expenses of his living,—the luxury of dress and decoration, his numerous wives, his countless servants, the throng of horses, camels, and elephants which he has to maintain.

Concerning the palace of his highness we heard a wonderful story—that for many years no one had ever died in it, but for this fact we discovered the following explanation. One of the former rulers one day inquired of a Brahmin what would become of the soul of a man who should die in his palace, and the Brahmin, as in politeness bound, replied it would go to heaven—but the rajah, it is to be presumed, was troubled with some doubts on the subject, and thought proper to repeat the question ninety-nine times, and then again for the hundredth, when the Brahmin lost all patience, and replied it would go into an ass, and thenceforward every one, from the prince to his meanest servant, when they find themselves in the least indisposed, hastens from the palace in order to avoid having to repeat after death a part which they have already perhaps played to perfection during life

I had twice during my stay in Benares an opportunity of seeing the martyr saquis, who torture themselves by running iron hooks



through their flesh, standing for years upon one leg, holding weights in painful positions, and so forth, indeed, they sometimes carry their self-inflicted torments so far as to kill themselves, but they are now much fewer than in former days. One of the two whom I saw was holding a heavy hatchet over his head, and at the same time stooping in the position of a man splitting wood, I observed him in this position for a quarter of an hour, and he remained as firm and still as if he had been turned to stone, and he had already continued this useful occupation for several years. The other was holding up his toe to his nose. Some impose on themselves the penance of eating only disgusting food, putrid meat, half-decayed vegetables, mud, earth, and filth of every kind, maintaining that it is quite a matter of indifference with what the stomach is filled, they all go almost entirely naked, and smear their bodies with cow-dung, and then strew them with ashes, their breasts and forehead are painted with symbols of Shiva and Vishnu, and their tangled hair is coloured of a dark brownish-red, they run about the streets preaching whatever comes into their heads, but this class is not regarded with the same veneration as the martyrs.

One of the gentlemen whom I knew in Benares was so good as to communicate to me some intelligence concerning the relation of the peasants to the government. All the land belongs either to the English government or the native princes, and they let it in large estates to the chief farmers, who then sub-let it to the peasants, and the fate of the latter depends wholly on their will and pleasure. Very frequently the head farmer will demand the rent when the harvest has not yet been gathered in, and the poor peasant is obliged to sell the standing crops for whatever they will fetch, and can scarcely get enough out of the fields to keep life in himself and his family. He seldom makes any appeal to the law for redress, for though the law is not severe nor usually the judges unjust, the districts are so large that he would often have to make a journey of seventy or eighty miles to obtain redress, and then it would be of little use to attempt to obtain a hearing without bringing a gift with him, and where could he obtain it, when almost his last farthing has been wrung from him by the head farmer? On the whole I could not but come to the melancholy conviction, that the position of the slave in Brazil is preferable to that of the peasantry here. The slave has no care in providing for his wants, and he is not overburdened with work, as the interest of the master would suffer by it, for

slave costs 700 or 800 guilders, and though there are cases in which the slave is tyrannically treated, these are very few.

In the environs of Benares live several German and English missionaries, who go regularly to preach in the city, and at one of these institutions there is even a Christian village inhabited by some twenty Hindoo families, but notwithstanding this, Christianity makes little or no progress. I used to inquire of the missionaries, whenever I had an opportunity, how many Hindoos or Mahomedans they had converted during the time of their mission, and in general the answer was *none*, or sometimes *one*. The history of the twenty baptized families is this:—in 1831, when all India was desolated by the cholera, the nervous fever, and the succeeding famine, many children were made orphans, and left to wander about without home or shelter. Some of these the missionaries took charge of and brought up in the Christian religion. They were instructed in various kinds of work, placed in cottages, provided with employment, and afterwards married, and their descendants are still kept under close care and superintendence, but the number of converts has never increased. I attended some of the examinations of these children and found that both boys and girls were well instructed in reading, writing, geography, and arithmetic, as well as in religion; the girls also embroider, knit, and do all kinds of white sewing work, the boys and men make carpets, do printing, bookbinding, carpentering work, and so forth, and every department seems to be managed in an orderly and intelligent manner by Mr and Mrs Luitprand, who appear to treat their pupils with true Christian kindness. But what are such instances as these but drops in the immeasurable ocean?

## ALLAHABAD, AGRA, AND DELHI

*Allahabad — Cannipoor — Agra — The Mausoleum of Sultan Akbar, Taj-Mahal — The Ruined Town of Jaitipoor — SARRI Delhi — The Main Street — Public Processions — The Emperor's Palace — Palaces and Mosques — Old Delhi — Remarkable Ruins — The English Military Station*

I LEFT Benares for Allahabad in company with Mr Law, in a *Post Dock*, a convenient palanquin for two persons, placed on wheels and drawn by two horses. It was about six o'clock in the evening, on the 7th of January 1848, and early on the following morning we were crossing the long bridge of boats that leads across the Ganges to the city of Allahabad. As soon as we arrived in the town, we exchanged our palanquin for another, which was carried by men to the hotel, situated about a mile from it. On reaching it we found it quite filled by the officers of a regiment on the march, my companion was only admitted on condition of contenting himself with a place in the public dining-room, and nothing remained for me but to avail myself of a letter of introduction to Dr. Angus. My arrival threw the good old gentleman into some embarrassment, for his house was already overfilled with travellers, but his sister, Mrs Spencer, got over the difficulty by kindly offering me the half of her sleeping apartment.

Allahabad lies partly on the Jumna and partly on the Ganges, and is a large handsome town with 25,000 inhabitants. It is one of the sacred cities too, and is visited by many pilgrims. The Europeans live outside the town in pretty houses in gardens.

One of the most remarkable objects in it is the Fort and Palace built under Sultan Akbar, which lies at the confluence of the Jumna with the Ganges. The fortress has been much strengthened by the English, and is now one of the strongest places in British India.

The palace is an ordinary building enough, but the arrangement of the interior is curious. Some of the halls are intersected by three rows of columns, which form three arcades, crossing each other, and in others flights of steps lead up into small chambers.

contained in the large ones, like boxes in a theatre. The palace is now used as an armoury, and 40,000 men can be completely armed there, and provided with heavy artillery. In one of the courts is a metal column, six and thirty feet high, covered with inscriptions, and having a lion on the top. Another remarkable thing is a small insignificant temple, in a rather decayed state, now enclosed within the limits of the fort, which is regarded by the Hindoos as of such extraordinary sanctity, that a wealthy native, who had made a pilgrimage hither, lately offered the commandant 20,000 rupees to allow him to perform his devotions in it, but this, it seems, could not be allowed. The tradition concerning the fort is, that when Sultan Akbar began to build it, no wall could be made to stand, but fell in immediately, and at length an oracle declared that the building would never be completed till a man should devote himself to a voluntary death, such a one really presented himself, merely making the condition that the fortress and town should bear his name. The man bore the not very poetical name of "Brog," and by this name accordingly the town is more frequently mentioned by the Hindoos than by the more euphonious one of Allahabad. A little subterranean temple near the fortress is consecrated to the memory of the hero who lies buried in it, and many pilgrims visit it every year, you always have to carry torches or candles into it, as it is quite dark, and indeed it is like nothing but a large handsome vaulted cellar. The ceiling is supported by simple columns, the walls are full of niches, all occupied by images or symbols of gods, but the greatest curiosity in it is a leafless tree, which has sprung up in the temple and forced its way through the roof.

In a large beautiful garden stand four Mahomedan mausolea, with sarcophagi of white marble, and the walls painted with stiff flowers and wretched attempts at trees, between which are inscriptions. One place on the wall was covered with a curtain, which the guide put back very reverentially, and showed me the impression of a colossal hand, which he assured me was made by a great-great-grandson of Mahomed, who, when he stood up after finishing his prayer, supported himself against this wall, and left on it the impression of his sacred hand.

In the garden I saw the most enormous tamarind-trees perhaps in the world. I thought I had seen the largest in Brazil, but here

the soil or climate appears to be still more favourable to this species of tree, not only is the garden full of magnificent specimens, but superb avenues of them extend round the city. I find, indeed, that the tamarinds of Allahabad are quite celebrated.

On one side of the wall surrounding the garden are two serais, whose internal arrangements do not disgrace the stately portals that form their entrance. They were animated by the presence of a great number of guests in all costumes, besides horses, oxen, camels, and elephants, and a great quantity of goods in chests, bales, and sacks.

We travelled to Cannipoor, an important military station, distant 150 miles, by the same conveyance by which we had come to Allahabad. The way showed little variety of scenery, as it lay entirely through a richly cultivated plain, and we met no travellers, except some English troops on the march.

A military march in India resembles the migration of a small nation, and it is easy, after seeing one of them, to form a very clear idea of the movements of the enormous Persian and other Asiatic armies of antiquity. The greater part of the native soldiers, as well as the European officers, are married, and when a regiment sets out on a march there are almost as many women and children as soldiers. They ride by twos or threes upon horses and oxen, or in carts, or trudge along on foot, with bundles upon their backs, having their household goods packed in carts, and driving their cows and goats before them. The officers and their families follow at short intervals in European carriages, palanquins, or on horseback, their household goods are packed on camels and elephants, and these commonly close the procession. The camp is pitched on both sides of the way, and the men are on one side, and the animals on the other.

Towards noon we reached the small village of Beera, where we found a bongolo, that is, a small house with four rooms, scarcely provided with the simplest and most necessary furniture. The bongolos are erected by the government, they lie on the high roads, and serve in some measure as inns. For the use of a room in them a single person pays a rupee, and a family two, and in most bongolos the same payment is required for the shorter stay as for a night. There is always a native appointed to wait on and cook for travellers, over whom control is exercised by the inns.

of a book, in which every one writes an account of the way in which he has been treated. When there are no other guests you may remain in them as long as you please, but, in the opposite case, only four-and-twenty hours.

It took us three nights and two and a half days of travelling to reach Agra, the former residence of the Great Moguls of India. The suburbs have the appearance of wretched villages: nothing was to be seen but high walls of mud or clay, and within these lay little dilapidated huts. But the scene changed when we passed through a stately gate, and found ourselves in a spacious square enclosed by walls, whence four other gates led to the town, the fortress, and two other suburbs. Like most towns in India, Agra possesses no inn, but a German missionary received me kindly, and afterwards continued his friendly attentions so far as to take me to visit all that was worth seeing in the city and its environs.

Our first visit was to the magnificent mausoleum of Sultan Akbar, at Secundra, four English miles off. The entrance is a masterpiece, and I remained long standing in admiration before it. The vast building lies on a stone terrace, to which you ascend by broad steps, the doors are lofty, and an imposing dome rises above all, at the four corners stand minarets of white marble, three stories high, but unfortunately a little fallen in. There are also the remains of a stone wall in open fretwork in front.

The mausoleum stands in the middle of the garden, and forms a quadrangle of four stories high. The lower story is surrounded by beautiful arcades, the apartments are simple, the walls covered with a polished cement, intended to supply the place of marble, some sarcophagi stand in it, and the second story is surrounded with beautiful arabesques. It consists of a great terrace, which covers all the lower buildings, and from the midst of which rises an open airy apartment, supported upon pillars and covered with a light roof. A great number of little kiosks in the corners and sides of the terrace give to the whole a whimsical but elegant appearance. The small cupolas of the kiosks must once have been very splendid, and you still see in them remains of glazed and coloured clay, and white marble. The third story resembles the second, the fourth, and uppermost, is most beautiful, being entirely of white marble, while the three lower are of red sandstone. Broad covered arcades, whose outer marble trellis-work is

inimitably beautiful, form an open quadrangle, above which lies no covering but the bright blue sky, and here stands the sarcophagus in which the bones of the sultan rest, over the arches of the arcades are sentences from the Koran in black marble letters. This is, I believe, the only Mahomedan monument in which the sarcophagus is placed at the top of a building, and in the open air.

In the citadel is a fine specimen of Mogul architecture in the palace of the Mogul sultans. Many of the more modern Indian towns originate from the Moguls, or have been so altered by them that they have quite lost their original character. The fortifications here form a circuit of two English miles, and consist of two and threefold walls, of which the outermost is seventy-five feet high. The interior of the fortress is divided into three courts: in the first reside the guards, in the second, the officers and civil dignitaries, and in the third, which comprises the side towards the Jumna, lie the palaces, baths, harems, and gardens. In this court every thing is of white marble, the walls of the rooms in the palaces are covered with semi-precious stones,—agates, onyxes, jasper, cornelian, lapis-lazuli, inlaid in mosaic work, and forming vases of flowers, birds, arabesques, and various figures. Two of the apartments have no windows, and are calculated exclusively for the effect of illumination. The walls and vaulted ceilings are covered with mica, in narrow silver frames. Waterfalls rush over glass walls, behind which lights can be placed, and sparkling fountains rise in the midst of the apartment, even without being lit up; it glittered and sparkled in a wonderful manner, and when the radiance of countless lamps is reflected from these thousand dazzling points, the effect must be like that of an enchanted palace in the Arabian Nights. By way of contrast to this scene of gay and fairy splendour, we were conducted, before we left the fortress, to the theatre of many a stern and dismal tragedy of real life—the subterranean dungeons, where the secret executions used to take place.

Outside the fortress, and near the river, lies the Jumna mosque, which is often considered to excel the celebrated one of Solomon in Constantinople. It is placed on a lofty terrace of red sandstone, and has three magnificent cupolas, in the vaulted ceilings of which appear remains of costly paintings in blue and gold, unfortunately

in rather a decayed state , but the English government has begun some repairs in it

From the mosque we returned to the town, which is surrounded by ruins. The principal street, "Sander," is broad and cleanly, and paved in the middle with flag-stones, and on the sides with bricks. The houses, from one to four stories high, are almost all of red sandstone, mostly small, but many of them surrounded by columns and galleries, and ornamented with beautiful portals. The bye-streets are crooked and ugly, the bazaars insignificant—for in India, and generally in the East, the really costly articles must be sought for in the interior of the houses.

The population of Agra once, it is said, amounted to 800,000, but at present it is scarcely 60,000. The whole neighbourhood is full of ruins, and whoever wishes to build need only to pick up the materials from the ground. many Europeans inhabit half decayed edifices, which with a little trouble and expense might be changed into palaces.

Agra is the chief seat of two missionary societies, one Catholic, and one Protestant, and here, as at Benares, the chief pupils are the foundlings of 1831. They showed me a little girl too, who had been lately bought of a poor mother for two rupees.

At the head of the Catholic mission is a bishop, Mr. Porgi, who has built a tasteful church and a handsome dwelling-house, and in no similar establishment have I ever seen so much order, or the natives so well managed as here. On Sundays, after prayers, they amuse themselves with cheerful decorous games, whilst in the Protestant establishment, after having been at work all the week, they have to pray the whole day on Sunday, or at most, by way of recreation, sit at their doors quite still, and with serious faces. One would really suppose from their manner of passing the blessed day of rest, that the All-Merciful God grudged His creatures the most innocent enjoyment.

It is unfortunate, too, for the cause of Christianity in this country, that the Catholics and Protestant societies spend much of their energies in watching and criticizing each other, and present thereby no very edifying spectacle to the natives.

The last sight I went to see in Agra was the admired and world renowned Taj-Mahal, a monument erected by the sultan Jehan to the memory of his favourite lady, Narr-Mahal but the sultan's



own memory has been more indebted to it for every one who sees it naturally asks after the name of the monarch whose word of power called such a structure into being. The names of the architect and builder have unfortunately been lost many have ascribed it to Italian masters, but when we see so many magnificent works of Mahomedan artists, we should either deny them all or be willing to acknowledge this

On an open terrace of red sandstone twelve feet high, standing in the middle of a garden, is reared an octangular mosque of white marble, with high arcades and minarets at the four corners. The principal cupola rises to a height of 260 feet, and is surrounded by smaller ones. All round the outside of the mosque are sentences from the Koran in letters of black marble, inlaid. In the principal apartment stand two sarcophagi, in one of which repose the remains of the sultan, and in the other those of his favourite, and they, as well as the lower half of the walls, are of the richest mosaic inlaid with semi-precious stones. One of the most beautiful things about it is the trellis-work of marble by which the sarcophagi are surrounded, and which is so delicately and exquisitely wrought that it looks like carved ivory. It is also enriched at top and bottom with semi-precious stones, and among them one was pointed out to me called the "gold stone," and which has perfectly the fine colour of that metal. It is very costly, more so than lapis-lazuli.

Two other mosques stand at a short distance from the *Taj Mahal*, which, anywhere else, would be much admired, but they are little noticed in the presence of a structure, of which a traveller says, not without reason, that "it seems too pure—too holy to be the work of human hands. Angels," he adds, "must have brought it from Heaven," and a glass case should be thrown over it to preserve it even from every breath of air, yet this mausoleum has already stood 250 years, but it is as perfect as if it were just finished. Many travellers have asserted that its effect is peculiarly enchanting by moonlight, and accordingly I paid it a visit when the moon was shining gloriously, but I did not at all agree with them that the effect was improved, and almost regretted to have witnessed thus my first impression. Amidst ancient ruins or Gothic buildings moonlight exercises a magic power, but not so on a monument of polished white marble, for that only falls into vulgar and

fined masses like heaps of snow. I cannot but suspect that the first traveller who visited it by moonlight, did so in company that made every thing charming, and that the subsequent ones have only repeated after him.

The ruined city of *Fattipoor-Sikri* lies about eighteen English miles from Agra, and as we had relays of horses we made the excursion in a day.

The road lay across extensive heaths, on one of which we saw a herd of small antelopes, which crossed the road before us without much fear, making great leaps of twenty feet, and seeming as light and graceful in their motions as if they were dancing on air. But what especially pleased me was a pair of wild peacocks, for accustomed as we are in Europe to regard them as exotic rarities to be kept in narrow limits, I was glad to see them here in the wild freedom of nature, and the colours of their plumage seemed to me more splendid than in any I had ever seen. These birds are regarded in India with almost the same veneration as the cow, and you often see them reposing on the roofs of cottages, or walking through the villages like tame poultry. In many districts a European who should presume to shoot one would expose himself to great danger, and only four months before this two English soldiers had fallen victims to their disregard of Indian feelings and customs with respect to these birds, they had killed some peacocks, and the people fell upon them with such fury that they died shortly after of the wounds they received.

*Fattipoor-Sikri* comes into sight at a considerable distance, as it lies on a hill. The ruins begin before you reach the walls, and on both sides lie the remains of handsome houses, the fragments of fine pillars, &c., which I saw with great regret the inhabitants of the country were breaking up for building materials. Over rolling stones and ruins we passed through three once handsome gates into the fortress and the city, and then the solemn and touching prospect lay before us—a vast space filled with magnificent buildings, with mosques and kiosks, with palaces and pillared halls, and arcades and all the creations of art, and not a single piece but is wasting rapidly away, and falling to dust and rubbish. It looks like the scene of some tremendous earthquake, and is a more melancholy sight than Herculaneum or Pompeii, for there, at least, everything looks as clean and orderly as if the streets and houses

had been deserted but yesterday, but this city, instead of being covered up carefully in ashes, is exposed to every storm that blows. Sorrow and astonishment increased with every step I took—sorrow for the destruction, astonishment at the magnificence yet visible, at the grand style of the buildings, at their fine sculptures, and rich decorations.

I saw buildings covered inside and outside with sculptures so thickly, that not the smallest space remained empty. The Great mosque exceeds in size and elaborate art the Jumna mosque at Agra. The entrance gate into the fore-court is 72 feet high, and the height of the whole building 140 feet, the fore-court of the mosque also is among the largest in the world, as it is nearly 110 feet long, and 400 broad, and surrounded by beautiful arcades and small cells. This court is considered almost as holy as the interior of the mosque, because on a certain spot in it the Sultan Akbar was accustomed to perform his devotions, and after his death this spot was marked by an altar of white marble. The interior of the mosque, which, like that of the Jumna, has three mighty domes, is full of sarcophagi, in which lie either relations or favourite ministers of the sultan, and a neighbouring court is full of similar memorials.

In the Hall of Justice Sultan Akbar used to sit for several hours daily, giving audience to the meanest as well as to the most distinguished of his subjects. A broad low pillar, that stands isolated in the middle of the hall, used to serve as his divan, it spreads out towards the top, the capital is beautifully carved, and it is surrounded by a richly wrought stone gallery, from this divan four broad stone bridges led to the neighbouring apartments of the palace. These are richly, perhaps too richly decorated, but I found less to admire in the renowned Elephant gate, it is lofty, but scarcely as much so as those at the entrance to the mosque, and the two stone elephants are so much decayed that one can hardly see what they are intended for. In better preservation is the Elephant's tower, of which some descriptions say that it is made entirely of elephants' teeth, and, moreover of the teeth only of those elephants which were taken by Akbar in war, or slain in the chase, but this is not really the case, the tower, which is sixty feet high, is built of stone, and the teeth are only fastened upon it, so that they stand out like porcupines' quills. All these buildings, even the *naman* wall, is

built of red sandstone, and not, as is sometimes asserted, of red marble, and in the numerous clefts and holes, hundreds of little green parrots have made their nests

On the 19th of January I left the renowned city of Agra to visit the still more renowned city of Delhi, 122 miles off, and to which a fine post-road leads. The country continued much the same,—cultivated tracts, alternating with sand and heath, and far and wide not the smallest hill to be seen. The villages we occasionally passed looked so very uninviting that they did not tempt us to delay our journey an instant.

We entered Delhi at about four o'clock in the afternoon, and I was there met by a kind friend and countryman, Dr Sprenger, whose talents and learning have gained him a high reputation, not only among the English, but throughout the whole learned world—he is here the director of the Students' College, and lately received from the English Government the commission to go to Lucknow to examine and arrange the King's Library there, and draw up a report concerning the most valuable works. He is well acquainted with the Sanscrit, old and new Persian, Turkish, Arabic, and Hindostanee languages, and he has made some extremely difficult translations from them into the German and English, besides which he has enriched our literature with some very clever and valuable essays. He was just about to set off for Lucknow when I arrived, but he had the great kindness to delay his journey in order to act as my *cicerone*.

To the great imperial city of Delhi the eyes of all India—almost of all Asia—were once directed. It was in its time what Athens was to Greece, and Rome to Europe, and a similar fate has befallen it, for of all its greatness only the name is left. The present town is called New Delhi,—although it is 200 years old, and is a continuation of the old towns, of which there have been seven,—for as often as the palaces, mosques, &c, became dilapidated, they were left to fall to ruin, and new ones erected by the side of them, so that at last, ruins included, the town extended eighteen miles in length, and more than six in breadth. Indeed, if many of them were not covered with a thin stratum of earth, it would appear the most extensive city in the world.

New Delhi has a population of about 100,000, of which not more than 100 are Europeans. The streets are broader and finer than

I have seen in any other Indian town, and the principal one, the *Chandni Chauk*, would do honour to any European city, it is three quarters of an English mile long, and 100 feet broad, but it is intersected along its entire length by a narrow ill-supplied canal, half filled with rubbish. The houses are not fine, and the goods exhibited in the shops appeared of little worth of the "costly magazines—the jewels—the countless lamps by which they are exhibited at night," I saw nothing. I afterwards discovered that the best houses and the richest shops were to be found in the side streets there I saw the productions of Indian art—gold and silver stuffs and shawls, as elegant and tasteful as one could find in Paris. The gold and silver embroideries on the stuffs and cashmere shawls are perfect, but the best shawls cost here, on the spot, 4,000 rupees (about £400). The skill of the mechanics, too, is admirable, when it is considered with what rude tools and simple means they have to work.

It is extremely interesting to take a ramble at night about the streets of Delhi, and observe the movements of the Indian great men,—princes and others, who abound here more than in any other city. Besides the pensioned emperor and his relations, whose number is said to amount to thousands, there live at Delhi many other pensioned and deposed sovereigns, and ministers, who bring much bustle into the town, as they are fond of showing themselves in public, of giving large and small parties, and riding on elephants in the gardens, or up and down the streets. The elephants are decked in the most costly manner with rich carpets and hangings, trimmed with gold lace, and festooned with gold cords and tassels. The howdah (or seat) is draped sometimes even with Cashmere shawls, and in the daytime gorgeous canopies, or servants holding enormous umbrellas, protect them from the sun. The princes and grandees sit three or four together in the howdah, superbly dressed in the showy Eastern style, and in a single procession you will sometimes see a dozen or more of these elephants, attended by fifty or sixty servants, and as many soldiers on horseback and on foot. In the evening these gentlemen care less for pomp, they content themselves with one elephant and a few servants, and ride up and down the streets coquetting with girls of a certain class, who stand at the windows or on the galleries in full dress, and with unceasing

faces Other Indian beaux prance about on fine Arab horses, whose naturally proud appearance is rendered still more stately by gold-embroidered housings, and bridles inlaid with gold and silver Among these come, thoughtfully stepping, laden camels from distant regions, and bails drawn by splendid white buffaloes, bails and buffaloes alike covered with scarlet trappings, and the animals with their horns and feet painted, and a handsome collar round the neck to which bells are attached The prettiest girlish faces peep modestly out of these curtained bails, and did not one know that in India an unveiled face is never an innocent one, the fact certainly could not be divined from their looks or behaviour Unhappily there is no country in the world where there are more of this class than in India, and in a great measure on account of an absurd and unnatural law. the girls of every family are betrothed when they are only a few months old, and should the bridegroom die even immediately after, the child is considered as a widow, and cannot marry again The estate of widowhood is regarded as a great misfortune, for it is supposed that only those women are placed in it who have, in some preceding life, deserved such a punishment Most of the young women so situated become dancing-girls

In addition to the other sights of the streets are snake charmers and conjurors, who move about surrounded by admiring crowds Some of their tricks really appeared to be incomprehensible. They spirt fire out of their mouths—fire from which real smoke proceeds, they mix together white, red, blue, and yellow powder, and swallow it, and then spit it out again quite dry, and each colour separate, they cast down their eyes, and when they raise them again the pupils are gold they then bow the head, and when they lift it up, the eyes are of their natural colour again, but the teeth have turned to gold Others will make a small incision in the skin, and out of the aperture draw ell after ell of silk thread and narrow ribbon Then come the snake-charmers, with their well known exploits, and sometimes a fight between an ichneumon and a great serpent, which generally terminates in favour of the ichneumon—as he knows how to seize his enemy very skilfully by the neck

At the end of the main street lies the imperial palace, which is reckoned one of the handsomest edifices in Asia taken with its subordinate buildings, it extends two English miles, and it is

surrounded by a wall forty feet high. At the entrance the perspective through many successive gates to a distant hall of white marble, inlaid with semi-precious stones, is very beautiful. Here the ex-monarch of Delhi is accustomed to show himself to the people, who still from habitual reverence or curiosity visit the palace, and here also he receives the visits of Europeans.

The finest parts of the palace are the mosque and the magnificent Hall of Audience. This stands in the middle of an open court, forming a long quadrangle. Its ceiling or canopy is supported by thirty columns, and some steps lead up to the divan, which is open on all sides, and encircled by a prettily wrought marble gallery.

The present Grand Mogul has, however, so little taste for the beautiful, that he has had the divan divided into two by a miserable wooden partition, and the same wooden wall carried along to both sides of the hall, so that he literally sits there "in boards." The largest crystal in the world is in this divan, and served the Mogul formerly as a throne—it is a piece four feet long, two feet and a half broad, and a foot thick, and very transparent, at present it is hidden behind the boards, and had I not from books known of its existence, and asked to see it, they would not have shown it me. The mosque is small, but, like the judgment-hall, of white marble, with beautiful columns and sculptures. Adjoining it is a fine but neglected garden. In the courts lay much mud and filth, and many of the buildings were falling to decay so rapidly that it seemed to me it would soon be necessary, for the Mogul's sake, to build another New Delhi.

As we entered, I had noticed in one of the courts a circle of people sitting, whose attention seemed entirely occupied, and when we came back, an hour after, they were still sitting in the same position, I was curious to see what engaged them so much, and I found it was some dozens of tame birds sitting upon poles, and feeding out of the hands of the attendants, the spectators were almost all princes, who were amusing themselves in this lively manner with their attendants behind them. There was little distinction in their dress between them and their servants, and perhaps still less in knowledge and education.

The Mogul has some other playthings—he has a company of little soldiers, boys of from eight to fourteen, who wear wretched

little uniforms, like those of the English soldiers. I pitied the young warriors from my heart, for I could see it was as much as they could do to carry the heavy muskets and colours. The monarch sits daily in his Hall of Audience and amuses himself with seeing them go through their exercises, and this is the time when it is easiest to obtain a presentation to his Majesty, but the old gentleman (who is eighty-five) was unwell when I was at Delhi, so that I did not enjoy this honour.

The Mogul receives from the English government a yearly pension of 1,400,000 rupees, and he draws from his landed property a revenue of about an equal sum, yet he, like the Rajah of Benares, is a gentleman in difficulties, or, at all events, his exchequer is constantly empty, but it must be recollected that he has an enormous crowd of people to maintain the immediate royal family amounting to 300 persons, without counting his complement of 100 wives, besides 1,000 servants.

His pension is paid on the 1st of every month, and is brought to his treasury under a strong escort of English troops, otherwise it would certainly be plundered by his loving subjects.

His Majesty is, it is said, very anxious to neglect no means of increasing his revenues. He distributes, for instance, offices and places of honour, for which he receives considerable sums of money, and the wonder certainly is not so much that he should be willing to sell, as that any one should be inclined to buy. Parents even are found who will purchase this valuable property for their children, especially the rank of officers in his Majesty's forces, and the present commander-in-chief is a gentleman of ten years old. What appeared to me the most singular arrangement was, that the Vizier, who is charged with all the Mogul's receipts and expenditure, not only receives no salary, but pays 10,000 rupees for his place. One would like to know what the profits may be.

The Mogul publishes in his palace a newspaper, or Court Circular, with which I was much amused. It does not, as may be supposed, contain any political information, but is exclusively occupied with domestic occurrences of the august household. For instance, in the number I saw, it was mentioned that one of the sultan's wives owed her washerwoman three rupees, and that the said washerwoman, having come to the palace to dun the



sultana, she had sent to request the sum from her illustrious consort; he, however, had referred the applicant to the treasurer, who had assured his Majesty that there did not remain a farthing at his disposal, and that, consequently, the washerwoman had been under the necessity of extending the sultana's credit to the following month. Besides this piquant piece of intelligence, there were other paragraphs of as an important and interesting character as we often see in European journals that the Prince C—— visited, at this or that hour, the Prince D—— or F——, that he was received in such or such a room, and stayed so long, and the conversation turned on such or such subjects. This last item, however, is something of an improvement upon the European originals.

The palace occupied for the college—of which Dr Sprenger is the Director—is one of the handsomest in Delhi. It is a majestic building in the Italian style, with immense and lofty apartments, and lies in a beautiful garden encircled by a high wall. The residence of Dr Sprenger within its precincts is really in princely style. Of the mosques I only visited two—the *Roshun-ul-durra*, and the Jumna mosque. The first lies in the main street, and has its cupolas and minarets richly gilt, and it was in one of these that Shah Nadir, when he conquered Delhi in the year 1739, took his seat to witness the execution of the orders he had given for the slaughter of 100,000 of the inhabitants, and the subsequent plundering and burning of the city.

The Jumna mosque, built by Shah Jehan, is regarded as a masterpiece of Mahomedan architecture. It rises from an enormous platform, to which you ascend by forty steps, and look majestically down on the surrounding mass of houses. The three domes and the small cupolas are of white marble, and even the large flags with which the court is paved are of red sandstone.

We devoted two days to an excursion to the more distant monuments of Old Delhi, and spent the night in a palace belonging to the king of Lucknow, which is kept in tolerable repair, and provided with necessary furniture by some of the Europeans settled at Delhi—and, thanks to the kind care of Madame Springer, we found every thing provided for our convenience and comfort. One should be doubly grateful for such attention, when one recalls what trouble they must occasion—for not only provisions and a

cook are needed, but kitchen utensils, crockery, bed clothes, necessaries for servants and so forth, which have all to be sent forward, so that it is quite a little migration

One of the most remarkable monuments I saw was what is called the *Kotab-Minar*, in which is the "grand pillar," a polygon of seven and twenty hells, and five stories or galleries. The diameter at the base is fifty-four feet, its height 226. It is of red sandstone, and the upper part white marble—but it is chiefly admirable for the marvellously wrought sculptures and decorations which wind round it in broad stripes, and which are so delicately and exquisitely chiselled that they resemble the finest lace. Every description of the effect of the wonderful work must be far excelled by the reality, — and fortunately the column is in as good preservation as if it had not been standing 100 years, though it dates from the thirteenth century. The upper division leans a little forward, it is not known whether intentionally (like the tower at Pisa) or otherwise, and it terminates in a flat terrace, which does not seem to harmonise well with the rest of the structure. Possibly something may have formerly stood upon it, although this is not known. It was in its present state when Delhi was taken by the English.

We ascended to the summit and obtained a magnificent prospect over the world of ruins,—New Delhi, the Jumna, and the wide country round.

Here in the various heaps, piled one upon another, you might study the history of the various races that have ruled over Hindostan. Over many spots, where once stately palaces arose, the corn is now waving, and every where when the earth is turned you come upon fragments and rubbish. Opposite to the *Kotab-Minar* is a similar structure, quite unfinished, but exceeding the complete one in diameter. It is conjectured that the two belonged to a magnificent mosque, of which some gates, columns, wells, &c., are extant, and are remarkable for their beautiful sculptures. In the fore court stands a metal column like that of Allahabad, but only thirty-six feet high, there are some slight injuries on it, which proceeded from the Monguls, who when they took Delhi, endeavoured in their rage for mischief to destroy this column. They tried to overthrow it, but it stood too firm, and with all their efforts they could not stir it, nay, they could not even succeed in effacing the inscription.

This column is called the *Feroze-Schah-Lath*, and from the inscription it appears it existed 100 years before the birth of Christ, and was brought from Lahore at the time when the palace of Feroze-Shah was built.

These and other monuments originated with the Patans or Affghans, and though they lie scattered among the other ruins, they may easily be distinguished from the Hindostanee or Mahomedan buildings. The ruins of Totluhabad are scarcely worth a drive of seven miles to see them, and the countless others that lie around are mostly repetitions of those already described.

Not far from Kotab-Minar the traveller is agreeably surprised by finding three rooms of a dilapidated edifice fitted up comfortably, and provided with some furniture for the benefit of wayfarers. Near New Delhi, in the midst of ruins and mighty blocks of red stone, the memorial of times gone by, there lies a modern English military station.

## JOURNEY FROM DELHI TO BOMBAY.

*Thugs — Departure — The Cattle Market — Kind Disposition of the Indians. — Kottah — Description of the Town — The Royal Castle — Entertainments and Dances — The Holy Town of Kesho Rao — Patun*

In order to reach Bombay I had two roads before me, the one led by Simla to the promontories of the Himmalaya, the other to the renowned rock temples of Adjunta and Elora. I would willingly have chosen the first, and penetrated to Lahore and the Indus, but my friends dissuaded me from it, on the simple ground that the mountains were at this time covered with deep snow, and I should therefore have to delay my journey at least three months. I could not do this, and therefore decided for the other route. In Calcutta I had been strongly advised not to extend my journey further than Delhi. The countries beyond, they said, were not under the English rule, and the population was in a very demoralised condition. Especially they endeavoured to awaken my apprehensions by terrible accounts of the Thugs. These Thugs, as is well known, form a regularly organised society for robbery and murder, which they scarcely regard as at all blamable, and easily expiate by a trifling gift to their priests. They must, however, take the greatest care not to shed the blood of their victims, as that would involve them in disgrace with their companions, and occasion their expulsion. They therefore invariably adopt the method of strangulation. Many travellers have maintained that the Thugs belong to a particular religious sect, and do not commit their crimes either for the sake of robbery or revenge, but with a fanatical idea of performing a meritorious action. I inquired, however, very closely into this point, and the result of my inquiry was, that no distorted view of religion, but mere hatred, or more frequently the love of gain, had been the impelling motive of their actions. These miscreants have acquired extraordinary skill in their dreadful trade, and manifest the utmost endurance and perseverance in watching their opportunities. They will follow a marked victim for months

In Delhi I found, however, that the danger of being attacked by them was by no means so great as it had been represented to me, that the number of Thugs had greatly declined, and that, besides, they never ventured on the murder of a European, as the English government would in such a case institute the strictest search after the perpetrators. As to any possible danger, therefore, I felt tolerably calm, but I had to make up my mind to a good deal of hardship and privation.

The first station on my journey was to Kottah, a distance of 290 English miles, and to reach this there were three methods, by palanquin, by camels, or waggon or *balki* drawn by oxen. All three are, of course, slow enough. There are no post roads, and no regularly established methods of communication. You must keep the same people and the same animals to the end of the journey, and you cannot go more than about twenty miles a-day. For the palanquin one has to hire eight bearers, as well as some for the luggage, and although each one costs only eight rupees a month, and feeds himself, the expense is considerable, especially as they must be paid for their back journey. Travelling with camels is also expensive, and very inconvenient. I therefore decided for the most modest conveyance, the oxen waggon, and my friend Dr. Sprenger was so kind as to make all the arrangements for me. He drew up in the Hindostanee language a written contract with the driver, according to which I was to pay him the half of the fare, namely, fifteen rupees, immediately, the other when we should arrive at Kottah, to which he was to bring me in fifteen days. For every day longer that the journey lasted I had the right to subtract three rupees.

For further security, Dr. Sprenger gave me, by way of escort, one of his most trustworthy *cheprasses*,—servants of the English government,—who wear an official red scarf, and a brass plate on the shoulder, on which is engraved the name of the town to which they belong. One or more of these is appointed to every government officer, and they hold a much higher rank than ordinary servants. Besides this, my kind country people furnished me with such ample stores of provisions and warm covering that my waggon could hardly contain them. God grant that I may one day see them again. I could not but part from them with melancholy feelings.

I left Delhi early in the morning on the 30th of January 1848, and the first day we made only eighteen miles, as the heavy

animals required to be accustomed to the place, but I found much interesting occupation in seeing again the numerous ruins that lay on both sides of the road, which I had visited a few days before with my friends. This night, and all the following ones, I passed in a *Serai*, for I had no tent, no palanquin, and bongolos are not to be found on the road. The *Serais* in the little villages are, unfortunately, not to be compared with those in the larger towns, being merely cells built of clay, scarcely seven feet square, with a narrow entrance of not more than five feet high. To my surprise, however, I found them always swept quite clean, and there was brought to me a sort of low wooden bedstead made with plaited cords, on which I threw my coverings, and which made me a magnificent couch. The *chaperon* lay down like Napoleon's *Mamluk*, at the door of my cell, and I had the satisfaction to think he enjoyed a sound sleep, as he heard nothing of a rather brisk engagement which I had with a very large dog that had been attracted by the smell of my well filled provision basket.

*January 31st*—Towards the afternoon we came to the little town of Balangdun, in which there is an English military station, a mosque, and a quite new Hindoo temple. The night was passed in the little town of Palwal. In that district the parrots are so numerous and so tame that I used to see every morning dozens of these beautiful creatures on the trees and in the villages, where they come for the food given them by the good-natured inhabitants.

*February 1st*—This day's station was the little town of Cossy, and during the last few miles, before reaching it, we had been continually overtaken by natives, who were hurrying busily towards it on account of a cattle market held there. This market presented a picture of the greatest confusion. The animals were standing all about, amidst heaps of hay and straw, the sellers screaming without intermission in praise of their goods, and half persuading, half dragging, purchasers about by force, whilst they, on their parts, howled no less loudly, so that altogether the uproar was stunning. What most struck me was the appearance of the shoemakers or cobblers, who, with the simple materials of their trade,—a little table, with thread, leather, and wire, stuck in somewhere among the bundles of hay,—were, in the midst of the tumult, quietly following their occupation of the cure of soles! On this and on many other occasions it appeared to me that the natives of Hindostan are by no means so idle as they are generally considered,



The cheprass, it is to be observed, had an idea that the Serai was haunted, and he had therefore requested from the *Serdar* the favour of an additional watch. Possibly these men may have lain and slept in some corner of the court. Certainly, though I have repeatedly looked out, I had seen nothing of them, but what can one expect for a few pence? I made them happy with the trifle they demanded, whereupon they made a regular military wheel to the right about, and with many salams left me to pursue my way in peace. Had I been at all inclined to fear, I must for some days past have been in constant apprehension, for the appearance of the people was by no means calculated to inspire confidence. They all carried swords, bows, and arrows, strong cudgels covered with iron, iron shields, and even muskets. The very shepherds in the fields were armed to the teeth. Nothing, however, could disturb the tranquillity of my mind. I seemed to feel a perfect conviction that my last hour had not yet struck, yet for all that I must own I was not sorry that we should pass the deep caverns and awful looking ravines, through which this day's journey lay, in bright daylight. From these ravines we entered a deep valley, at the beginning of which, on a solitary hill, stood a fort, four miles further we came to a group of trees, in the midst of which, on a pedestal about five feet high, stood a figure of a horse in stone, and near it was a well made with great blocks of red sandstone, with three steps leading down to the water. Similar and much larger wells and cisterns, shaded by the most magnificent mango and tamarind trees, are frequently found in India, especially in districts where, as here, good springs are wanting. It is a beautiful faith of Hindoos and Mahomedans, that by the erection of such works for the public good they improve their own prospects of future felicity. Near many of the wells is placed a man whose business it is to spare the weary wanderer even the trouble of fetching the water.

Pleasant as it is, on many accounts, to meet with these wells, it is, however, very disagreeable to see the men going down into the water, washing themselves, and pouring it over them, and to consider that this is the water one has to drink. But the necessities of thirst "have no law," and so I went and filled my pitcher with the rest.

*February 7th Dungenkamalama*, a little village at the foot of a pretty hill. A short distance from the station lay a bit of genuine



Arabian sandy desert, which, however, fortunately, did not extend far. The sandy plains of India are mostly capable of cultivation, for you need only dig a few feet to find water enough to overflow the fields. Even in the midst of this little desert, too, there lay some fields of fine-looking wheat.

This afternoon I thought I should have had to make use of my pistols, in order to settle a quarrel. My driver always required everybody to give way to him, and when this was not done he began to wrangle. To-day we met with half-a-dozen armed drivers, who paid no attention to his screams, whereupon in a great fury he seized his whip, and threatened to lash them with it. Had it come to a fight, we must certainly have had the worst of it, but fortunately our antagonists contented themselves with abuse, and at last gave way. I had before remarked that the Hindoo screams and threatens a great deal, but seldom or never comes to blows. I have lived much among the people, and seen many a quarrel, but never a fight. Indeed, when the quarrel lasted too long, they generally sat down to it. Even the boys do not struggle and fight, either in play or in earnest. Once only I saw two boys engaged in what seemed a serious dispute, and at length one gave the other a box on the ear, but he did it as cautiously as if he had been hitting himself. The one who had received the considerate blow just passed his sleeve over his cheek, and there was an end of the matter. Other boys had been looking on from a distance, but took no part in the quarrel. This mildness of disposition may proceed in part from their vegetable diet, and in part from the precepts of their religion, which are so merciful towards animals, but I cannot help thinking that cowardice has something to do with it. I have been told that it is scarcely possible to induce a Hindoo to enter a dark room without a light, and if a horse or an ox makes the slightest spring, great and small scream, and fly in all directions. On the other hand, I heard from English officers that the Sepoys are quite brave soldiers. Does, then, the valour come with the coat, or is it from the example of the English? Of the tenderness of the Hindoo towards animals, I saw a pretty instance in a little town I passed through. There was a donkey that either by accident or nature was a perfect cripple, and was dragging itself with great effort along the street, at an extremely slow pace. Some people with laden beasts of burthen were behind him, and stopped by the slowness of his movements, but they

waited in patient resignation, without uttering a syllable of displeasure, much less lifting a hand to urge the poor beast to greater speed. Many of the inhabitants came out of their houses and gave it food, and every passer-by went carefully out of its way

*February 11th.*—To-day, the thirteenth from Delhi, I arrived at Kottah, and I had been on the whole journey very well satisfied with my servant and my driver. The owners of the serais had not asked more from me than they would have done from a native, and had shown me all the civilities consistent with the austere precepts of their religion. I had passed the nights indeed in open cells, and even under God's free sky, but, though surrounded by the poorest and lowest of the people, I was never insulted by deed, word, or even look. Never was I robbed of the smallest article, and if I gave a trifle to a child, the parent always endeavoured to acknowledge the gift in some way or other. Oh, if Europeans only knew how easily these unsophisticated people are to be won by kindness and indulgence! But, unfortunately, they try to rule over them by force, and treat them almost always with contempt and harshness.

Kottah is the capital of the kingdom of Rajpootan, and here, as in all the other provinces which the English Government has still left under the rule of the native princes, is an English officer, who bears the title of the Resident, though he might rather be called the king, or the king's governor, for the poor king can do nothing without his consent. These shadows of sovereigns cannot even cross the frontiers of their states without the permission of the Resident. Their most important fortresses have English garrisons, and smaller English military stations are scattered about. For the people this superintendence is in some measure injurious—in some measure useful. The burning of widows, and the cruel punishments formerly practised, such as the being trampled to death by elephants, or dragged along at their tails, are abolished, but, on the other hand, the taxes are become heavier, since the king has to pay, for the right of governing according to the will of the Resident, a considerable tribute, which of course he gets out of the pockets of his people.

Captain Burdon, the Resident of Kottah, was an intimate friend of my kind countryman of Delhi, Dr Sprenger, who had announced to him beforehand my arrival. Unluckily he was at the time

about on a journey of inspection to the several military stations, but before his departure he had made every preparation for my reception, and commissioned his physician, Dr Rolland, to see his commands executed. He had even carried his attention so far as to send forward to the last night station books, newspapers, and servants for my use, though they happened to miss me, from my driver having taken, for the two last days, what he considered a short cut, away from the main road.

I alighted at the beautiful bungalow of the Resident. The house was empty, for Mrs. Burdon and her children had accompanied her husband, as it is very common to do in India, where Europeans require frequent change of air, but the house, the servants, the Sepoys, the Captain's palanquin and carriage,—all stood at my disposal, and, to complete my good fortune, Dr Rolland was so good as to offer himself as the companion of my excursions.

*February 12th*—This morning the king, Ram Singh, who had been informed of my arrival, sent me some large baskets of fruit and sweetmeats, and at the same time, what pleased me still more, his beautifully decorated elephant, as well as an officer on horseback and some soldiers. I was soon seated with Dr Rolland on the lofty howdah, and moved off pretty quickly towards the town.

Kottah lies on the river Chumbul, in an extensive and partly rocky plain, 1,300 feet above the level of the sea. It is advantageously situated, and surrounded with strong fortifications. The interior of the town is divided, by three gates, into three different districts. The first, which is inhabited by the poorest class of people, looks deplorable enough, the two others, where the merchants and richer people live, look much better, and the principal street, though rugged and stony, is at least broad enough to enable a carriage to pass without inconvenience to the passengers.

The style of building in the houses is quite original. In Benares I had been struck with the smallness of the windows, but here they are so low and narrow that people can hardly put their heads out of them. Many houses have large balconies, others, on the first floor, spacious halls, resting on columns, sometimes taking up the whole front of the house—sometimes divided into two or three apartments, but open to the streets. At the two corners of the large halls are pretty pavilions, at the back of which are doors leading into the interior of the house.

These halls mostly serve for shops and places of business, but they are, at the same time, lounging places for idle people, who sit upon mats and smoke their hookahs, while they amuse themselves by looking on at what is passing in the street. In other houses, again, the front walls were painted in fresco, with terrible giants, tigers, and lions, twice or thrice as large as life, with their tongues hanging out in the most alarming manner, or sometimes with deities, flowers, arabesques, &c, thrown together without taste or meaning, but daubed over with the most frightful colours. The numerous Hindoo temples are a handsome decoration to the town, they stand on high terraces, and are every way more spacious and beautiful than those of Benares, with the exception only of the Viswahas. The royal palace lies at the end of the third quarter, and forms a town within a town, or rather a fortress within a fortress, since it is surrounded not only on the outer side, but also towards the town with enormous walls.

From the city we took our way toward Armornevas, one of the pleasure palaces of the monarch (had the Resident been in Kottah, I should have had the honour of a presentation, but as he was not, etiquette did not allow it). The road was most immoderately bad, and covered with great stones, so that I could not sufficiently admire the skill of our elephant in placing his clumsy feet so as to avoid them, and yet trotting along as briskly as if he were on the finest road.

I expressed to Dr Rolland my surprise that as his Majesty frequently visited this palace he did not improve the road a little, but he replied that it was a maxim with Indian monarchs never to make any roads, because they say it would, in case of a war, be such a great convenience to the enemy.

The gardens of the palace are so thickly set with orange, lemon, and other trees, that there is not room for the smallest flower-bed or lawn. The few flowers to be found, as in most Indian gardens, were at the entrance. The walks are raised two feet high, as the ground, from the frequent irrigations, is almost always damp and dirty. At this palace the monarch enjoys the diversion of tiger hunting, or rather tiger shooting. Small towers are erected a little way further down the river, to which the tigers are gradually driven up, and then the king and company sit securely within, and fire away valiantly on the wild monsters below.

We afterwards visited some beautiful groves of tamarind and mango trees, beneath whose shade repose the ashes of many royal princes. The evening was closed by all kinds of entertainments. The good doctor wished to make me acquainted with the various performances of the Hindoos, most of which, however, were not new to me. He brought before me a man who had got together a company of moulies which performed divers feats very cleverly, then a snake charmer, who let the largest and most poisonous snake twist round his arms and legs, lastly appeared four elegant dancing girls, dressed in gold and silver muslin, and loaded with ornaments on forehead, throat, bosom, hands, arms, feet, and even toes, besides a large jewel that hung down from their noses. I recollect to have read in books that the performances of these Indian dancers was more graceful than those of Europeans, that their songs were melodious, their pantomime tender and impassioned, &c. I should like much to know whether those who gave this description have ever been in India at all. Not less untrue is, as far as I have seen, the statement of the extreme indecency of these dances. Those who say this must have forgotten the Samamqueca and Rifolosa in Valparaiso, or the dances of the women of Otahiti, or, indeed, those of our own opera ballet dancers with their silk flushings.

The dress of the women in Rajpootan is very different from that of other parts of India. They wear long, full-coloured petticoats and close bodices, scarcely high enough to cover the bosom. Over this they have a blue or white shawl or veil, in which they envelope the head, face, and shoulders, leaving a piece hanging down in front like an apron. When they have not this veil on, they look a good deal like our own peasant girls. They are, however, like the dancers, usually laden with ornaments of gold or silver, or, if they cannot afford this, of some other metal, or even horn or bone. They have also little bells to their ankles, so that one can hear them coming sixty paces off, their toes are covered with heavy rings, and, what is worse, they have them hanging from the nose to the chin. I could not help pitying the poor creatures when I saw them taking their meals. They must suffer grievously for their finery.

Among the other ornaments I noticed that many of the people wore amulets or images hung round their necks, so that I took them

at first for Catholics, and rejoiced at this evidence of the success of the missionaries, but, alas! when I came nearer, I saw that, instead of a saint or heavenly Madonna, it was the head of an ox, or the long-tongued goddess Kalli, or the light-armed god Shiva, who was grinning at me.

*February 13th* — To day Dr Rolland took me to a little town considered one of the holiest in the country, which lies on the opposite side of the river, about six miles from Kottah. Beautiful stone steps lead down to the sacred water, where many pilgrims come to bathe themselves, and in some elegant kiosks Brahmans were sitting receiving the money of the faithful for the honour of the gods. On one of the steps lay a large turtle sunning himself, and no one seemed to dream of interfering with his comfort.

The temple, which is very large and handsome, though the town is small and wretched-looking, is open on all sides, and of an octagonal form. In the upper part are galleries, destined for women and musicians. The sanctuary stands in the back ground, and before it hang five bells, which are rung whenever a woman enters the temple, as they were when I came in. Thereupon the closed and draperied doors were opened, and a full sight of the interior permitted us. We saw there a small party of gods cut in stone, and a Brahmin engaged in driving with a large flapper the flies from their *spirituel* countenances. The chapels contained red painted images or stones. In the fore court was seated the figure of a saint dressed quite decorously, and even with a cap upon his head. On the opposite side of the river is a hill denominated the Holy Hill, on which stands the figure of an ox coarsely cut in stone. Near this hill Captain Burdon has built himself an elegant house, and here he keeps a fine collection of stuffed birds, which he has brought himself from the Himalaya.

## CONTINUATION OF THE JOURNEY

*Meeting with the Burdon Family — Women of the Lower Class in India — Captain Hamilton — Indor — Presentation at Court — Manufacture of Ice — Industry of Women and Children — The Rocky Temple at Adjunta — A Tiger Hunt — The Rock Temple of Lhora — The Fortress of Dowlatabad*

In the countries under the rule of the native princes there are neither post-offices nor roads, but in all the towns and villages there are people appointed to show the way to travellers and carry their luggage. Those who travel with a guard or cheprass pay them nothing, others give them a trifle for their services, more or less, according to the distance. On my leaving Kottah the king had had the complaisance to offer me camels for the journey, as well as 5 paise for my escort, and when I arrived at the end of my first stage every one came forward to serve me, as well as, perhaps, to see a European woman,—here a great rarity. They brought me milk, eggs, and wood. My style of living was very simple and frugal, my best meals were of rice boiled in milk, or eggs, but usually I had only rice, with water and salt. A leathern bottle for water, a small pan for cooking, a handful of salt, and some bread and rice, constituted my whole preparation for wants of this kind.

Late in the evening I arrived at Nurankura, a hamlet surrounded by low hills. Here I found some tents belonging to Captain Burdon, and a male and female servant waiting for me. I was excessively fatigued, for the movement of the camel is very disagreeable, and I immediately retired into one of the tents to try and get some sleep, but I was followed by the maid, who began, almost whether I would or not, to knead me all over with great energy, assuring me that it was extremely good for me, and would take away my fatigue, and it was true that, after I had gone through this discipline for a quarter of an hour, I felt greatly refreshed. She then explained to me, half in words half by signs, that the family had expected me to dinner, that a palanquin was in readiness, and that I could sleep in it as well as in a tent. I thought this was very likely, so at eleven o'clock I continued my journey. The country was indeed, I was informed, very much infested by tigers, but since I had several torch-bearers with me—and tigers are sworn

enemies of light—I had no reason to fear that my sleep would be disturbed by them. At three o'clock in the morning I was again deposited in a tent that stood ready for my reception, and furnished with all conveniences, and the next morning I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with the amiable family of Captain Burdon, who leads the most happy domestic life with his wife and seven children, whom the parents instruct almost entirely themselves.

They seem perfectly gay and contented, although they are confined wholly to their own society and that of Dr Rolland, who is the only European besides themselves in Kottah. Now and then they receive a visit from some officer who is travelling through the country, and I was myself the first European woman whom Mrs Burdon had seen for four years. I passed the whole day most agreeably in the family circle, and was not a little astonished to find in this wild country all the comforts and conveniences of a well-arranged house. I will take this opportunity of giving some idea of how English officers, civil and military, travel in India.

In the first place, they possess tents so large as to contain three or four rooms, and they carry with them all the proper furniture, including carpets, elegant divans, and all manner of household and kitchen utensils, as well as a great number of servants. After having passed the night comfortably in their beds, they get into convenient palanquins, or on horseback, about three in the morning, and travelling four or five hours alight at their tent, which is again in readiness for them, and take a capital hot breakfast. They never go more than about eight miles in the day, and they have about them all the articles to which they are accustomed, and take all their usual meals. The cooks continue their journey always in the night, and the moment the masters are gone the tents are broken up and carried forward as quickly as possible. There is, of course, no lack of human hands to labour, or of beasts of burden. In the most civilised countries of Europe people do not travel as conveniently and luxuriously as they do in India. Captain Burdon wished to give me the use of his palanquin, and the bearers belonging to it, as far as Indor, my next stopping place, but I really could not help pitying the fatigue of these poor people so much, that I pretended I did not mind travelling on a camel, nay, even preferred it to the palanquin on account of the prospect. At Runcha I had to take up my quarters in the midst of the Bazaar,



under an open veranda, whilst half the population of the town gathered round me to watch every look and motion. They had, at all events, a good opportunity of observing what a European woman looks like when she is angry, for I gave my people a famous scolding, on account of the sleepy pace they had allowed the camels to keep. We had been from early in the morning till late at night upon the march, and had not made more than twenty or twenty-two miles, the pace of an ox waggon.

During the following days we passed over low hills, where the uncultivated land was already burnt up by the sun, and although we were not yet out of February, the thermometer rose during the day to 24 or 30 deg. of Reaumur, and the plantations of poppy, flax, corn, and cotton were flourishing luxuriously. Every where runlets of water were conducted through the fields, and peasants with teams of oxen were occupied in drawing water out of the wells and rivers. I did not see any women engaged in the work, and in general it appeared to me that the lot of the poorer classes of women in India and the East is not so hard as is commonly supposed. All the hard labour is performed by men, and they take part even in the work properly belonging to women, as for instance, in the cities inhabited by Europeans, men do the washing and ironing. On the fields at harvest time you may see women, but they perform only the lightest of the work, and when there are no animals of burden the men carry both the burdens and the children. I never once saw a man ill treat either his wife or child, and I wish from my heart that the poor women in our countries were only half as well treated as in many which are considered in a very rude state. During the journey I was one day witness of a mournful scene, originating in the mistaken notions of religion prevalent among the Hindoos. Not far from the veranda where I had taken shelter for the night,—for there were now no more *Serais*,—an old man was lying stretched out on the ground without giving any sign of life, the passers by stopped, looked at him for a moment, and then went on their way. No one offered to help him, or asked a question about him. The poor fellow had sunk down in such a state of exhaustion that he could not say to what caste he belonged. At length I took courage, approached him, and lifted up the head cloth which had fallen down partly over his face, but two glazed eyes met mine—the body was stiff and cold—my help had come too late. The next morning the body still



entrance gate, with a tower on each side, is very handsome. The outside is covered with frescoes, mostly of elephants and horses, the interior is divided into several courts, and on the first floor is a large open hall, which serves as the residence of several holy men. Opposite to this hall is the reception room, but to reach the royal apartments you have to go through passages so dark that lights are necessary in the brightest sunny day. This is the case in most of the palaces of Hindostan, and it is said they are made so with a view of concealing their occupants from the enemy, or at least of rendering the access to them difficult.

We found the queen, an aged, childless widow, with her adopted son, Prince *Hury-Rao-Holcar*, a lad of fourteen, with a good-natured expressive face. They were both dressed in white muslin, and the latter had jewels on his turban, his breast, and his arms. All the apartments and passages were crowded with servants, who thrust themselves into the reception room without the smallest ceremony, in order to look at us a little closer, so that we sat in a perfect mob. Sweetmeats and fruits were brought, rose-water sprinkled over us, and some attar of roses poured upon our handkerchiefs. After a time they brought us some areca nut and betel leaf on a silver cup, which the queen herself presented to us. This is the signal for the termination of the audience, and until it is given one must not go. Before we got up, large garlands of jessamine were hung round our necks, and I had them also placed round my wrist, and when we got home fruits and sweetmeats were sent after us. The queen, who had remained unveiled, though Mr. Hamilton was present, gave orders that we should have the palace shown to us, and we were led round it by the *Mundsch*, or tutor of the young prince, but with the exception of the hall of audience, the rooms are all extremely simple, and with scarcely any furniture but cushions, covered with white muslin, which lie on the ground. When we came out upon the terrace, we found the prince riding out, with a numerous train, mounted, some on horses, some on elephants. The soldiers were well dressed in white trousers and blue castans, and a sort of murmur, which I was told expressed approbation, arose on the appearance of the prince. His highness can speak broken English, and he put some questions to me implying that he was not ignorant of geography, so that I could compliment the *mundsch* on the success of his education.

Thus Mardsch had the complaisance also to show me over the ice manufactory. The ice is usually made in the months of December and January, but even in February the nights, and still more the early morning hours before sunrise, are so cool, that shallow water is easily covered with a coat of thin ice. For this purpose where the ground is impregnated with saltpetre, flat pits are dug in which are laid thin flat pins of porous clay filled with water or, where there is no saltpetre in the ground, the highest terraces of the houses are covered with straw, and the dishes placed upon them. The thin coat of ice thus gained is then broken into pieces, poured over with water and placed in the ice pits, which are also kept covered with straw.

Besides his attentions to me at Indor Mr Hamilton was so good as to provide for my farther journey, for which I might again have had the use of the royal camels, but to avoid fatigue I preferred the ox wazgon. He made himself the agreement with the driver, arranged my stations for me from here to Annumbad (250 miles), gave me an excellent servant and a sepoy to accompany me furnished me with letters and even asked whether I had money enough, and all that with a manner so kind and friendly, that it was of as much value as the services themselves. Not merely in Indor, but everywhere, I heard the name of this gentleman mentioned with the highest respect.

The road on leaving Indor led through palm groves and a richly cultivated country to a village called Samarola, where I found ready for me a pretty tent, which Mr Hamilton had sent forward in order to surprise me with one more good night, and I thanked him most fervently in my heart for the attention. From Samarola the country becomes picturesque. A narrow mountain ridge, in many places scarcely broad enough for the road, leads across small valleys at whose sides the most beautiful lightly-wooded mountains are piled up. Among the trees I particularly noticed two species, one with red, the other with yellow flowers, but both strangely wanting in leaves. Ever since leaving Kottah, on account of the increasing stonyness of the road, the camels had been getting scarce, and they were replaced by teams of oxen. I have met herds, which must have consisted of several thousands, laden with corn, wood, salt, &c. It is inconceivable to me where food for all these animals can be found, for no meadows are to be seen, and, except the plantations, the ground is burnt up or covered

with fine withered grass called jungle grass, which I never saw any animal taste. The activity of the women and children in the villages through which these trains pass is most striking. They furnish themselves with baskets, and follow the trains to an immense distance, collecting the dung of the animals, which they make into flat cakes and dry in the sun for fuel. Late in the evening we entered, amidst thunder and lightning, the village of *Burwai*, where there was said to be an open bongolo but as we could not find it in the dark I had to content myself with the shelter of a projecting roof.

*February 29th.*—This day's stage was one of the longest we had, and our road led through dreary wildernesses and jungles. We had been jogging for some time quietly along, when all on a sudden our animals made a stop, and stood as if they were rooted to the ground, trembling at the same time all over. Their fear communicated itself to the men, who began in a tone of horror to scream, "Tiger! tiger!" I ordered them to go on shouting as loud as they could, and also to tear up some jungle grass and set fire to it, in hopes of terrifying any beasts that might be near us, though I saw nothing of them, but I learnt afterwards that scarcely a night passed in which a horse or an ox did not become the prey of a tiger, and only a few days before a poor woman who had lingered late in the jungle was torn to pieces. All the villages were surrounded by high walls of earth or stone, whether from fear of beasts or from any other cause I could not with certainty learn. These fortress-villages extend as far as Aunjabad, a distance of 150 miles.

*March 3d —Adjunta.*—Before arriving at this place we passed through a tremendous, but easily defended, mountain pass, closed at the top by an immense fortified gate, which now, however, in time of peace, was left open. The heights on each side were defended by high strong walls. At every step the scenery became more wildly romantic, picturesque masses of rock and mighty walls lay on either side, and valley receded behind valley far into the mountains, while in front the eye ranged freely over a far extending plain.

At Adjunta I found the resident, Captain Gill, to whom I had letters from Mr Hamilton, and after the first salutations I expressed a wish to see the renowned rocky temple of Adjunta. I then learned, to my vexation, that I could have reached it by a

much shorter route from my last night's station, Furdapoor, to which it really lay much nearer. What was to be done? The temple I would see, but I had little time to lose, so I resolved at once to go back again, and taking with me a little provision and mounting the best horse in Captain Gill's stud, I was through the mountain pass again in little more than an hour, and on my way to the temple.

The road lies through some wild desolate valleys, whose death-like stillness is disturbed by no song of bird, no sound of life, and which are perfectly well adapted to excite expectation of the wonders here to be beheld. The temples are twenty-seven in number, cut in lofty perpendicular rocks of a semi-circular form. On some of these rocky walls there are two stories of temples, one above another, with paths leading to the top, but so narrow and broken that you scarcely know where to set your foot. Below, you look into tremendous abysses, in which a mountain torrent loses itself, while above, to the height of several hundred feet, rises the face of the smooth perpendicular rock. Most of the temples form quadrangles, into which you enter through verandahs and beautiful portals, which, supported upon columns, seem to bear up the massive pile of rock. I counted in the larger twenty-eight, in the smallest eight columns. At the sides of the temples are little perfectly dark cells, in which, probably, the priests used to live. In the back ground, in a larger chamber, was the sanctuary, and here are gigantic figures in all positions, some measuring above eighteen feet, and reaching nearly the ceiling of the temple, which is four-and-twenty feet high. The walls of the temple and verandahs are full of gods and statues of good and evil spirits. In one of the temples is represented a whole giant war, and all the figures, columns, verandahs, and portals are cut out of the living rock. Their immense numbers and the great beauty of the sculptures and reliefs, on the columns, capitals, friezes, doors, and even on the ceilings of the temples,—the inexhaustible variety in the drawings and patterns,—is truly admirable. It seems as if it were scarcely possible that these masterly and at the same time gigantic works could be executed by human hands. The Brahmins ascribe them to supernatural agency, and maintain that the epoch of their creation cannot be discovered. Besides the sculptures, there are in many places paintings, with colours brighter and fresher than those of many modern works.

The temples of the second kind have an oval form, and majestic lofty portals, which lead immediately into the interior. The largest of these has on each side a colonnade of nineteen columns, the smallest of eight, but in these are no priests' cells and no sanctuary. Instead of the latter, there stands at the end of each temple a high monument of a cupola form, and on one of these is hewn out a statue of Buddha in a standing position. On the walls of the larger temple are gigantic figures cut out of the living rock, beneath which is a sleeping Buddha, twenty-one feet long. After I had spent some hours in climbing and creeping about, and had closely viewed each individual temple, I was led back into one that I had already seen, and behold there stood a little table, most richly furnished with refreshments, and inviting me to a welcome meal. It was Captain Gill who had been so kind as to send after me into this desert all that was required for an elegant tiffin, including a table and chairs. Thus strengthened and refreshed, I found the way home by no means fatiguing.

The house which Captain Gill inhabits in Adjunta is singularly situated. A pleasant garden, with flowers and foliage, surrounds the front, whence you look over a beautiful plain, whilst the back is on the brink of a really terrible precipice, where the head grows giddy at the sight of precipitous crags and awful chasms undabyases.

When Captain Gill understood that I wished to visit the renowned fortress of Dowlutabad, he told me that no one was admitted to it without an order from the commandant of Aurnujabad; but he added, that he would immediately send a messenger thither for one, and he could at the same time bring me a card of admission for Elora. There and back the messenger would have a distance of 140 miles to go, and all this courtesy was shown by Englishmen to me, a German woman, without rank or distinction of any kind.

At four o'clock in the morning the captain favoured me with his company at the coffee table, and half an hour afterwards I was sitting in my bakh pursuing my journey.

*March 6.*—Early in the morning I mounted my horse, to visit the rocky temple of Elora, but, as it often happens in life, I was reminded of the proverbial saying, "Man proposes and God disposes," and instead of the temple I saw a tiger hunt.

I had scarcely turned my back on the town where I had passed the night, when I saw advancing towards me from the bongolo

several Europeans, sitting upon elephants. We stopped on coming up with each other, and began a conversation, from which it appeared that the gentlemen were out on a tiger hunt, as they had had information of some being in the neighbourhood, and they invited me, if such sport did not terrify me too much, to join them. I was very glad of the invitation, and soon found myself in company with two of the gentlemen and one native, seated in a box about two feet high, which was placed on the back of a very large elephant. The native was to load the guns, and they gave me a large knife to defend myself with in case the tiger should spring up to the edge of the box.

Thus prepared, we set off for the hills, and after the lapse of some hours thought we had come, probably, pretty close to the tiger's den, when suddenly one of our servants exclaimed, "*Back, back!* that is Tiger!" Glaring eyes were seen through the bushes, and at the same moment several shots were fired. The animal was soon pierced by several bullets, and now dashed at us full of fury. He made such tremendous springs that I thought he must infallibly soon reach our box, and choose himself a victim out of our party. This spectacle was terrible enough to me, and my fear was presently increased by the sight of a second tiger. I behaved myself, however, so valiantly that no one of the gentlemen suspected what a coward I was. Shot followed shot. The elephants defended themselves very cleverly with their trunks, and after a hot fight of half an hour's duration we remained victors, and the dead animals were in triumph robbed of their beautiful skins. The gentlemen were so courteous as to offer me one of them, but I declined accepting it, as I could not have delayed my journey long enough to have it dried and put into a proper state.

I got a good deal of praise for my courageous behaviour, and I was told tiger hunting was really extremely dangerous where the elephants were not very well trained. If they were afraid of the tigers, and ran away, one would be very likely to be dashed off by the branches of the trees, or perhaps left hanging upon them, and then would infallibly become the prey of the enraged animal. It was of course too late for my visit to the temples this day, so I had to put it off till the following morning.

The temples of Elora lie on one of the table lands which are so peculiarly Indian. The principal one, that of Kylas, which is the most remarkable, exceeds in size and completeness the best



architectural works of India, indeed it may well vie with the astonishing works of the ancient Egyptians. It is of a circular form, 120 feet high and 600 feet in circumference. For the execution of this masterpiece, a colossal block has been separated from the living rock by a passage of 100 feet wide and 240 long. The interior consists of a principal hall and some subordinate ones, all filled with sculptures and gigantic statues of gods. Its greatest magnificence, however, appears in the rich sculptures and elaborate arabesques which decorate the towers.

The temple rests on the backs of countless elephants and tigers, which are lying near each other in peaceful attitudes. All, as I have said, are cut out of the solid rock, and it surrounds them on three sides, at the distance of a hundred feet, like a colossal perpendicular wall. Further on, in another rock, is another group of temples similar in many respects, but simpler and less ornamented. Had these rocks consisted of granite or any equally hard stone, these works would have been, not difficult, but impossible.

The fortress of *Dowlatabad* is one of the oldest and strongest in India, and is regarded as the greatest curiosity of its kind, not only in the Deccan, but in all India. It has a most imposing aspect, lying on a rock 600 feet high, which by some convulsion of nature has been rent from the mountains to which it belongs. It is cut perpendicularly to a height of 130 feet, and also 30 feet below the moat by which it is surrounded, and it appears entirely inaccessible. No path leads up to it, and I could not help feeling very curious as to the means by which we were to get in, when a very low iron door in the face of the rock opened, and gave us admittance. This door is only visible in peaceful times, as during war, the moat can be filled to a foot above it, so as entirely to conceal it. Torches were kindled, and we were cautiously conducted through low, narrow, winding passages, cut through the heart of the rock, and leading gradually upwards. Even these passages were closed in many places by massive iron gates. We emerged again into daylight a considerable height above the rocky wall, and thence narrow paths and steps, also protected by strong fortifications, lead to the highest point. At the foot of the hill lie the ruins evidently of a considerable town, though now there is nothing left of it but the three or four lines of fortification which you must pass to reach the existing fortress.

The numerous fortresses and fortified villages found in this part of the country, date, I was told, from the time when Hindostan was parcelled out into many states which were engaged in incessant war with each other. In consequence of these perpetual wars also, there were gradually formed bands of mounted robbers, ten or twelve thousand strong, which laid siege to the smaller towns, and sometimes entirely destroyed the harvests, and they were obliged, in consequence, to make treaties with these hordes—and buy their peace with a yearly tribute.

Since the English have conquered India, peace has been every where established, the fortifications are falling to decay and are not repaired, and though the people still go armed, it is more from habit than necessity.

*Aurunjabad.*—On the 7th of March late in the evening I arrived at Aurunjabad, and Captain Stewart, who lived outside the town, received me in just as friendly a manner as the other residents had done. In the morning I accompanied him and Mrs Stewart into the city to see the lions, which consisted merely in a monument and a holy well or pond.

Aurunjabad is the capital of Deccan and has 60,000 inhabitants, but it lies partly in ruins. The monument, which is outside the town, is one built 200 years ago by a certain sultan to the memory of his daughter. It is of white marble, in which elegant arabesques and flowers are carved with great skill, and the doors are ornamented with plates of metal, in which also are flowers and ornaments. Near the mosque is a handsome marble hall, and round it a neglected garden.

The present reigning king wished to take away some of the marble in order to employ it for a building in which his own remains are one day to repose, and he endeavoured to obtain permission to do so from the English government. The answer came, that he could do so if he pleased, but that he had better consider, that if he showed so little respect for his ancestors his own monument would probably be treated with no more, and this answer seems to have induced him to renounce his intention. The holy pond (regarded as such by the Mahomedans) is a large basin lined with freestone. It is full of large pike, of which however not one is allowed to be caught, and there is even a guardian appointed, who provides them with food. The pike are therefore so tame and friendly that they will eat bread, turnips,

and so forth out of your hand, and, but that the rainy season kills many of them, the pond would long since have had more fish than water in it. Since the arrival of the English however the guards are no longer so conscientious as they used to be, and many of the fish are "for a consideration" smuggled into the English kitchens.

As I came nearer to Bombay I again met vast herds of laden oxen, and most of the drivers had their families with them. The women were to the last degree ragged and dirty, but overladen at the same time with finery. Worsted tassels were dangling all over their bodies and also their ears, their arms were loaded with bands of metal, bone, and glass beads, and their feet with heavy rings and chains, and, thus burdened or decorated, the ladies sat upon the backs of the oxen, or trotted after them.

*March 17.*—Since the attack of the negro in Brazil I have not had such a fright as I had to-day. My driver had from the beginning of the journey appeared to me very strange, indeed insane, in his behaviour. Sometimes he was wrangling with his oxen, sometimes caressing them, sometimes he would scream to the passers by, and then he would turn and stare at me for several minutes together. As long however as I had a servant with me, who always kept near the bail, I cared little about him, this morning however, my servant went on without permission to the next station, and I found myself left alone with the mad driver, on a very solitary road. After a time he got down from his seat and walked close behind the waggon. These bails are covered with straw mats at the sides, but open before and behind, so that I could have seen very well what he was doing, but I would not turn round, in order not to put it into his head that I thought his intentions evil. I only turned my head partly to one side that I might be able to observe a little what he was about. Presently he returned again and pulled to my horror a hatchet, which every driver carries with him, out of the waggon, and taking it with him again went behind me. I now thought he certainly meant mischief, but I could not escape from him, and my best chance was therefore to show no fear. Quite softly, and so as not to be noticed I drew round me my mantle and rolled it together in order at least to protect my head, should he strike at me with the hatchet. For a considerable time I remained in this painful situation, but at last he came back to his place, and resumed

his staring, my torment was not yet over however, for after remaining quiet awhile he got up and repeated the very same manoeuvre, and this he did several times. That hour seemed to me an eternity, but in two hours we reached the station, and I found my servant, whom I now took care not again to lose sight of.

The villages through which we passed after this have a very wretched appearance. The houses are merely reed or cane huts, covered with palm leaves, many of them even without front walls. They are mostly inhabited by Mahrattas, a race once very powerful in India, and especially on this side of the Ganges, but in the eighteenth century they were driven out of the peninsula of Hindostan into the mountains which extend from Surat to Goa, and in the nineteenth century they were subjected by the British. One Mahratta chief only, it is said, still maintains his independence, the rest have submitted to receive pensions.

The Mahrattas live only on rice and water, but in opposition to a theory sometimes maintained, they are ferocious as well as artful and cowardly. When they are going into battle they intoxicate themselves with opium, and with smoking wild hemp. They profess the religion of Brahma.

In the afternoon of this day I reached the hamlet of Pannwell, on the river of the same name, and towards evening embarked in a boat upon it, and after going a short distance out to sea landed towards morning in Bombay, having completed the long and difficult journey from Delhi in seven weeks.

For reaching it in safety through so many difficulties, I am especially indebted to the English authorities, who with word and deed came to the assistance of the solitary German woman, their humanity, their cordial kindness will never be forgotten by me. Once more I return them my deepest, warmest thanks.

## BOMBAY

*Bombay*, the principal place of Western India, lies on a pretty little island, separated from the main land by quite a narrow arm of the sea. It contains 250,000 people, and you may hear in it all the languages of the civilized world. The most beautiful prospect over the island and city, as well as of the neighbouring islands of Salsette, Elephanta, &c, may be obtained from Malabar

Point. The town itself lies on a flat along the sea-shore, but the environs at a short distance consist of low hills covered with beautiful groves of cocoa and date trees. The natives generally seek the shade of large trees for their houses, but the Europeans seek for light and air.

The bustle of the rich inland and European trade, and the handsome shops and warehouses, are to be found in the fortified part of the city, which forms a large quadrangle, and here the streets are handsome, and the great square called the Green magnificent. The Open Town and the Black Town adjoin this; in the former the streets are more regular and broad than I have seen in any Indian town, and here is the Bazar, which is worth visiting on account of the great variety of different nations you meet with in it. Three-fourths of the inhabitants of this quarter indeed are Hindoos, but the other fourth is made up of Persians, Fire-worshippers, Mahrattas, Jews, Arabs, Bedouins, Negroes, descendants of Portuguese, some hundreds of Europeans, and even Chinese and Hottentots. It is, however, long before one can distinguish these different races from their features and costume. Of all these the Fire-worshippers are the richest. These people were driven out of Persia about 1,200 years ago, and they are settled all along the west coast of India. They are extraordinarily active and well informed, industrious as well as benevolent, so that you see among them no poor, far less beggars, and all appear prosperous. The finest houses, in which the Europeans live, belong mostly to them, and they drive about in splendid equipages and with numerous trains of servants. One of the richest of them, Jamset-ze-jeebhoy, has had a hospital built at his sole cost, it is a very handsome building in the Gothic style, attended by European physicians, and receives the sick of all religions. He has received the honour of knighthood from the English government, and is certainly the first Hindoo on whom such a distinction was ever conferred.

On my first arrival I went one morning on the Esplanade for the purpose of seeing the whole body of Parsees in Bombay assemble, as I had read in books they did, to greet the first ray of the sun with prostrations and cries of joy. I found, however, only a few scattered singly here and there, and they were quietly reading out of a book and murmuring a prayer in a loud voice. Some even did not make their appearance till nine o'clock. I was

equally mistaken about their modo of burial I had been told they had the practice of placing their dead on the roofs of the houses that they might be devoured by the birds of prey, but I found they had for this purpose enclosures surrounded by a wall four and twenty feet high, inside this were three biers, for men, women, and children, and on these the bodies are laid and fastened with iron bands. The birds of prey, which are always in great numbers hovering about, then descend upon them, and in a few minutes tear the flesh from the bones, after which the bones are collected and thrown into a pit, also contained within the enclosure, and when this is full a new burial-place is taken. Many of the rich have private enclosures of this kind, over which is placed a covering of iron wire to keep off the birds. This modo of disposing of the dead is called "resigning them to the element of air." No one but a priest may enter or even look into these enclosures, and the priests, or rather the bearers who carry the bodies in, are rendered by that act so unclean that they are separated from all other society, and if another Parsee does but touch one of them accidentally he is obliged immediately to bathe and burn his clothes. The Parsees are no less jealous with respect to their temples no stranger is allowed so much as a glance into them, so that I of course can give no account of the interior, except what I was told—that they are quite empty and unadorned, and that the sacred fire which burns in them is said to descend from that kindled by the prophet Zoroaster 4,000 years ago. It was carried with them when the Parsees were driven from Persia. During my stay in Bombay a Mr Manuchjee was so kind as to invite me to his house, that I might see something of the modo of life of the Parsee families. I found their rooms fitted up very much in the European fashion, with chairs, sofas, looking-glasses, &c, and the dress of the ladies differed very little from that of the rich Hindoo women, except that it was more decorous, as it consisted of silk stuff instead of transparent muslin. The silk stuffs were richly embroidered with gold, and this luxury extended even to children of three years old. Those still younger, and new-born infants, were wrapped in plain silk, but all had gold and silver embroidery on their little caps, and even babies of eight months old had rings and armlets enriched with precious stones or pearls, the dress of a Parsee lady on grand occasions is often worth as much as 100,000 rupees.

The dress of the men consists of trowsers and shirts of white silk, and long caftans of muslin, the turban is not like that of the Turks, but a kind of pasteboard cap ten or twelve inches high, and covered with some coloured stuff or wax-cloth. Both men and women wear round the body a double string, which they loosen when they are at prayer, and this is the most indispensable of all the articles of their dress. No engagement is binding if this string has not been worn at the time it was made, and the placing it on a child, which is done at the ninth year, forms an epoch in its life.

Before this, girls can go about with their fathers in public, and boys may eat of food prepared by Christians, but after the assumption of this string the girls must remain at home, and the boys eat at their father's table. Religion is concerned also in the form of a Parsee's shirt, it must have five seams and be laid in a particular manner over the breast. Mr Manuchjee formed in many respects rather an exception to the generality of his countrymen. He has travelled much, has been in Paris, London, and Italy, and he has got into rather ill odour with his countrymen for his partiality to European customs, and his attempts to introduce some reforms, though he did not carry these so far as he would have wished, for fear of giving offence. His eldest daughter has been educated much as young ladies in Europe are, she plays the piano—sews, embroiders, and so forth, and her father would not consent to betroth her as a child, and even expressed a wish that her inclination might agree with his choice. It is however considered very doubtful whether in consequence of these innovations she will ever find a husband at all, especially as she has attained the age of fourteen, and as yet no bridegroom is forthcoming.

When I made my first visit, I found the mother and daughter engaged in needlework, and I was invited to remain to dinner, a favour which an orthodox Parsee would not have shown me. I was not however allowed to dine with the family, but the table was first covered for me only, and they brought me several dishes not greatly different from what I might have had in Europe. The whole family, servants included, and with the single exception of the master of the house, assembled to see me eat with a knife and fork, and after I had thus satisfied my appetite in the presence of the public, the table and every thing I had





their hands to their heads. In the meantime the chief mourner got up again, and then she fell on the neck of one of her visitors after the other, in the most stormy manner, drawing at the same time the cloth that covered her head also over that of her friend, and both howling one against the other. All these movements were made with great rapidity, so that a good dozen of embraces were given in almost no time. It was not till sunset on the second day that a good meal put an end to the ceremony, but during the whole two days, refreshments and toddy were plentifully distributed, so that with the addition of the price of the pile, a funeral becomes an expensive affair. The funeral I had witnessed was that of a poor woman. I once met the funeral of a child where the body was covered with fresh beautiful flowers; and a man carried it in his arms as tenderly as if it slept, and he had feared awakening it.

The Hindoos have no weekly holiday, but only, at certain periods of the year, festivals which last several days. One of these, which I witnessed, was that of the new year, when the chief diversion is sprinkling each other with yellow, red, and brown paint, and smearing the cheeks and forehead with it. The noisy tam-tam and a few fiddles opened the procession, and then came larger and smaller parties laughing and singing from one house to another. Many of the company (amongst which of course there were no respectable women) appeared to have taken to the toddy rather too kindly, in the evening there were in the houses parties of both sexes, where I was told things were not always conducted with the strictest propriety.

Among other sights which I saw in Bombay I should not omit to mention that of a martyr, who had held his hand and arm in the same position for three and twenty years. He had held the arm high up and the hand flat back, so that a flower-pot could stand on it. The flower-pot was taken off after the lapse of the three and twenty years, but the hand and arm could not then be placed in any other position, they were quite withered and had a very unpleasant appearance.

The island of Elephanta lies six or eight leagues distant from Bombay, and M. Wattenbach, the Hamburg consul, who had before shown me the most kind and hospitable attentions, took me to visit it.

The principal temple resembles the largest one at A'juntá

only with the difference that it is separated from the living rock at the two sides, though connected with it above, below, and at the back. In the sanctuary stands a gigantic three-headed bust, supposed to represent the Hindoo Trinity, which measures, including the head-dress, about eight feet. On the walls and in the niches there are not only gigantic statues, but whole scenes from the Hindoo mythology, and the female figures I noticed all have the left hip out and the right one in. The temple appears to have been devoted to the god Shiva.

Near this great temple stands another smaller one, the walls of which are also covered with divinities. Both have suffered much from the Portuguese, who, when they conquered the island, went so far in their religious zeal as to plant cannon for the destruction of these dreadful works of the heathen, a work in which they succeeded better than in his conversion. Several columns are lying in fragments, and almost all are more or less damaged. The ground is covered with ruins, and no one, even of the gods and their attendants, has remained uninjured.

From the façade of the great temple you enjoy a fine prospect over the wide sea, the extensive town, and the pretty hills around it. We passed the whole day there, with the exception of the warmest hours, when we took refuge in the cool shade of the temple, and amused ourselves with reading. Mr Wattenbach had brought several servants, and chairs, tables, a dinner service, books and newspapers had been sent forward for our accommodation. Indeed I thought we had quite a superfluity of conveniences and comforts, but an English family whom we met here had, it seemed, found arm-chairs, sofas, and carpets necessary to their rural enjoyment.

Salsetta, also called Tiger Island, is connected with Bombay by a short artificial dam, and the distance from the fort to the village, behind which the temples lie, is about eighteen English miles, which, with relays of horses, we did easily in three hours. The natural beauties of this island far exceed those of Bombay, not rows of hills, but chains of mountains rise here, covered to the summits with wood, from the midst of which sometimes ascend masses of naked rock. The valleys are full of luxuriant corn fields, planted with slender green palms, but the island does not seem very populous, for I saw only a few villages and a single small town, which was inhabited by Mahrattas, just as poor and as dirty

as those of Kundalla From the village where we left the carriage we had three miles to walk to the temples The principal one is surrounded by a lofty hall, in which stand two statues of gods twenty-one feet high, and the second, adjoining it, contains cells for priests, and symbols of divinities, and reliefs. Some are not larger than a small room and without any sculptures, and in general the temples of Elephanta and Salsetta are far inferior to those of Adjunta and Elora I was told that those of Salsetta were little visited, on account of the dangers attending such an excursion The district was full of tigers, and the wild bees swarmed so much about the temples that it was often scarcely possible to enter them, and further, it was said that the temples were the abodes of robbers We had, however, the good fortune to escape all these accidents, and for myself, not being satisfied with one inspection, when my companions were taking their afternoon's nap I took the opportunity to slip away, and have a ramble alone I climbed from rock to rock till I came to the temple farthest off, and there I was somewhat startled by finding the horns and skin of a goat that had been devoured by a tiger, but I calculated on the unsocial habits of the beast, which in clear daylight will always rather shun than seek human society, and continued my ramble undisturbed

We came back, as I have said, in perfect safety, but two gentlemen, who visited the spot some days after, were not so fortunate. One of them was knocking at an opening he observed in the rock, when out rushed a mighty swarm of wild bees, and stung them both so violently on head, hands, and face that they had great difficulty in making their escape

The climate of Bombay is healthier than that of Calcutta and even the heat is, from the constant sea breeze, easier to bear than that of the former city, although Bombay is five degrees further south

## FROM BOMBAY TO BAGDAD

*Departure from Bombay — Smallpox on board — Muscat — Bandr-Abas — The Persians — The Straits of Kishma — Buschur — Entrance into the Shatal Arab — Bassora — Entrance into the Tigris — Bedouins — Ctesiphon and Seleucia — Arrival in Bagdad*

I HAD pretty well made up my mind to make the voyage from Bombay to Bassora in an Arabian boat, when Mr Wattenbach brought me the welcome intelligence that a small steamer was about to make a trip thither. It was to sail on the 10th, and I by no means anticipated that it would not really take its departure till the 23d. It was only of 40-horse power, and had but two cabins, one of which had long been engaged by an English gentleman, Mr Ross. The second was taken by some rich Persians for their wives and children, so that I had to content myself with a place on the deck, with the proviso that I was to dine at the table of the captain, who during the whole voyage overwhelmed me with attentions.

This small vessel, the "Forbes," was excessively overcrowded. The ship's company alone made 45 persons, and there were 124 passengers, mostly Persians, Mahomedans, and Arabs. Mr Ross and I were the only Europeans. When this throng of people was assembled on the deck, there was not the smallest space left free to get from one part to another, and it was necessary to climb over chests, trunks, and other luggage, besides taking the utmost possible care not to tread on somebody's head or feet.

After taking a critical survey of the ground, I chose what seemed to me the most eligible spot under the circumstances, indeed one that possessed solid advantages. I took up my abode under the captain's dinner table, and rejoiced in my security that no one would tread on my hands, feet, or head.

It is true I was under the necessity at meal times of dragging myself out of my hole, in order to make room for the feet of the company, and I found this rather distressing, for I had left Bombay very unwell, and on the second day I was attacked by fever. I took no medicine, however, (I never carry any with me,) but gave myself up entirely to nature and Providence.

On the third day of our voyage a far more serious evil occurred than the malady that had attacked me. Smallpox broke out in the larger cabin, into which eighteen women and seven children were packed. They had less space than the negroes in slave ships, the air became poisonous in the highest degree, and the poor creatures dared not come upon deck because of the men there. The vapour that arose from the cabin was so pestilential that we were quite in dread lest it should spread through the open holes over the entire ship. It appeared that the disease had already existed among them when the women came on board, but no one could have discovered it, for they were brought late at night, and closely covered with veils and shawls. It was not till one of the children died that we discovered the danger. The body of the child was wrapped in a white cloth, fastened upon a plank, weighted with some pieces of coal and stone, and then let down into the sea. I know not whether any kindred or loving eye watched this melancholy funeral. I saw no tear flow, but if the poor mother did mourn for her darling, she would not have dared follow it to its watery grave.

Two more deaths took place, and then the pestilence seemed to decline, and fortunately it had not extended beyond the cabin.

On the 30th of April we neared the Arabian coast, and saw some naked mountains. On the following morning the peaks of some fine groups of rocks showed themselves, with some small forts and watch towers, and soon a mighty mountain at the entrance to a bay.

We anchored before the town of Muscat, which lies at the end of the bay. It belongs to an Arabian prince, and is strongly fortified, besides being surrounded by several ranges of rocks, all guarded by towers and forts. The largest amongst them was once a convent of Portuguese monks, but it was attacked in the night by Arabs, and all the inmates murdered.

The houses of the town are of stone with small round windows and terraced roofs, and the two palaces are distinguished only by their superior size. Many streets are so narrow that scarcely two persons can pass in them. The heat is very oppressive, as the town lies in a hollow between rocks, and there is not the smallest spring of verdure to soften the glare of the sunlight, which is consequently most painful to the eyes. Far and wide, no trees, no shrubs, no blade of grass even, refreshes the aching sight, and

who can any way afford it, as soon as they have finished their business, fly to the country houses by the sea side. European residents there are none, for the climate, it is said, is deadly to them.

At the back of the town is a rocky valley, and in that a village, which contains (oh, wonder!) a garden, with six palm trees, a fig, and a pomegranate. The village is larger and more populous than the town, for it counts 6,000 inhabitants, while the latter has but 4,000. It is, however, impossible to imagine the poverty, the dirt, and the foul smells which this village presents. The huts stand almost one upon the other. They are small, only made of cane and palm leaves, and every kind of filth is thrown before the doors. It really required some resolution to go through this village, and I could not help wondering that pestilential disease should be ever absent from it. Blindness and diseases of the eyes are excessively common.

From this valley we passed into another, containing the great marvel of Muscat, the aforesaid garden, which is maintained only by the most unwearied labour in watering. It contains some flowers and vegetables, besides the trees, and belongs to the prince. My guide appeared very proud of this wonderful garden, and asked whether in my country we had any as beautiful.

I took these walks in the full heat of the sun (124 deg Fahr), and when I was besides much weakened by my illness, yet I never felt any ill effect from them, although I have been repeatedly warned that in hot countries this exposure is fatal to Europeans, and brings fever and sun-strokes. But had I listened to all that was said I should not have seen much, so I took it quietly,—went out in rain or sun, just as it happened,—and always saw more than any of my travelling companions.

On the 2d of May we again weighed anchor, and soon came tolerably near to the island of Ormus, the mountains of which were distinguished by an uncommon variety of colour, and some glittered as if they had been covered with snow. They contain a great deal of salt, and many Arabian and Persian vessels come every year to take in cargoes. In the evening we reached the little town of Bandr-Abas, before which we anchored. It lies on low hills of rock and sand, and is separated by a sandy plain from some mountains. Longingly did I look towards the land, for I had a great desire to tread the soil of Persia, but the captain advised me not to think of it. He said the Persians were not so

good as the Hindoos, and since in these remote regions the appearance of a European woman was quite an unheard of occurrence, it was not unlikely they would salute me with a shower of stones

Fortunately there was on board a young man, half English, half Persian, (his father an Englishman, had married an Armenian woman of Teheran,) who understood both languages perfectly, and I begged him to take me ashore, which he willingly did. He took me to the bazaar, and through several streets, and the people streamed towards us from all quarters, and gazed at me with much curiosity, but did not offer me the slightest insult

I found the houses in this town small, and the streets narrow, dirty, and mostly with few signs of life, the bazaar only was animated. Here I saw the bakers making their bread in a very rapid fashion in presence of their customers. They kneaded flour and water in wooden dishes to a dough, then parted it into small pieces, and worked it out into a thin strip, which they stuck to the inside of a round clay pipe about eighteen inches in diameter, and perhaps one and twenty in length, this was made hot, and then sunk to half its length in the earth, and burning charcoal placed in it, so that the bread or cake was baked on both sides at once, on one by the hot pipe, and on the other by the fire. I bought half a dozen of these cakes, and, eaten hot, they were very good

The Persians are easily distinguishable from the Arabs by their appearance. They are taller and stronger built, with a whiter skin, harsher features, and a wild and robber-like aspect. Their dress resembles that of the Mahomedans. Many wear turbans, others comical caps of black Astracban.

Of this half Persian, Mr William Hebworth, my companion, I heard an instance of grateful conduct that I cannot omit to mention. When a lad of sixteen he was taken from Persia to Bombay, and there, in the house of a friend of his father's, met with the kindest reception, and through the same influence procured an appointment. One day his protector, who was married and the father of four children, had the misfortune to be killed by a fall from his horse, and thereupon William Hebworth took the really magnanimous resolution of marrying the widow, who was many years his senior, and whose only fortune was four children, in order to repay in some measure the services of his deceased benefactor

In Bandr-Abas we took a pilot, in order to pass through the Straits of Kishma, and towards noon we set sail. This strait is avoided by sailing ships, and is not without danger for steam boats, for the passage is so narrow between the island of Kishma and the main land that with a contrary wind vessels may easily be thrown on one of the coasts.

Captain Litchfield had talked much to me of the beauty of this island of Kishma, and of the luxuriance of the vegetation, and had spoken of places in the straits which were so narrow that the palm trees on the island and those on the main land touched each other, but some extraordinary convulsion of nature must certainly have taken place since his last voyage, for the lofty slender palms have been changed into miserable dwarf shrubs, and the island nowhere approaches the continent within less than half a league distance. It was curious enough that I afterwards heard Mr. Ross telling the same story, having apparently trusted the captain's account more than the evidence of his own eyes.

In one of the narrowest parts of the strait stands the fine fort of Luft, and this spot fifty years ago was the chief haunt of the Persian pirates, but a regular battle took place between them and the English in which eight hundred of the pirates were killed, and the whole gang destroyed, and since then the strait may be traversed in perfect security.

In the Persian Gulf I noticed many varieties of sea weed, and mollusæ, some of a milk-white, others rose colour with yellow spots, and there were also sea serpents from two to five feet long.

The town of Buschir lies in a plain, but only six miles from mountains five thousand feet high. It is the best harbour in Persia, and has a population of 15,000, but it is a very ugly and dirty place.

The houses stand so close together that it is easy to pass from the terrace roof of one to the other. Many of them are provided with square chimneys fifteen or twenty feet high called "wind catchers," which have apertures at the side, and whose purpose is to send cool air into the apartments below. The men I observed all go armed, even in the house they have knives and daggers, and in the street pistols also. The women and quite little girls have their faces so closely wrapped up that I cannot understand how they can see their way along. It had been my plan to land at this town, visit the ruins of Persepolis, and thence continue my journey by Shiraz, Ispahan, and Teheran, but an important insur-



rection had broken out, and great bands of robbers were ravaging the district, and committing all kinds of outrages, so that I was compelled to give up my first intention, and go on to Bagdad.

On the 11th of May I had the good fortune to see and enter one of the most renowned rivers in the world, formed by the junction of the Euphrates, the Tigris, and the Kerah, called here the *Shat al Arab*, or river of the Arabs. We left the mountains behind us with the sea, and now saw only boundless plains covered with date woods, spreading out on both sides. Eighty miles below Bassora we entered the Kauran, in order to land some passengers at the little town of Mohambra, which lies near the mouth of the river, and it required much skill to turn the steamer safely in this narrow space. The whole population of the town ran to the shore, for they had never seen a steamer before, and they watched its adroit manœuvring with eager sympathy. Six years ago this town belonged to the Turks, but it was attacked and taken by the Persians, and five thousand of the inhabitants, nearly the whole population, put to the sword. Of Bassora or Bosrah, you see from the river nothing more than some fortifications and date woods, for the city lies behind these, six miles up the country.

The voyage from Bombay hither had, from the disadvantage of the monsoon, taken us eighteen days, and it was the most wearisome sea journey I had ever had. Constantly upon deck, in a heat which even in the shade of the tent rose to thirty degrees (Reaumur), in a perfect throng of human beings, and being able only once, at Buschir, to change my linen and clothes I longed intensely for the refreshment and purification of a bath. The landing of the Persian women was an amusing scene. Had they been princesses, and beauties of the very first rank, more care could not have been taken to avoid the possibility of the glance of a man's eye, and there was not really among them (for my sex had procured for me the privilege of a peep into their cabin) a single handsome woman. Their husbands placed themselves in two lines stretching from the cabin to the ship's side, and held great cloths stretched out so as to form close and impenetrable walls. Through these the ladies were marched by degrees out of the cabin, and even then they were so closely enveloped in shawls and veils that they had to be led along as if they were blind. As they reached the side they crouched down between the walls till the others arrived, and when all were assembled it

still more difficult operation commenced of climbing down the narrow ship ladder into a well-curtained boat. The wall was in motion again, but first one tumbled, then another, and the landing of this part of the cargo was not effected under a full hour.

Bassora is one of the largest towns in Mesopotamia, but it possesses among its inhabitants only a single European. The English agent was an Armenian, a Mr Barseige, and to him I had a letter, but when, as there is no such thing as an inn, the captain requested him to afford me an asylum for a few days in his house, the courteous gentleman flatly refused, and I had to be again indebted to the kindness of the captain, who invited me to remain in the steamer. By a fortunate chance for me, he found on inquiry that there was at present a German missionary staying in the town, who had an abode consisting of several rooms, one of which, when I had stated my case to him, he had the complaisance to give up to me. I took leave of my good captain with real emotion, and I shall never forget the friendly attention he showed me. He was really a thoroughly good-hearted man, and yet in his ship the Hindoos and Negroes were worse treated than in any other I have been in. Every word addressed to them by the crew was accompanied by kicks and cuffs, and at Mascat three of the unfortunate men deserted. Would that the Christian European excelled the Hindoo and Mussulman as much in kindness and benevolence as he does in learning and science.

Of the ruins of former days, beautiful mosques and so forth, Bassora shows few remains, but there are plenty of modern ruins, dating from 1832, when the plague carried away half the inhabitants. You pass through many streets and squares that consist of nothing but decayed and falling houses, and where twenty years ago men were busily at work there are now ruined walls and heaps of rubbish from which shrubs and palm trees are sprouting out. The situation of the town is very unhealthy, for it is surrounded by a plain intersected on one side with countless ditches half full of mud and filth, and exhaling the most pernicious vapour, and, on the other, covered with date woods that prevent the free circulation of air. The heat is so great that almost every house is provided with a room half under ground, in which the family spend the day. The greater part of the population consists of Arabs, the rest are Persians, Turks, and Armenians, and as there are no Europeans I was advised, if I

went out, to envelope myself in a large shawl and veil. The first I agreed to, but to the veil in such heat I could not submit, but marched out with my face uncovered, and even my great shawl I managed so awkwardly that my European clothing peeped out in various places. No one, however, offered me any offence.

I had been but a few days in Bassora when there arrived the English war steamer *Nitocris*, which during nine months of the year takes letters and papers to Bagdad, and the captain has generally the kindness to carry with him any stray European traveller who may have wandered so far as Bassora. This courtesy I also experienced, and he even gave up his cabin to me, without permitting me to offer any kind of payment. Had it not been for this favour the journey to Bagdad would have been most toilsome and difficult for me. The distance is about five hundred English miles, and any boat that I could have hired would have taken forty or fifty days to do it. By land, the distance is not more than three hundred and ninety miles, but the way leads through deserts traversed by hordes of robbers and wandering Bedouins, whose protection must be purchased at a high rate.

On the afternoon of the same day when we left Bassora we reached the Delta, where the Euphrates and Tigris unite their streams to form that to which (not knowing what else to call it, as both rivers are equally large,) they have given the name of *Shat el Arab*. This, according to some learned writers, is the precise spot where Paradise was situated. We entered the Tigris, and for several miles could still rejoice in the aspect of the beautiful date groves which had accompanied us almost without interruption from the sea. The country looked green and blooming on both sides, and fine corn-fields alternated with extensive pastures, sprinkled over with small trees and shrubs, but this fertility extends but a few miles inland, beyond it, and farther from the river, all is dreary desert. In several places we saw great hordes of Bedouins, who had pitched their tents in long lines close to the Tigris. Some of the tents were large and well covered, others, nothing more than a cloth or a few skins spread over two or three stakes, or perhaps a straw mat that scarcely sheltered the head from the burning sun. In winter, when the cold often reaches the freezing point, they have no other dwellings, and the mortality is said to be very great among them. These people have quite the aspect of savages. They have no other clothes



derly I had an opportunity of convincing myself that cuffs and kicks are not, as I had been told, essential to their right management.

In the district we were now passing through, we heard that lions often came from the mountains, and attacked cattle and sheep, but rarely human creatures. I had myself the good fortune to see a pair of these stately animals, but at so great a distance that I cannot say whether they excelled in size and beauty those in the menageries of Europe.

## MESOPOTAMIA.—BAGDAD AND BABYLON

*Bagdad—Climate, &c—Festival at the English Resident's—The Harera of the Pascha of Bagdad—Excursion to the Ruins of Ctesiphon—The Persian Prince Il-Hany-Ala-Euly-Mirza—Excursion to the Ruins of Babylon*

THE ancient city of the caliphs rises grandly on the sight from the distance. Its minarets and cupolas, inlaid with coloured tiles, glitter in the sun, palaces, city gates, and fortifications in endless lines, embrace the shores of the yellow, turbid, Tigris, and gardens, with dates and other fruit trees, cover the country round for miles, but as you approach the effect declines. We had scarcely cast anchor before the steamer was surrounded by a crowd of strange little boats, round like baskets, made of palm leaves, and smeared over with asphalt. They are called "*guffer*," are about six feet in diameter, three feet deep, and very safe, as they never turn over, and can go into the shallowest places. They are of very ancient invention. The town lies on both sides of the river, and numbers about 60,000 inhabitants, three fourths Turks, the remainder, Jews, Persians, Armenians, and about fifty or sixty Europeans.

I had a letter to Mr Rawlinson, the English resident, but Mr. Holland, the first officer in the steamer, had kindly invited me to his house, which was rendered especially agreeable to me by the presence of a lady, as he was a married man. I found Mrs. Holland a very handsome, amiable woman (a native of Bagdad), who, though only twenty-three years of age, was the mother of four children, the eldest of whom was eight years old.

The first thing I had to do before attempting to see the town was to get myself an immense shawl, called an *pear*, and a small

fez, with a shawl to wind round it. The sort of mask, made of closely-woven horsehair, with which the women here cover their faces, I would not submit to. It is impossible, indeed, to imagine a more inconvenient walking dress. The isar is always trailing in the dust, and it requires no little skill to hold it together so as to make it cover the whole body, and I could not help pitying the poor women when I saw them carrying a child, or perhaps going to wash in the river, with this troublesome dress to manage. They always came back dripping with water.

In order to have a good view of Bagdad, I climbed with some difficulty to the vaulted roof of the Osman-Chan, and from there I looked down on its countless houses, many of them lying in pretty gardens, with thousands on thousands of terraces, and the magnificent river flowing for five English miles through the far-stretching city, and then between groves of palm and fruit trees. The houses are but one story high, built of brick, burnt or unburnt, and having their backs, with perhaps one small grated window, turned towards the streets, which are narrow, and full of dust and dirt. The tradespeople and mechanics, as in all oriental cities, are distributed into particular quarters. There are few mosques, and those not handsome, but the old bazaar is one of the few memorials of what Bagdad was in its days of grandeur in the ninth century, and shows traces of handsome columns and arabesques, and the Chan-Osman, on which I was standing, has a beautiful portal and lofty cupolas that remind you of the city of Haroun al Raschid. The materials for nearly all the buildings are said to have been brought from the ruins of Babylon. Some of these ancient bricks which have been used in the fortifications are two feet in diameter, and more like blocks of stone. The fortifications, however, though very extensive, are seen, on a nearer inspection, to be extremely weak, and the guns upon them certainly not in the best condition.

The houses are handsomer inside than might be anticipated from the exterior, though not so splendidly fitted up as in Damascus. It is the custom, on account of the heat of the weather, to pass only the early morning in the common rooms, towards nine o'clock you take refuge in subterranean chambers, which are like cellars, lying fifteen or twenty feet below ground, and here you remain till evening, when you ascend to the terrace, where people drink tea, gossip, and receive visits till a late hour in the night. The cool breeze is at this time very delightful, and my maintain

that the moonlight nights are much finer than with us, but I cannot say I thought so. It is very common to pass the night on the terrace, under a mosquito net, but in winter the nights and mornings are so cold that people have fires in their rooms.

The climate is considered healthy, even for Europeans, although there is an unpleasant disease prevalent which our young ladies would feel a horror of, called the date or Aleppo boil. It is a kind of tumour, generally attacking the face, and which, beginning with a spot not larger than a pin's head, spreads to the size of a crown piece, and, even when healed, leaves an ugly scar behind it. Among a hundred faces you scarcely find one without this disfigurement, but those who have but one may be regarded as fortunate, for I saw many with two or three. It is said that it usually makes its appearance at the time when the dates are ripe, and lasts till the same period of the following year. No remedy for it has as yet been discovered, and though inoculation has been tried by the Europeans, it has not been with success.

It would seem that the disease is in some way connected with the Tigris, as it is not found at a few miles distance from the river, but it can hardly be, as has been supposed, occasioned by some fog or vapour rising from the water, for the crew of the English steamer, who remained constantly on the water, escaped it, though it is possible it may arise from the deposit of mud on the banks. One European, whom I knew, was a real martyr to it, having had no fewer than forty of these boils, and I myself, though I rejoiced at the time of my stay in Bagdad in having escaped, as I thought, with only one small one on the hand, was attacked by it most seriously six months after my return to Europe.

On the 24th of May I received an invitation from the English resident, Mr Rawlinson, to a grand fête in honour of the birthday of the Queen of England. At dinner we had only Europeans, but of the evening party there was a large assembly of the Christian part of the community of Bagdad, Armenians, Greeks, &c. The fête was held on the beautiful terraces of the house, which, as well as the court-yards and gardens, were splendidly illuminated. The blaze of lamps made it as light as day, and there were soft carpets, elastic divans, and refreshments of the finest kind, that might have made us fancy ourselves in Europe, but that the two bands of music were so undoubtedly oriental in the style of their performance as to prevent any such mistake.

Among the women and girls were some strikingly beautiful, and all had such eyes as few young men could gaze into without paying the penalty. To the effect of these eyes art certainly contributes a great deal, for, besides that their brilliancy and beauty is much heightened by the mode of colouring the eyebrows and eye-lashes, every hair is carefully drawn out that could mar the perfection of their shape, and the place of any that may be wanting is carefully supplied by the pencil. Thus devout attention to the business of the toilette extends even to women of the lowest class, but, in one point, their taste is certainly defective, for it is the fashion to spoil their fine black hair by staining it with henna, which changes it into an ugly brown-red. The dresses were rich, much in the Turkish fashion, with wide silk trousers, fastened round the ancle, and over these garments embroidered in gold, girdles, heavy with gold and precious stones, small turbans wound round with gold chains, and arms, neck, and breast glittering with jewels.

Charming, however, as was the first sight of these beautiful women in their gorgeous attire, the lifeless stillness of their aspect made them after a time very stupid. No ray of thought or emotion beamed upon those fair faces, all the spirit and fragrance of life was wanting, for there was no kind of mental culture. A native girl is reckoned quite sufficiently educated if she can just read a few religious books in her mother tongue. She never sees any other. On this grand occasion they did not even gossip, but sat perfectly motionless, but at a visit I paid to the Pacha's harem some days afterwards there was giggling and chattering enough, —indeed almost more than I could bear.

My visit had been expected, and the women (fifteen in number) were as splendidly dressed as before, and much in the same manner, with the difference that their caftans were made of transparent stuff, and their turbans were adorned with ostrich feathers. The summer-harem, in which I was received, is a pretty, low building, in the most modern European taste, standing in a flower garden, surrounded by an orchard. When I had been there about an hour, a table was spread, and chairs placed all round it. There were excellent dishes of meat, pilaus, pastry, and fruit, and the first lady, having invited me to take a place, and seated herself, did not wait for the rest, but instantly plunged her hands into the dishes, and selected her favourite morsels. I had to use my fingers too, for





and a Hungarian gentleman, Mr Swoboda, gave me a terrible picture of the condition of the city during that time. He and his family had shut themselves completely up, with one servant, and a store of provisions, and took in nothing but fresh water. The doors and windows were pasted up, and no one was allowed to show himself on the terrace, or in the open air, and to these precautions he attributed their exemption from the scourge, whilst whole families in the neighbourhood were carried off. As soon as the plague abated, the city was exposed to another visitation from the Arabs of the Desert, who plundered the empty houses, and overpowered, without difficulty, the few feeble inhabitants left in many others, Mr Swoboda agreed to pay a *tribute*, and so escaped further molestation. I was glad to make my escape from these mournful recollections, and this dismal quarter of the town, to the pleasant gardens of Bagdad, though they do not exactly answer to our idea of a garden, for they have neither flower beds, nor walks, nor lawns, nor grass at all, but many canals, and close thickets of fruit trees of all kinds, dates, peaches, apples, apricots, figs, mulberries, &c, surrounded by a brick wall.

I made from Bagdad two excursions, one to the ruins of Ctesiphon, the other to those of Babylon, the first distant eighteen, the second sixty miles from Bagdad. On both occasions Mr Rawlinson furnished me with good Arab horses, and a trustworthy servant, and my kind and careful hostess, Mrs Holland, wished to make for me a large store of provisions. But my rule in travelling is to do without all superfluities. Wherever human creatures are to be found, I carry with me no eatables, what they can live on, I eat, and if I do not like their food, it must be because I am not really hungry, and the remedy for that is to fast till I like any thing. I carried with me a leathern water bottle, but even this proved to be unnecessary, for we passed canals, and the Tigris itself, several times. The ride to Ctesiphon, if I did not mean to pass the night in the desert, had to be made between sunrise and sunset, for in Bagdad, as in other Turkish cities, the gates are locked when the sun goes down, and the keys carried to the commandant, and they are never opened again till sunrise. When we had gone nine miles, we had to cross the river Dhyalab, in a large boat, on the opposite side, in a sort of hole lined with brick, live some families, who maintain themselves by the ferry, and from them I was so fortunate as to procure some bread and buttermilk, which I found a most

welcome refreshment. From this place I could already see the ruins of Ctesiphon, although they were distant still nine miles.

Of the once mighty city of Ctesiphon, the winter residence of the rulers of Persia, there remains now scarcely any thing but some fragments of the palace of the Shah Chosroes, a colossal arched gateway, a part of the façade, and some side walls, but all these look so firm and solid, that they may stand there for many centuries yet. The arch of the gate is, I believe, the highest in the world, as it measures ninety feet from the ground, though the wall is not more than sixteen feet high. The façade is covered from top to bottom with small niches, arches and columns, and it has once been overlaid with a fine cement, in which the most beautiful arabesques were wrought. Opposite to these ruins, on the western shore of the Tigris, lie some walls that are all that remains of Seleucia\*. On both shores there extend far around low hills, which are found at a small depth to contain ruins and brick rubbish. Scattered about among these on the shore of the Tigris were some tents inhabited by Arabs of the Desert. They looked by no means so wild as those I had before seen, and indeed I could have passed days and nights among them without any fear. By the time I had paid my visit to these dirty acquaintances another and much more agreeable one was awaiting me. A Persian came towards me, and pointing to some handsome tent pitched at no great distance, addressed to me a short speech, which signified, as my interpreter informed me, that a Persian prince was residing in those tents, and politely requested through this, his ambassador, that I would pay him a visit. I accepted the invitation with great pleasure, and met with a most courteous reception from his Highness *Il-Hany-Ala-Daly-Mirza*, a handsome young man, who moreover, I was informed, could speak French, but when we came to the trial, his Highness's stock did not extend further than "*Vous parlez Français?*" Fortunately, one of his people knew a little more of English, so that we could get on somehow.

I learned from the interpreter that the prince usually lived in Bagdad, but on account of the oppressive heat had come to rest

\* The favourable position of Seleucia, where the Tigris and the Euphrates approach each other so nearly, contributed to make this one of the greatest commercial cities of the ancient world. It is said to have contained 60,000 inhabitants, of whom the most important part were Greeks, living under their own free constitution. It was destroyed in the time of the Roman Emperor Vespasian.



proportioned, her features fine, of a true antique cast, her complexion dazzlingly fair, with a delicate colour on the cheeks (though this was not pure nature), and her eyes were large and brilliant, with a slight expression of melancholy. The poor young thing had no companions but an old servant and a young gazelle. One ornament of her face, consisting of a broad blue stripe, which meeting over the nose, formed two arches to the temples, gave a very peculiar, and not very agreeable, character to the face. The hands and arms were also disfigured with tattooing—a custom not uncommon among the Mahomedan women of Bagdad. The costume of this beauty was much the same as those of the Pacha's wives, only that, instead of a little turban, she had on her head a white muslin, which could be drawn over her face at pleasure.

As the interpreter could not enter this sanctuary with me, our conversation was of course not very animated, indeed we could not speak at all, but were obliged to be satisfied with making signs, and looking at each other. When I returned to the prince I expressed my admiration at the charms of his young wife, and asked what country had produced such a gem of loveliness. He named the North of Persia, but assured me that his other wives, of whom he had four in Bagdad, and four in Tcheran, were much more beautiful than this one.

I was now about to take my leave, but the prince begged me to remain a little longer, and ordered in two minstrels, one a singer, and the other a player on a sort of mandolin with five strings. They both kept good time, and seldom made false notes, and the singer made an amazing number of flourishes, though his voice was not pure or well cultivated. The Persian songs and musical pieces have, however, great compass and variety, and for a long time I had heard no such good musical performance.

I got into Bagdad again before sunset, and though I had had a ride of six and thirty miles, and had rambled about a great deal on foot, and the heat was tremendous, I was not immoderately fatigued, and two days afterwards I set off for the ruins of Babylon.

The district in which these ruins lie is now called Irak-Arab, the former Babylonia and Chaldaea. As we rode on, the palm-tree gradually became scarcer and scarcer, the cultivated land less and less, and the desert advanced more and more, spreading its deadly influence over all life and vegetation.

By the time we had gone twenty miles to Chan Assad the stunted herbage scarcely sufficed even for the abstinent camel. From Chan Assad to Hilla the way is one mournful and monstrous waste

We came to the place where once stood the City of Borosipa, and where there is still one column of the palace of Nourivan, at least so it is said, but I could nowhere find it, though the desert lay open before me, and a bright sunset gave me light enough. I had to content myself, therefore, with thinking of the great Alexander, on this the last scene of his exploits, where he was warned not again to enter Babylon. Instead of the column I saw the ruins of one large and several small canals, the former connecting the Tigris with the Euphrates, and altogether serving for the irrigation of the country, but of course all now in a state of decay.

*May 31st*—On the remote horizon I saw to-day what I took for groups of trees, but, like Metheth's wood, it advanced to meet me, and gradually as it came closer developed itself into long legs, humps—in short a vast herd of camels, as much, certainly, as seven or eight thousand, many of them carrying burdens of women or children, but most going empty, so that this was probably the migration of a wandering tribe in search of new pastures. Among them I saw a few of those snow-white camels which are so highly prized, almost worshipped, by the Arabs. I saw also this day a new kind of bird, much like a green parrot, only that the beak was slenderer and less crooked, and which nestles in holes in the earth. The place where they were was one of the most dreary in the whole desert, and far and wide not a single blade of grass was to be seen.

The heat had now risen to 45 (Reaumur), and was still more insupportable from a glowing hot wind that accompanied it, and drove clouds of sand in your face. This day also we passed many canals, now half filled up.

The chians met with on this road are the finest and most secure that I have anywhere seen, they are like little fortresses. A lofty gateway leads into a great court-yard, surrounded by spacious halls, with brick walls of considerable thickness. In these halls you find long ranges of alcoves, every one of which is large enough to form a sleeping place for three or four persons. the alcoves are places for the cattle, and in the court-yard

terrace five feet high, on which travellers may sleep in the hot nights, and rings for tethering the cattle, that they also may, if it is desired, remain in the open air. These chans are intended for the great caravans, and are capable of accommodating five hundred travellers at a time, with their cattle and baggage. They are sometimes maintained by the government, but more frequently by rich people, who think by this means to gain a step in their ascent to Heaven. Every chan has ten or twelve soldiers for a guard, the doors are locked at night; and for all the security and accommodation afforded him the traveller has nothing whatever to pay. Near the chan, too, some Arabian families have usually taken up their abode, who furnish the travellers with camel's milk, bread, coffee, and often camel's or goat's flesh. The camel's milk I found rather heavy, but the meat good, and a good deal like beef. Travellers provided with a firman from a Pacha are allowed to take with them one or two of the mounted soldiers from one chan to another, and as I enjoyed this advantage I made use of the privilege when we were travelling at night.

It was afternoon when we arrived at a spot whence we could see the fine date groves beyond which lie the ruins of Babylon, part of the site of which is occupied by the town of Hilla. Four miles from it we turned to the right from the road, and soon found ourselves between enormous masses, like hills of bricks and rubbish. The largest of these is 140 feet high, and above 2000 feet in circumference. The date usually assigned to the building of the city is about 2,000 years before the birth of Christ, and 2,000,000 men and all the architects and artists of the vast Assyrian empire were called to take part in the work. The town wall was 150 high and 20 feet broad, defended by 230 towers, and closed by 100 gates. It was divided by the Euphrates into two parts, and on either bank stood a magnificent palace connected by a bridge. According to tradition, there was even a tunnel beneath the bed of the river, and three colossal figures of wrought gold adorned the tower of the Temple of Belus. Six hundred and thirty years before Christ, Babylon was still flourishing in splendour. The Temple of Belus was destroyed by Xerxes, and Alexander wished to restore it, but as it took 10,000 men two months,—some say two years,—merely to clear away the rubbish, he got tired of the work. Of the two palaces, one is conjectured to have been a castle, and the other the residence of the monarch, but they are filled with





the dishes, but only took up straw fans to wave off the flies from the heads of their lords and masters. I presume they got a meal afterwards inside the house, but neither on the terrace nor in the court-yard did I see them eat anything. When the time came for going to rest, men and women enveloped themselves entirely, from head to foot, in coverings, and lay down on the terrace, but neither took off a single article of dress.

Six English miles from Hilla, in what was once called the plain of Shinar, lie the ruins of Birs-Nimrod, and to visit these I engaged the services of two Arabs for an escort and two fresh horses. There is a mound near the Euphrates of 265 feet high, and a part of a wall of between twenty and thirty. Most of the bricks are covered with inscriptions, and near these walls lie some great black blocks, which might be taken for lava, but that on a nearer inspection there are traces of masonry to be seen on them, and it is therefore to be presumed that their present condition is the effect of lightning.

From the summit of these hills you get an immense prospect over the desert, the town of Hilla and its beautiful palm groves, and over countless mounds of brick and earth. Not far from where I stood was a Mahomedan house of prayer, said to be on the spot where Shadrach and his companions were flung into the fiery furnace for refusing to worship the idols.

Towards evening the family of my obliging host paid me a visit, accompanied by several other women and children, their natural good sense and delicacy having prevented them from disturbing me on the day of my arrival, when they knew me to be wearied by my long ride. I cannot say but that I would willingly have excused the visit now, for Arabs, rich or poor, have but little idea of cleanliness, and the very filthy little children insisted upon sitting on my lap or in my arms, and I knew no way to decline that pleasure. Many of them had Aleppo boils, and others were afflicted with cutaneous diseases, so that I was very glad when the women and children left me and were replaced by my host, who was at least clean, and had more knowledge of the world.

The next day I left Hilla at sunrise, and rode without stopping sixteen miles to Scandaria, where I rested for some hours, and then went on another sixteen to Bir-Yanus. At one o'clock in the morning I set off again, escorted by a single soldier. We had ridden about four or five miles when we thought we perceived, at a distance

distance some very suspicious sounds, and my servant signified to me that I should remain quite still, that our presence might not be observed, and the soldier then alighted from his horse, and crept rather than walked through the sand to reconnoitre. My weariness was so great, that, though alone in the dark night, in the dreary desert, I could not help falling asleep on my horse, and only waked up when the soldier, with a joyful shout, came back to say there were no robbers, but a sheik, who, with his suite, was going to Bagdad. We immediately gave our horses the spur, and joined the procession. The chief saluted me by pressing his hand on his brow and his breast, and moreover, as a sign of good intentions, presented arms to me, his weapon being a club, with an iron knob at the end, furnished with many points, exactly like our well-known "morning star," a weapon that sheiks only are allowed to carry.

Until sunrise I remained in his company, and I then urged on my horse, and at eight o'clock was once more seated in my room at Bagdad, after having ridden 132 miles in three days and a half, besides rambling about a great deal on foot.

I had now seen every thing there was to be seen in Bagdad, and was beginning my preparations for continuing my journey to Ispahan, when I received a letter from Prince *Il Hony Ala Euly Mirza*, to say that he had had bad news from his country. The province of Ispahan was in a state of insurrection, the governor had been murdered, and my going to Persia at present was out of the question. I therefore took the resolution to go first to Mossul, and there await till circumstances should determine my further course.

## MOSSUL AND NINEVEH

*Caravan Journey through the Desert—Arrival at Mossul—Things to be seen—Excursion to the Ruins of Nineveh and the Village of Nebryanis—Second Excursion to Nineveh—Tel-Nimrod—Arabian Horses—Departure from Mossul*

In order to travel safely and without too great cost from Bagdad to Mossul, it is necessary to join a caravan, and I begged Mr Swoboda to recommend me to a trustworthy leader. He endeavoured to dissuade me from trusting myself entirely to the

Arabs, and thought I ought at least to take with me a servant of my own. But this would have occasioned too heavy expenses for my very slender means, and besides I knew the people tolerably well, and believed that I could trust them.

A caravan was to set off on the 14th of June, but a caravan leader is in this respect like the captain of a ship, and one must always give him a few days grace, so the 14th turned out to be really the 17th. The distance from Bagdad to Mosul is about three hundred English miles, which usually takes twelve or fourteen days. The mode of travelling is on horseback or on mules, and, in the hottest season, during the night. I hired for myself and my trifling luggage a mule, for which I was to pay the low price of seven and a half florins (12s 6d), and to have no further expense or trouble about his keep, and we were all to assemble in the caravansera before the city gate at five o'clock in the afternoon. Mr Swoboda accompanied me thither, recommended me to the particular care of the leader, and promised him a good *bachsheesh* on his return if he should have been properly attentive, and then without any other protection I commenced my toilsome and dangerous journey through steppe and desert.

I was now travelling like the poorest Arab, and would have to make up my mind, as he would, to endure the glowing heat of the sun, to live on bread and water, or a handful of dates or cucumbers, and to content myself with the scorched ground for a bed. I had written out a short list of Arabic words for articles of the greatest necessity, but the language of signs was quite familiar to me, and by these means and that of the words together I got on wonderfully. I got indeed so much into the habit of making signs, that even in places where I knew the language perfectly well I found myself if I did not take care, having recourse to my hands to express for me.

Whilst Mr Swoboda was taking leave of me, some bread and a few other needful provisions had been placed in a bag, and hung across the back of my mule. My cloak and a pillow formed a soft convenient seat, when I was once upon it, though the climbing up was rather difficult, as I had no stirrups. The caravan was small at present, counting only six and a half animals, most of them carrying burdens, and twelve Arabs walked on foot.

At six o'clock we were in motion, and some miles beyond the town we were joined by other travellers, traders with beasts of burden, so that our procession soon amounted to sixty, but the number varied every evening, some going and others coming. Sometimes we looked like a regular rabble, and I was more afraid of our own company than the robbers, indeed I thought they might happen to be identical, for thieves often join caravans in order to find opportunities for pursuing their profession. In any case I could reckon nothing on the protection of such a caravan consisting of traders, pilgrims, and so forth, most of whom had never drawn a sword or fired a pistol in their lives. A few dozens of well-armed robbers could with ease have put to flight hundreds of them.

We rode on the first night for ten hours till we reached Yeugitsché. The country was flat and barren, there were neither men nor houses nor cultivated lands. Some miles after we passed Bagdad indeed all culture seemed to be suddenly cut off, and it was not till we reached Yeugitsché that we again saw stubble fields and palms, which showed that the industry of man was still able to wring something from nature.

Caravan travelling is very wearisome. You go always at a walk, and nine, even twelve hours, at a stretch. You lose your rest at night, and in the daytime the heat, the flies, and the mosquitoes make it almost impossible to recover any of your lost sleep.

The ehan at Yeugitsché by no means equalled in beauty and cleanliness those on the road to Babylon, but it was surrounded by a little village into which hunger drove me in search of food. I went from hut to hut, and at last was lucky enough to make the conquest of three eggs and some milk, with which I promptly returned to my ehan, after having filled my water-bottle at the Tigris. The eggs I baked in hot ashes, and ate immediately, the milk I put by for the evening, and I certainly felt more satisfaction in my hardly-earned meal than many do at the best furnished tables.

On my foraging expedition through the village I observed that it had formerly been a place of more importance, as there were many fallen houses and huts, but the plague had carried off all but a few families. I saw here a new mode of making butter, by merely shaking the cream in a leathern bottle, but the butter so

made was as white as snow, so that if I had not seen it made I should have taken it for lard.

At ten o'clock at night our caravan got under weigh again, and we rode without stopping for eleven hours. The country through which we passed appeared to be less desolate than the nearer to Bagdad, and the barking of dogs and the group of palm trees intimated the existence of villages, though we could not see them. At sunrise we rejoiced in the sight of a low range of hills that relieved the continued monotony of the plains.

*June 19th*—Yesterday I was finding fault with the chain of Yeugitsche, but to-day I should have been thankful for a much worse, that would have afforded me some protection from the scorching beams of the sun, which streamed down upon me with intolerable fierceness. But we halted on a stubble field far from any human dwelling. My caravan leader threw a cloth over a couple of sticks, and endeavoured so to procure me a little shelter, but the place was so small, and this imitation of a tent so slight that I had to remain constantly in a sitting posture, and quiet still, lest by the slightest movement I might bring it down. Here I envied the missionaries and naturalists who make their difficult journeys with pack-horses, tents, provisions, and servants. For refreshment I had only lukewarm water, bread so hard that I could not possibly eat it without soaking, and a cucumber without salt or vinegar. But my courage and patience did not desert me, and I never for a single moment repented having exposed myself to these hardships.

that I bent over them as friends and found my eyes dim with tears.

This day we set off again at five o'clock in the evening, as we had the most dangerous part of the journey between this and the next station and we meant to try and reach it before a very late hour. The vast flat sandy desert now changed a little its character, hard flints rattled under the hoofs of the horses and rocks and rocky hills alternated with mounds of earth. Had this tract continued longer I should have taken it for the dried up bed of a river, as it was it looked like a piece of ground left bare by the retreating of the sea. In many places there were crystals of salt that glittered in the sun.

Our leader urged on the beasts, for this spot is regarded as dangerous because the rocks and hills afford places of concealment for robbers and the poor animals had to hurry on over stock and stone at a much sharper pace than they are accustomed to, so that before it was quite dark we had passed that tract, and could pursue our journey more at leisure. Towards one in the morning we came in sight of the small town of Kiratappa and took up our quarters on a stubble field about a mile or two from it. Here the very desert plains were at an end, and henceforth we were to travel through a cultivated country intersected by hills. The next day we got to Kuferi.

All these Turkish towns are much alike, and there is little to be said about them. The streets are dirty, the houses built of mud or unburnt brick, the shops wretched booths, the people disgustingly dirty, and the women increase their natural ugliness by dyeing their hair and nails red-brown with henna, and tattooing their hands and arms. At five and twenty they look quite old.

On the 25th of June we reached a village which was the home of our leader, and his house lay, with several others, in a large dirty court-yard, surrounded by a wall that had but a single entrance. This court resembled a regular camp, for all the inhabitants, as well as their horses and asses, were lying sleeping about it. Our animals recognised their own places, and trotted so fast by the sleepers that I was quite in fear for them. However these creatures are very careful, and the men knew it, and remained quietly where they were.

My Arab had been three weeks absent, and had returned now for a very short time, and except one little old woman no one of



where I could obtain shelter from the sun, and I found a hut where there were already several people, two asses, and a large number of cocks and hens. The proprietress, a particularly unpleasant looking old Arab woman, allowed me for a small consideration to lie down in a corner where, at least, the burning rays could not reach me, but beyond this I had not the smallest accommodation, yet this hut appeared to be considered a desirable place of residence, for from early morning till late in the evening there was always a crowd of company present. Some came to gossip only, others brought their flour to knead into bread in order to enjoy the gossip at the same time. In the background children were bathed and cleansed from vermin, and in the midst of all this the asses brayed, and fowls flew upon and dirtied everything. To the honour of the people, however, I must state that though there were among them men of the poorest classes constantly going in and out, no one of them offered me the slightest insult, even the women left me at peace.

In the evening, before our departure, a meal of mutton was boiled, in a kettle that had previously been filled with dirty linen; this was emptied out, and without the ceremony of washing, the mutton put in, and then the cookery went on in exactly the same style as on the former occasion.

On the following day we had to cross a large river, and this was effected on a raft, probably of a very ancient kind, inflated skins were fastened together by means of some poles, and on these were laid boards, reeds, and canes. There were eight and twenty skins, and the raft was seven feet broad, and the same length, and carried half a dozen men and three horse burdens at a time, but, as our caravan consisted at this time of two and thirty animals, we took nearly half a day to get across. The horses were tied four or five together, and led by a man seated astride on a skin; the feebler ones, as well as the asses, had skins tied on their backs.

Most striking is in this part of Mesopotamia the entire want of trees, for the last five days I had not seen one, and I believe there must be many people who have never seen one in their lives. There were tracts of twenty or thirty miles where there was not so much as a shrub, though there is no want of water, for no day passed in which we did not cross one or two rivers, large or small.

The town of Mossul came into view twenty miles before we reached it, it lies on a low hill in a very large valley on the



western shore of the Tigris, which is here considerably narrower than at Bagdad

We reached Mossul at seven o'clock in the morning, and I was in perfect health, though in the fortnight past I had only taken a warm meal, had had no opportunity of changing my clothes, and had been almost constantly exposed to tremendous heat.

I alighted first at the caravansery, and then got some one to take me to the English vice-consul, Mr Nassim, to whom my coming had already been announced in a letter from Mr Rawlinson, and who had had a room made ready for me.

My first walk was through the town, but there is little to be said concerning it, it is surrounded with fortifications, and has about 2,500 inhabitants, but amongst them scarcely a dozen Europeans, there are many coffee booths, and extensive, though not handsome bazaars. The entrances to the houses are low and narrow, and furnished with strong doors, as in former times the town was frequently exposed to hostile attacks, but, when you get inside, you find beautiful court yards, lofty airy rooms, with large windows and doors, and the walls of the ground floors mostly of marble, of which there is a rich quarry directly before the town. Here also it is the custom to pass the hot hours of the day in the subterranean chamber or sardab, and in the month of July, even there, the temperature will rise to ninety-nine degrees, when the burning simoom comes sweeping across the Desert. During my stay several people died suddenly, it was said of the heat, and even the birds suffered much, and kept their beaks wide open and their wings stretched out from their bodies. The eyes are often greatly affected here, but the Aleppo boil is less frequent than in Bagdad.

Amongst my sufferings from the heat at Mossul, however, I cannot at all events count that of a decrease of appetite—probably it might be in consequence of the severe regimen on which I had lately been kept, but I really think I could have eaten at every hour of the day.

During my stay at Mossul, a great body of Turkish troops passed through the country. The Pacha rode out to meet them, and then marched into the city at the head of the infantry. These troops were infinitely better dressed than those I had seen in Constantinople in 1842, they wore the fez,—had white trousers and blue spencers with red facings, and looked very well. The cavalry remained outside the town, and pitched their tents along the Tigris.

As soon as I had in some measure recovered from the fatigues of my journey, I begged my kind host to furnish me with a servant to accompany me to the ruins of Nineveh,—but instead of a servant, a Mr Ross and the sister of Mrs Rassom were good enough to bear me company. We viewed on the first morning, the ruins that lie nearest, on the opposite side of the Tigris at the village of Neby-yunis,—and the next day the more distant, eighteen miles down the river, at a place called Tel-Nimrod.

According to Strabo, Nineveh was still larger than Babylon,—and the greatest city in the world, the circumference of its walls was three days' journey, and the wall was defended by fifteen hundred towers. Now all is covered with earth, and only occasionally when the peasant's plough makes a furrow in the field does a fragment of brickwork or marble come to sight. Whole ranges of hills that extend across the boundless plain on the left bank of the Tigris, and lose themselves in the distance, cover, as is now known with certainty, the ruins of the city. In the year 1846, the celebrated Mr Layard began here the excavations which have been crowned with such distinguished success. Passages were dug in the hills, and soon the excavators came to large and stately apartments whose walls were of marble covered from top to bottom with reliefs. There were kings with their crowns and sceptres, gods with vast pinions, warriors with their arms and shields,—there were representations of hunts, of battles, of the storming of fortresses, of triumphal processions,—but, unfortunately, proportion, perspective, and correct drawing are wanting. The hills are scarcely three times higher than the men, the fields reach to the clouds, the trees are no bigger than the lotus-flowers, and the heads of men and animals are all after the same models, and all in profile. On many walls is that club-shaped sign or letter which distinguishes what is called the cuneiform character, and which is only found on Persian and Babylonian monuments.

Among all the chambers that were brought to light, only one had walls, not of marble, but of fine painted cement. But these walls, notwithstanding the utmost care, could not be preserved. As soon as the air reached them, the cement cracked, and fell off. The marble also had in many places been changed into lime by the terrific conflagration which laid the whole city in ashes. Many marble slabs with reliefs and cuneiform inscriptions have, however, been taken from the walls, and sent to England. When I

was in Bassora, a whole cargo of these antiquities, including a sphinx, lay ready to be sent off

On our return, we visited the little village of Neby-yunis, which lies near the ruins on a slight elevation, and which is celebrated on account of a mosque where, according to tradition, the remains of the prophet Jonas lie buried, which every year are visited by thousands of devout pilgrims. On this excursion, we passed many fields where the people were separating the corn from the straw in a quite peculiar manner, with a machine consisting of two wooden tubs, between which was a roller with ten or twelve broad, long, blunt knives, or choppers. The whole was drawn by two horses or oxen over the bundles of corn, and when it had all been chopped up it was flung up into the air with shovels, in order to separate the corn from the chaff.

As we came home we saw near the walls of Mossul two sulphur springs, betrayed from a considerable distance by their smell. They rise in natural basins, and though they have been surrounded by high walls, every one is at liberty to bathe in them,—the women at certain hours, the men at others,—without putting his hand in his pocket. People here are not so envious and niggardly with the free gifts of nature as they are in Europe.

Tel-Nimrod lies, as I have said, eighteen miles down the Tigris, here the earth mounds lie thickest, and here the principal excavations are being made. To visit them we seated ourselves one evening on a raft, and glided in the moonlight along the desolate shores. After a voyage of about seven hours, we landed at one o'clock in the morning at the miserable village that bears the proud name of Nimrod; we awakened some of the inhabitants, who were all lying asleep outside their huts, got fire made, and some coffee, and then lay down on some carpets we had brought with us, to wait for the morning light.

At dawn we mounted horses, which are always to be had, and rode a short distance to the excavations. We saw a number of hills opened, but there were not, as at Herculaneum, whole houses, streets, and squares, but only single chambers, at the utmost three or four connected together, and even then the outer walls were not free from earth. The articles brought to light perfectly resemble those discovered at Mossul, but they are in greater number. I saw also here figures of gods, as animals with human heads, and of a colossal size. There were four of these, but two

of them considerably damaged, the others were not in the best preservation, but sufficiently so to show that the art of sculpture had not reached any high degree of perfection when they were made. A small sphynx undamaged, and an obelisk of inconsiderable height, had just been sent off to England, but when Mr Layard returned to his country the excavations had to be again closed up, as the wandering Arabs had begun to injure the antiquities. Mr Rawlinson, of Bagdad, has occupied himself so much with the cuneiform character that he can now read it well, and to his industry we are indebted for many of the translations.

Our return to Mossul was made on horseback in five hours and a half. The horses had only a quarter of an hour's rest, and nothing but water to refresh them, and they would have the whole distance back again to do in the greatest heat of the day. It is wonderful what these Arab horses can endure, for Mr Ross informed me that the post stations sometimes lie seventy-two miles apart. The finest horses are found about Bagdad and Mossul, and they fetch a high price. Some, which had just been bought for the Queen of Spain, and which Mr Rassam had in his stable, had cost a hundred and fifty pounds each. Their long narrow heads, fiery eyes, and slender beautifully formed legs, would have thrown a connoisseur into raptures.

After remaining some time at Mossul I found I could, without great risk to my life, venture to undertake the journey to Persia, although I was compelled to take a circuitous route. A caravan was going to Tebris, and Mr Rassam undertook to arrange my route as far as Ravandus, and furnish me with some letters to natives of that place. I was warned that I should not, on the entire way, meet with a single European, and as I could not feel very confident that my undertaking would have a happy issue, I first sent off my papers to Europe, in order that if I should be robbed or killed my journal at least might reach the hands of my sons.





reeds, and looked as if a puff of wind would blow them down. The people wore almost entirely the oriental costume, but in a most dirty and ragged condition. The surrounding hills were barren, and trees were still great rarities, at most there grew in the vallies some amaranths, wild artichokes, and thistles. The noble pilgrim thought proper, when we halted, to point out to me a place among the lowest of our company, but without giving him any answer I went and deposited myself under a fig tree. Ali, who was really a better fellow than he looked, brought me a pot of buttermilk, and so this day, on the whole, I may be considered to have fared well.

Several women came out of the village and begged of me, but I gave them nothing, for I knew, by experience, that if you give to one you may to all. I had once only given a little ring to a child, and immediately I had the mother and grandmother importuning me to make them also a present, and I had great difficulty in preventing them making their way, by force of arms, to my pocket, since then I was more cautious, but one of the women here soon changed her begging tone into one so threatening that I was heartily glad I was not alone in her company.

At four in the afternoon we broke up our camp, the pilgrim left us, and the caravan now only consisted of five men. After an hour and a half's travelling, we reached a height whence we had a prospect over an extensive and well-cultivated hilly country. The soil in Kurdistan is incomparably better than that of Mesopotamia, and the country is therefore more populous, and villages occur more frequently. Before night-fall, we reached a valley where there were some fresh-looking rice plantations and fine shrubs, and a pretty little brook was murmuring along a bed set with canes and green rushes,—a most welcome and refreshing sight after the heat of the day. Our satisfaction did not however last long,—for one of our party,—the tradesman, suddenly became so ill that he nearly fell from his mule, and remained lying on the spot. We covered him with carpets, but could do nothing more for him, as we had neither medicine nor any other requisite. Fortunately after a few hours he fell asleep, and we could only endeavour to do likewise. In the morning he felt well again, which we were particularly glad to hear, as we had that day a most fatiguing and mountainous road before us. We had to go constantly up and down hill, along the side of a valley following the course of the

river Bâdin, which winds like a serpent from one side to the other. In the valley pomegranate trees and oleanders were in full bloom, and wild vines hung their draperies on tree and shrub. After a dangerous ride of six hours, we came to a ford but our raft was so small that it could hold little luggage and only two people at a time, so that it took us four hours to get across the river.

The next day our road became still worse, for we had to cross a considerable mountain ridge. Far and wide we had only rocks and stones, but I remarked to my astonishment that in many places the stones had been removed in order to make use of every little spot of ground capable of cultivation. I saw, nevertheless, no villages, but they must have existed, for on many of the heights there were large burial places.

Our halt on the following day was in the romantic valley of Halifan, which is surrounded by lofty mountains, rising on one side precipitously, and on the other sloping gradually down. Everything looked blooming and verdant, and we passed between plantations of tobacco and rice meadows and stubble fields. There was a village pleasantly situated at the foot of a hill, and surrounded by poplars, while a stream, bright and clear as crystal, rushed impetuously from the mountains, but flowed more gently through the valley, and away over the hills, towards the west, I saw numerous herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep and goats.

We encamped, however, far away from the village, and I could get nothing to eat but dry bread, and no couch but the hard ground of the stubble field. I counted this evening, nevertheless, as among the most delightful I had had, for the lovely landscape around me made ample amends for the want of any other enjoyment.

Ali granted us only half a night, for at two o'clock again the word was "to horse." Scarcely a hundred paces from where we were lying there was a magnificent mountain pass. The lofty walls were cleft to leave a passage for the stream, and a narrow foot-path beside it. The moon shone in her fullest splendour, otherwise it would have been difficult even for these practised animals to keep their footing along the narrow and dangerous way, among rolling stones and fallen masses of rock.

The good creatures scrambled along the steep mountain-side like chamois, and carried us safely past dreadful precipices at the bottom of which the river dashed along from rock to rock. This



night-scene was so wild and striking that even my uncultivated companions were involuntarily silent, awe-struck, and as we moved along no other sound was heard than the clatter of the horses' hoofs and the noise of the stones which, set in motion by them, rolled down into the abyss. Nothing else disturbed the death-like stillness.

We had been going along thus for about an hour, when the moon all at once became covered with thick clouds, and the darkness was so total that we could scarcely see a step before us. Our leader kept constantly striking fire with a flint, in order that the sparks might enable us to see in some measure where we were going, but this was not sufficient, and the animals began to stumble and slip, and soon there was nothing for it but to halt and stand motionless one behind another—as if we had suddenly been changed to stone—till morning. But with the dawn of light our life returned again, and we cheerfully urged on our steeds, and soon found ourselves in an indescribably beautiful circle of mountains. Right and left, before and behind, they rose one above another, and far in the back-ground towered above all a mighty giant crowned with snow. But the pleasure I had in contemplating this scene met with a sudden shock.

A short distance before we reached the plateau we noticed, at several places on the ground, spots of blood, to which we paid very little attention, as a horse or a mule might have scratched themselves against the rocks and left those traces behind. But soon we came to a spot that left no doubt of the origin of these stains, it was covered with a complete pool of blood, and looking down into the abyss below, we saw two human bodies, one hanging scarcely a hundred feet below the ledge on which we were—the other, which had rolled further, half hidden by a projecting crag. This told its own tale, and we hastened away from the hateful scene of murder. I could not get it out of my mind for days together.

In the valley on the other side of the plateau we found grapes, and further on came to a village of huts covered with leaves, near which, on the summits of two neighbouring mountains, we perceived fortifications. Here the rest of our travelling companions stopped, but Ali went on with me a couple of miles more, to the town of Ravandus, which we did not see till we were nearly upon it.

The aspect of this town is very singular. It lies on a steep round hill, perfectly isolated, but surrounded by mountains, and the houses lie in terraces one above another so completely that their flat roofs, covered with hard trodden clay, look like little squares, and really serve the houses lying above them for a passage, so that it is often hard to tell which is roof and which street. Upon many of them there are also leafy arbours, where the people sleep.

I did not feel much pleased at the sight of this eagles' nest, for I could not help thinking it was no place for opportunities of travelling further, and every step strengthened me in the opinion. Ravandus was one of the most wretched places I had seen. Ah! led me across a deplorable barrier into a dirty court that I took for a stable, but which turned out to be the den. When I had alighted I was conducted into a dark hole where the merchant to whom I had been recommended was sitting on the ground before his shop. Thus Mr. Mansur was nevertheless the first of his class in Ravandus.

He was a full quarter of an hour spelling through the note I had brought with me, though it consisted only of a few lines, and after that he saluted me with repeated salams, which were meant to signify that I was welcome.

The good man probably guessed that this did not the smallest morsel had passed my lips, for he ordered breakfast to be immediately served up, consisting of bread, lean cheese and melons, to which I did ample justice.

With the conversation I did not get on quite so well, for he knew no European tongue—I no Asiatic one, but I managed to make him understand by signs that I wished him to forward me as soon as possible on my journey, and he made it intelligible to me on his side that he would do so, and moreover that he would provide for my comfort during my stay, and as he was not married himself, would take me to the house of a relation.

He kept his word and conducted me, after breakfast, to a house that precisely resembled that of the Arab at Kerkoo, only that the courtyard was smaller and full of puddles.

Under the gateway, upon some very dirty carpets, sat some especially misty-looking women playing with little children, and I was obliged to crouch down beside them and undergo the customary curious investigations. I endured this for a time, and then I

got up and left the charming company to look for some place where I could bring my toilette a little into order, for for six days, in a heat equal to that under the line, I had not changed my clothes

I found at last a dark dirty hole of a room, which, besides the disgust its appearance occasioned, gave me no small apprehension of vermin and scorpions. I had always been afraid of the latter, and at first fancied I should meet with them everywhere in this country, as I had read in books of travels that they were here in countless numbers. But subsequently my fears rather diminished, for even in subterranean chambers and among ruins I had never seen one. Indeed in my whole long journey I never saw but two. But I suffered much from vermin—indeed there is often no way of freeing yourself from them but that of burning your clothes.

I had scarcely taken possession of this very uninviting apartment, where at least I thought I should enjoy quiet, when one woman presented herself, then another, and then another, the women were followed by the children, the children by the neighbours, who had heard of the arrival of an *Inglesi* (for here they have no notion of any foreigner that is not an Englishwoman), and at last I found I was worse off than under the gateway.

At length one of my visitors hit on the happy idea of offering me a bath, and I accepted the offer with great joy. They got the hot water ready and made me a sign to follow them, I did so, and came into a sheep-pen, and one that had not been cleaned for as many years perhaps as it had stood. Here they pushed together two stones, and intimated that I was to stand upon them and have the water poured over me, and that in the presence of the whole company who had followed me like my shadow. I desired them to go away, explaining that I would do what was necessary myself, and they complied, but, alas! the pen had no door, and they all turned round at the entrance and stood looking in.

My delightful hope of a bath faded away—for it is hardly necessary to say that I did not choose to bathe in the presence, and for the entertainment of a large party.

Four days did I pass among these people, the days in the dark hole—the evenings and nights upon the terrace. Like my hostess, I had to crouch upon the ground, and if I wanted to write to make use of my knees for a table. Every day I was told, To-morrow a caravan will go, but it was said only to tranquilize me, for it

was easy to see I did not like my abode. The women lounged idly about the whole day, and slept or gossiped or quarrelled with the children, finding much better to go in dirty rags than to wash or patch them. The children were allowed completely to tyrannise over them. They did not indeed, exactly strike their parents, but if they did not get all they wanted immediately, they flung themselves on the ground and kicked and screamed till their will was obeyed. During the day there were no regular meals, but women and children were perpetually eating bread, cucumbers, melons and buttermilk. In the evening every one bathed and washed hands, face and feet,—a ceremony that was often repeated three or four times before the prayer, but they had no hesitation in gossiping all the time it was going on. Perhaps, among ourselves, however, there might sometimes be seen at prayers very little more of true devotion.

Notwithstanding the great faults of these people they were not deficient in good nature, and when I noticed any thing amiss in their behaviour they were very willing to acknowledge themselves in the wrong. A little girl of seven years old, for instance, named Ascha, was particularly naughty. The moment anything was refused her, she would fling herself on the ground, howl with all her might, and even roll herself purposely in the dirt, and then come and lay her hands on the bread and melons. I tried to make her understand the impropriety of this proceeding, and I succeeded beyond my expectations.

The only plan I could think of was to imitate her behaviour as closely as I could and do just what she did. The child gazed at me for a moment in speechless astonishment, and I then managed to ask it how it liked me to do that, it saw the error of its ways, and I seldom had occasion to repeat my lesson. I endeavoured in the same manner to give it a little instruction in cleanliness, and very soon it would go and give itself a good washing, and then come pumping to show me its hands and face.

In few days the little creature grew so fond of me that she was constantly at my side, and tried in many ways to do what she thought would please me.

No less fortunate was I with the women, I used to point to their torn clothes, and then fetch needle and thread, and show them how they might be mended. They were quite pleased with the discovery, and very soon I had quite a sewing school round me.

What good might not any one do among such people who should set about it in earnest, and who understood their language, what a beautiful field would be here opened to the labours of a missionary who would submit to live among them, and endeavour by kindness and patience to overcome their faults. But the missionaries who come here devote to them at the utmost only a few hours in the day, and make their scholars come to them instead of seeking them in their own homes.

The women and girls in the Asiatic countries have no kind of instruction, and those in the towns have scarcely any employment, but remain the whole day abandoned to idleness. At sunrise the men go to the bazaar, where they have their booths and workshops, the elder boys go to school or accompany their fathers, and neither return home till sunset. Then the husband expects to find the carpet spread on the terrace, the meal prepared, the nargileh ready; and when he comes he plays a little with the younger children, but they and the mothers must go away during the meal. The women in villages have more freedom and more occupation, as they generally take an active part in the house-keeping. It is said also that a better state of morals is found in the country than in the cities.

The costume of the Kurds is, with the wealthier classes, entirely oriental, that of the people varies from it a little. The men wear wide linen trowsers, and over them a shirt confined by a girdle, as well as sometimes a woollen jacket without sleeves, made of stuff of only a hand's-breadth wide, and sewed together. Some, instead of white trowsers, have brown ones, which are excessively ugly, and look like sacks with two holes to thrust the feet through. Their *chaussure* consists of boots of red or yellow leather, with large iron heels, or sometimes shoes made of coarse white wool, and adorned with three tassels. On their heads they wear the turban.

The women have the red and yellow boots, with iron heels, and loose trowsers like the men, but over this they wear a long blue garment long enough to reach half an ell below the feet, but which is tucked up under the girdle, and a large blue shawl hangs down below the knee. Round their heads they wind black shawls in the turban fashion, or they wear the red *fez*, with a silk handkerchief wound round it, and on the top of that a sort of wreath made of short black fringe, put on like a diadem, and leaving the forehead

free The hair falls in narrow braids over the shoulders, and from the turban hangs a heavy silver chain It is not easy to imagine a more becoming head-dress

Girls and women go with their faces uncovered, and I saw here several exquisitely beautiful girls, with really noble features Their complexions are brown, and the eyebrows and eyelashes black, or dyed with henna Nose-rings are only seen among the women of the very lowest class

My friend Mr Mansur entertained me very well. In the morning I got buttermilk, bread, and cucumbers, and sometimes even dates fried in butter, a dish however that I did not much relish In the evening, mutton with rice, or barley, maize, onions and chopped meat,—all very good, and I had not to complain of any deficiency of appetite The buttermilk and water is taken cold, besides the luxury of a piece of ice thrown into it, for as it can be procured from the neighbouring mountains ice is to be had here in every village, and the people may often be seen eating large pieces of it. But in spite of the endeavours of Mansur and his relations to make my abode with them endurable, nay perhaps in their opinion even agreeable, I was glad enough when one morning Ali came to me with the information that he had got a small cargo for Sauh-Bulok (70 English miles off) which lay on my route The same evening I went to the caravan-serai, and on the following morning before sunrise we were once more in motion Mansur remained to the last friendly and hospitable, and besides furnishing me with a letter to a Persian settled at Sauh-Bulok, he provided me with a stock of bread, melons, cucumbers, and sour milk The latter I found particularly useful, and I advise every traveller to make use of this refreshment, it is carried here in bags of thick linen, the watery part trickles through, and one can at pleasure take out the thicker portion in spoonful, and thin it with water In the hot season indeed it will dry up to cheese on the fourth or fifth day, but this cheese is very good, and in four or five days one generally comes to a place where the stock may be renewed

On the first days of our journey we passed through narrow valleys between high mountains The roads were extremely bad On the second evening we came to a half-ruined citadel, and scarcely had we pitched our camp before there appeared half a dozen strongly-armed soldiers, under the command of an officer,

who took a place at my side, pointed to a written paper, and made me several signs. I soon understood that he meant to tell me I was on Persian ground, and he required my passport. I did not however wish to open my trunk in presence of the whole village now assembled around us, and therefore pretended I did not know what he meant, and persisted in being stupid, till at last he left me, saying to Ah, "What can I do with her? she does not understand me,—she may go on"\*. In what European state should I have been treated so mildly?

In almost every village we passed through I had had half the population assembled round me, and it may well be imagined what a swarm had gathered while this was going on, and I must own that this everlasting staring is to be counted amongst the greatest sufferings I had to endure in my travels. Sometimes when the women and children would not keep their hands off me, and my clothes, I was driven to take my riding whip, and distribute a few cuts among them. This always procured me some alleviation, and they at least drew back, and formed a larger circle. On this occasion a lad of sixteen tried to punish me for my boldness, and when I went down to the river, as I was accustomed to do to fill my water bottle, wash my hands and face, and bathe my feet, he followed me, and lifted up a stone. As it would not do to show any fear, I went down composedly into the river, and he flung the stone, but I thought from the manner in which it was thrown, it had been intended more to frighten than to hurt me, and after he had tried a second and a third, and I still took no notice, he got tired, and went home.

It was not quite without reason that I had felt fear of this journey, for few days passed in undisturbed tranquillity. This day I was much alarmed to see come galloping towards us a troop of seven well-armed, and five unarmed men. The first carried lances, sabres, daggers, knives, pistols, and small shields, and were dressed like the common people, with the exception of their turbans, round which they had wound Persian shawls. I took them, when they stopped us, for robbers, but after asking several questions,—where we came from, where we were going to, what we carried, and so on,—they allowed us to pursue our way,

\* I had picked up enough of the language between here and Mossul to understand this much

and as in the course of the day we were stopped several times in the same manner, I concluded they were soldiers on service

The next day matters seemed to be taking a still more serious turn. Whether Ali had given any incorrect replies to their queries, I know not—but they seized on his two pack-horses, threw their burdens on the ground, and commanded the animals to be led away. Poor Ali begged and implored most piteously, and then he turned and pointed to me, saying, that all belonged to me, and that they certainly would have compassion on a helpless woman.

The soldier turned to me, and asked whether this was true, but as I did not consider it advisable to confirm the statement, I pretended not to understand. Ali began to cry, and our situation really seemed desperate,—for what could we do in this desolate uninhabited country without the horses? but at last the soldier allowed himself to be softened, sent for the animals, and gave them to us back.

It was late in the evening when we arrived at the town of Sauh-Bulok. As it was not fortified we were able to get in, though it cost some trouble to get a chan opened to us, it was handsome and spacious, and had a basin of water in the middle of the court, round which were booths for the traders, and alcoves for sleeping in. The company assembled in it,—all men, had already mostly gone to rest,—and their astonishment may be imagined when they saw me, a woman, enter alone with the caravan leader. It was too late to deliver my letter, so I seated myself in resignation by the side of my modest package, and thought to pass the night thus, but a Persian came up to me, pointed out to me a place in an alcove where I could sleep, and afterwards brought me some bread and water. This charity was so much the greater since the Mahomedans have, as is known, an aversion to Christians.

The next day I delivered my letter, and the merchant to whom it was addressed introduced me to a Christian family, and promised to provide for my further journey. In this little town of Sauh-Bulok there are about twenty Christian families, who are all under the care of a French missionary, and have a very pretty little church. I rejoiced at this intelligence, as I thought I should now again have an opportunity of speaking a language with which I was well acquainted, but, to my vexation, I learned that the missionary was just now gone on a journey, and I was therefore



just as awkwardly situated as at Ravandus, for the person with whom I was to lodge, and his family, spoke nothing but Persian

This man, who was by trade a carpenter, had a wife, six children, and an apprentice. They all lived in the same room, and also with great apparent pleasure made room for me in it. The whole family was uncommonly good and complaisant towards me. They shared with me honourably every morsel they had, and if I bought fruit, eggs, or any other trifle, and offered some to them, they partook of them with great modesty. But it was not only towards me that they showed themselves thus benevolent: no poor person ever appealed to them in vain, or left their threshold without relief, and yet the abode with them was dreadful, and I had really a horror of them. The mother was a silly quarrelsome woman, who was the whole day wrangling and fighting with her six children, (from four to sixteen years of age). No ten minutes ever passed in which the children were not quarrelling amongst themselves, and exchanging cuffs and kicks, or tearing each other's hair, so that I, in my corner, had not a single moment's peace, and not unfrequently ran great risk of getting my share of what was going on when they were spitting at each other or throwing lumps of wood at each other's heads. Several times the eldest son would seize his mother by the throat, and hold her till she was black in the face. I did what I could to keep the peace, but, unfortunately, I very seldom succeeded, for, from my ignorance of their language, I could not represent to them the sinfulness of their behaviour. It was only in the evening when the father came home that anything like peace and order was restored.

Among no nation on the earth—among the poorest and lowest of the people, did I ever see such a specimen of behaviour, nor did I ever before see children lift their hands against their parents. When I left *Sauh-Buloh* I left behind me a letter for the missionary, in which I called his attention to the condition of this family, and entreated him to do what he could for their reformation. Religion does not consist wholly in praying and fasting, in reading the bible, and going to church. My stay at this place was rendered so unpleasant to me by these circumstances, that I daily worried the Persian merchant to find means of sending me on, but he shook his head, and made me understand that, in his opinion, if I persisted in travelling alone, I should be shot or have my throat cut.

At last, however, I really could bear my domestic *Inferno* no longer and begged the merchant, at whatever risk, to get me a horse and a guide, and determined, let the danger be what it might, to go at least to Oromia—a place about fifty miles off, where I knew I should find an American missionary, and I did not doubt, some means or other of getting on.

The merchant came to me on the following day in company with a wild-looking fellow, whom he presented to me as my guide. I was obliged, on account of the risk of travelling without a caravan, to agree to pay him four times the ordinary price, but I would have done anything to get away. The treaty was concluded, and the guide bound himself to set off on the following morning and to take me to Oromia in a three days journey. The one half of the money promised I was to pay him in advance, the other not till I got to Oromia in order to keep some check upon him if he hesitated about fulfilling his engagement.

Joy and fear together took possession of my mind when the business was settled, and in order to compose myself a little, I went out to take a walk in the bazaar and outside of the town, and I found not the slightest obstacle to my free locomotion, though I wore no veil, but merely the turban thrown round me.

The bazars are not so poor as those of Rivandus, and the chance is large and pleasant. But the aspect of the common people I thought repulsive, if not terrific, they are large and strongly built, with harsh features which are disfigured by an expression of wildness and cruelty, and they all looked to me like robbers and murderers. In the evening I took care to see that my pistols were in order, and made up my mind that if I were attacked I would not give my life for nothing.

It was towards noon, instead of sun-rise, as had been intended, when we left *Sauh-Buloh*. The way was very desolate, and I could not help a feeling of alarm when we occasionally met a stranger, but, thank God, no harm happened to me, and we met with no other enemy than enormous swarms of locusts, which passed in masses like clouds, they were nearly three inches long, and had large wings of a red or bluish colour. All the grass and plants in this district had been devoured by them, and though I have heard that the people try to indemnify themselves by eating them, I have never been able to meet with any such dish. After a ride of seven hours we reached a valley that was populous,

large, and fertile; villages were frequent, and people were at work in the fields, wearing the high black Persian cap, which had a very odd effect with their ragged attire. We stopped for the night at a village called Mahomed-Jur, and had I not been too idle I might have prepared myself an excellent meal of turtle, for I saw many in the brooks, and even on the fields, and needed only to stoop and pick them up, but then I must have got some wood, have made a fire, and cooked; and I preferred contenting myself with a bit of dry bread and a cucumber, and eating it in peace and quietness.

The next day when we halted, I saw to my surprise that my guide was making preparations for a longer stay, and on my urging the continuation of our journey, he declared he could not go on without a caravan, as the most dangerous part of the way lay before us. He then pointed to a few dozen of horses that were grazing in a stubble field near, and endeavoured to make me understand that in a few hours a caravan would arrive. But the whole day passed, and there were no signs of a caravan. I considered that my guide had deceived me, and was very angry, when in the evening I saw him making up for me with my cloak a bed on the floor. It was now necessary to summon all my moral strength, and make the man see that I would not be treated like a child, and kept there as long as he thought proper, but the mischief was that I had no words wherewith to scold him. I therefore snatched my cloak from the floor, flung it at his feet, and signified that if he did not take me to Oromia to-morrow or the next day, I would give him no more money. I then turned my back upon him (which is considered one of the greatest affronts), sat down on the ground, and leaning my head on my hand, gave way to a very melancholy mood, for what was I to do if the guide should not regard my *demonstration*, or leave me waiting here till a caravan should chance to go by?

Some women of the village who had come up during my dispute with the guide, now came to me and brought me some milk and warm food; sitting down by me, and asking why I was so angry. I managed to explain the matter to them, and they seemed to take my part, pouting with their countryman, and doing what they could to console me the stranger. They would not move from my side, but begged me so cordially to partake of the food they had brought me that I could not refuse, and ate a little, though I

was not much inclined to it. The dish consisted of bread, eggs, butter and water boiled together, and vexed as I was I thought it very good. I wished to give them a trifle in return, but they would not accept it, but seemed quite pleased to see me a little more tranquil and happy.

All at once, at one o'clock in the morning, my guide got up, saddled my horse and desired me to mount him. I was thrown into some consternation by this move, for I saw no appearance of my caravan, and the thought flashed across my mind that perhaps the man was about to revenge himself on me. Why should he wait now in darkness, in the middle of the night, to go through a district that he had avoided in bright daylight? I had not Persian enough to ask for an explanation, but I would not leave him any excuse for not fulfilling his contract, and so I agreed to go.

I mounted my horse with some anxiety, and commanded my guide, who wished to remain behind me, to ride on and I kept my hand on my pistol, listening to every sound and watching every movement he made, but I would not turn back.

But after all my fears were groundless, for in half an hour's rapid riding we came up with a large caravan, and one that had the additional advantage of being protected by a dozen well-armed peasants. The way, it seemed, really was dangerous, and my guide had received information of the passage of the caravan.

I could not help wondering on this occasion at the persistence of this people in whatever is matter of custom. Because they are in the habit of travelling in the night, they would do the same even in the most dangerous regions, where the peril would be greatly diminished by daylight.

In a few hours we came to the lake of Oromia, which henceforward remained always on our right hand. On our left lay for many miles a tract of naked hills, mountains, and ravines, which composed the dreaded part of the road, but the morning brought us to a beautiful fertile valley, the sight of which with its inhabited villages, gave me courage to leave the caravan, and push on to Oromia.

The lake of Oromia, from which the town has its name, is above sixty miles long, and in many places above thirty broad. It appears to be quite closely surrounded by high mountains, but in reality there are large tracts of level land between them and the

water The lake and its environs are both beautiful, but its waters have a somewhat melancholy aspect, as no sail or boat enlivens its surface, it is, in fact, a second Dead Sea, for its waters are so salt that no fish or mollusk can live in them, it is said that the human body will not sink in the lake for the same reason, and there are on its shores large spaces covered with a thick white incrustation of salt, which the people have nothing to do but to scrape up.

Since leaving the sandy wastes around Bagdad I had seen no camels, and did not expect to see them any more, as my way lay towards the north, but to my surprise we here met with several troops, and I found that they serve the Kurds as beasts of burden as well as the Arabs This affords a sufficient proof that they are able to bear a cold climate, for even in the valleys the snow often lies here several feet deep They appeared to me stronger made than those I had before seen, their legs are thicker, and their hair closer and longer, the neck shorter and not so slender, their colour is generally darker, and I saw no quite light ones *Besides these animals, the Kurds use a kind of waggon to assist in bringing home their harvests, but they are of the coarsest and simplest construction, being in fact nothing more than slender trunks of trees fastened together, with a shorter one for the axle, and two rude wheels They are drawn by four oxen, and have a driver for each pair, who in an odd manner sits upon the shaft with his back to his cattle*

Late in the evening, after riding sixteen hours, I arrived at Oromia in perfect safety I had no letters to any of the missionaries, who I found lived with their families some miles in the country, and were all absent but one—Mr Wright He indeed received me with true Christian kindness, and once more, after many weary days, I tasted of comfort and cheerfulness The first evening I could not help laughing when he told me how I had been announced to him Since I knew too little of Persian to explain what I wanted, I had merely pointed to the stairs when I came in, to intimate to the servant that he should go up to his master, and he immediately went with the intelligence that a woman was below who spoke no language at all, but a moment after, when I asked another for a glass of water, he rushed up stairs to correct the statement, and declare that I could speak English Mr Wright informed the other missionaries of my arrival, and they were so kind as to invite me to spend some days with them in the country.



we found the ladies in quite simple coloured cotton dresses, made of course in the fashion of their country

In the afternoon I rode out in company with the missionaries to their large summer house, which lies six miles from the town, upon a low hill. The valley through which we rode is very large, fertile, and beautiful, though it lies 4,000 feet above the level of the sea. Cotton, wine, tobacco, and all the fruits of Southern Germany are raised here—as well as the castor-oil plant. Many of the villages lie almost hidden in the groves of fruit trees, and I came at a fortunate time, when the magnificent peaches, apricots, apples, grapes—all the fruits of my native country, were ripe.

The house of the missionaries commands a view over all this lovely valley, as well as the lower ranges of hills and mountains. The house itself is large, and furnished with so many conveniences and comforts that it seemed to me as if I were not under the roof of simple followers of Christ, and teachers of the Gospel—but in that of some wealthy private gentleman. Here were four ladies—their wives—and a whole troop of children, large and small, amongst whom I spent some most delightful hours, and greatly regretted when nine o'clock compelled me to take my leave.

A few native girls were presented to me who were instructed by the wives of the missionaries. They spoke and wrote English, and had some knowledge of geography.

I cannot help here making some remarks on the mode of life of the missionaries which I have had in the course of my travels so many opportunities of observing. In Persia, China, India, every where I found them living quite differently from what I had imagined. I had represented to myself, missionaries as half, if not whole, martyrs, and supposed them to be animated with such zeal for the conversion of the heathen, that like the Apostles of Jesus Christ, they forsook all personal indulgence—all conveniences and comforts of life—lived with the people under one roof, ate out of one dish, and so forth.

Ah! those were ideas that I got out of books, things were in reality quite different. They live quite in the manner of opulent gentlemen, have handsome houses fitted up with every convenience and luxury. The missionaries repose upon swelling divans—their wives preside at the tea-table—their children feast on sweetmeats and confectionery—in short, their position is one incomparably pleasanter and freer from care than that of most other people—

and they get their salaries punctually paid, and take their duties very easily. In places where several missionaries are settled, they have what are called "meetings" three or four times a week, supposed to be devoted to business, but which are little else than parties at which their wives and children appear in tasteful dresses. At one of the missionaries' houses the meeting will be a breakfast, at another a dinner, at a third a tea party, and you will see several equipages and servants standing in the court-yard. There is indeed, on this occasion, some little talk of business, and the gentlemen remain together perhaps half an hour discussing it, but the rest of the time is passed in mere social amusement.

I cannot believe that this is the proper method for gaining the affections of the people or effecting the objects of a mission. The foreign dress, the elegant mode of life, leaves the poor man at too great a distance, and induces him rather to draw back in awe, than to approach in confidence and affection. He does not venture to look up to this grand rich gentleman, and the missionary has great difficulty in overcoming the reserve and timidity thus occasioned.

The missionaries themselves say that they must appear in this halo of splendour in order to create respect, but I cannot but think the kind of respect they should seek would be better purchased by noble behaviour and the dignity of virtue, than by any external display.

Many of the missionaries think they do much good by travelling through the towns and villages, preaching in the language of the country, and distributing religious tracts, and they draw up the most captivating reports of the number of people that have thronged to hear them, and got their tracts, so that one might suppose that at least one-half of their audience were ready for immediate conversion to Christianity. But alas! this listening to sermons and taking tracts is no proof at all.

Would not Chinese, Indian, or Persian priests draw immense audiences to hear them if they should come in their national costume to preach in French or English? Would they not have plenty of people to receive books and pamphlets that they gave away for nothing, even though no one could read them?

In all places where I have been I have made close enquiries on the subject of the conversions made by these missionaries, and it always appeared that they were excessively rare. The few Christians in India, small scattered communities of twenty or thirty



families, have arisen from fatherless children which the Missionaries have brought up, provided afterwards with employment, and kept under vigilant superintendence, that they might not fall back into the errors of heathenism

Preaching sermons, and distributing tracts, do not make up the whole duties of a missionary. Any one who takes on himself this sacred office should be willing to live amongst and with the people, to share their toils, their joys, and their sorrows, and by a modest and exemplary course of life to gain their affections, and then communicate some simple and intelligible doctrine. It would be better too, it appears to me, that a missionary should not be married to a European woman, firstly, because European girls are seldom willing to adopt this mode of life, except for the sake of an establishment, and secondly, that a young European woman who has children in this country generally becomes sickly, and can then no longer fulfil the duties of her station, but stands in need of change of air, or of a voyage to Europe. The children, too, grow up weakly, and require at least till their seventh year to be kept away. The father will often accompany them, and take the opportunity to spend some time in his native country, or if this is not to be managed, the family will go to the mountains in search of a cooler climate, or they go to a *Mela*, a religious festival of India, at which thousands of people assemble, and where the missionaries often preach. On all these occasions, too, they do not travel in a humble and simple manner, but surrounded by luxurious accommodations,—with palanquins carried by men, pack horses, or camels,—with tents, beds, cooking utensils, dinner services, &c,—with male and female attendants in suitable numbers. And who pays for all this? Often poor well-meaning believing souls in Europe and America, who perhaps deprive themselves almost of the necessaries of life that the good seed may be sown in these distant regions of the earth.

Were the missionaries married to native women, few of these expenses would be requisite. There would be few sickly wives and children, and no need for voyages to Europe, and the education of the children might be provided for in schools established in the country, though perhaps not such luxurious ones as those in Calcutta.

I trust that these remarks will not be misunderstood. I have great respect for the missionaries, whom I have known to be worthy



by nature, and I could not help thinking that, though our escort had left us, the dangers of the journey were not altogether over, and so it proved for, as we were passing some ruinous huts, several fellows rushed out upon us, and, seizing the bridle of our horses, began rummaging my luggage. I expected a command to alight, and already looked upon my small package of worldly goods as lost and gone. But they spoke with my guide, who told them the fable I had arranged for such occasions, namely, that I was a poor pilgrim, and that the English consuls or missionaries everywhere paid the expenses of my journey. My dress, my insignificant baggage, my being alone, all agreed perfectly with this story, they believed it, had compassion on my supplicating looks, and let me go on, unmolested, nay, they even came to me, and asked whether I wanted any water, which is very scarce in these valleys. I begged them for a draught, and so we parted excellent friends, though for some time I felt a little uneasy lest they should repent of their magnanimity.

We now approached the shores of the lake, and the oppressive feeling of fear passed away as we found ourselves again among pleasant inhabited valleys, and saw people at work in the fields, corn being carried home, cattle grazing, and so forth. During the heat of the day we remained at Dize Hahl, a considerable little town, with very clean streets. The principal one is intersected by a silvery stream of water, and the courts of the houses are like gardens. There are also, outside the town, many neat gardens enclosed within high walls.

To judge from the number of the chans, this town must be much frequented by caravans, for only in the small street we passed through I counted half a dozen. We alighted at one of them, and I was quite astonished at the accommodations I found in it. The stalls for the cattle were covered in, the sleeping-places for the drivers were neat paved terraces, and the rooms for the travellers were perfectly clean, and furnished with fire-places. These chans are open to every one, and nothing whatever is to be paid for the use of them, at most, you may give a trifle to the keeper, who, in return, will attend to any little commission for you.

In this respect, the Persians, Turks, and others whom we consider as uncultivated nations, are far more liberal and magnanimous than we Europeans are. In India, for instance, when the English erect bongolos, you must pay a rupee for the privilege of spending

a night in one or even ten hours rest, and there is no provision for the driver or his beasts—they may sleep in the open air as they can. In many of the bungaloes no traveller is allowed to enter who is not a Christian, or, at all events, he must only remain till a humane-minded Christian comes to turn him out. Even though it should be in the middle of the night, the poor heathen is expelled without mercy.

But in the infidel countries the first comer has the place let him be Christian, Turk, or Arab. Now, I am convinced that if the chimæres already in the occupation of these infidels, and a Christian should arrive they would crowd themselves together to make room for him.

At Ah Schich, which we reached in the following afternoon, we met three travellers who were also going to Tabreez, and my guide agreed to journey in company with them, and that we should set off in the middle of the night, but I must own this addition to our party was not particularly welcome to me, for the men looked very wild, and were completely armed. I would much rather have set off at day-break, without these companions, but the guide declared they were very worthy fellows, and so, trusting perhaps more in my own good fortune than in his word, I mounted my horse at one o'clock, and away we went.

The feeling of apprehension with which I had set out gradually wore off, however, as we met on the road parties of two and three persons, who would not probably have been travelling in the night had there been any danger. After this we met great caravans, with several hundred camels which blocked up the road so completely that we had often to wait half an hour to let them pass. Towards noon we reached a valley where we came in sight of a great town, but the nearer we came to it the more ruinous and desolate it appeared. The town walls were decayed, the streets and squares full of heaps of rubbish, and many of the houses lay in ruins as if an enemy had destroyed it, or the plague committed fearful ravages. I at length inquired the name of this melancholy place, and thought I could not have heard rightly when I was told it was Tibrecz. My guide took me to the house of the English Consul, Mr Stevens, who, to my terror, I found did not live in the town, but ten miles off in the country. A servant, however, said that he would go directly to a Dr Casolin, who could speak English. In a very short time this gentleman arrived, and his

first questions were, How came you here alone ? Have you been robbed ? Have your companions been murdered, and you alone escaped ? When I gave him my passport, and explained how the matter stood, I think he scarcely believed me. It appeared to him absolutely incredible that a woman, without any knowledge of the languages, could have made her way alone through such countries, indeed, I felt myself that I could not be sufficiently thankful for the Divine protection that had been accorded me in such circumstances. My mood now was perfectly joyous, for it seemed that life had been bestowed on me a second time.

Dr Casolani assigned me some rooms in Mr Stevens's house, and told me he would immediately send a messenger to him, and in the meantime I should apply to himself for any thing I required. When I expressed to him my wonder at the deplorable condition of this the second city in the country, he explained to me that from the side on which I had entered the town had indeed a wretched aspect, but that I had ridden through an old and mostly forsaken suburb that was not reckoned to the town at all.

## TABREEZ.

*Description of the Town—The Bazaar—Behmen Mirza—Anecdotes of the Persian Government—Presentation to the Viceroy and his Wife—Behmen Mirza's Women—Visit to a Persian Lady—The People—Persecution of Jews and Christians—Departure*

TABREEZ, or Tauris is the capital of the province of Aderbeidschan and the residence of the heir to the throne of Persia, who bears the title of Viceroy. It lies in a treeless valley, on the rivers Plitscha and Altchu and counts 160,000 inhabitants. It is a hand-somer town than Tcherin or Isphahan, has many silk and leather factories, and is considered one of the chief commercial places of Asia. The streets are tolerably broad and clean, and subterranean conduits are carried along them, with openings at certain distances for drawing water. Of the houses you see from the street as usual in an oriental city, nothing but high walls, without windows, and low entrances. The fronts are always turned towards the court-yard, which is planted with flowers and small trees, and frequently opens into a handsome garden. The reception rooms are large and lofty, and furnished with such long ranges of windows as to make perfect walls of glass. They contain however, little or no furniture, except carpets, for European articles of luxury seldom find their way here.

Of beautiful mosques, palaces, monuments, either of ancient or modern times, there are none but the half-ruined one of Ah-Schach, which can bear no comparison with the mosques of India, but the new bazaar is very handsome, and its lofty streets and covered passages reminded me vividly of the bazaar of Constantinople, except that it looks newer and pleasanter. The goods displayed in it are, perhaps, not quite so costly, but as the stands of the merchants are larger, they are laid out with more taste, especially the carpets, fruits, and vegetables. Even the cook-shops had an inviting appearance, the eatables were excellent, and often diffused a most savoury and tempting odour. The shoe-making department was certainly very inferior, for only articles of the commonest kind were exhibited, whilst in Constantinople you see behind glass cases the most costly shoes and slippers, embroidered with gold, and even ornamented with precious stones.

It was at a most unfavourable time in which I had come to *Tabreez*, for it was the month of the great fast, and from sunrise to sunset no one goes out, or receives a visit, or takes anything to eat. People do nothing whatever but pray. These fasts are observed by the Persians so strictly, that many sick people fall victims to them, as they will not even take medicine, for a single mouthful would be enough to forfeit the benefit of the fast. The more enlightened, indeed, make an exception in case of illness, but not without permission from a priest, which can only be obtained by a written declaration from the physician that such a medicine or drink is positively necessary. The priest then puts his seal on the declaration, and the indulgence is granted. Whether this practice of indulgences has been borrowed by the Mahomedans from the Christians, or that the reverse has happened, I know not. The girls begin the practice of fasting in their tenth, the boys in their fifteenth year.

To the especial courtesy of Dr Casolani, and his great connexions, I was indebted for being introduced at court, as well as into several Persian families, notwithstanding the Fast.

The viceroyalty of the province of *Aderbeidschan* dates only from about six months before my arrival. It had been created by the then reigning Shah, for the eldest son of the monarch, and future heir of the empire. The last governor of *Tabreez*, *Behmen-Mirza*,\* the Shah's brother, was a very honourable and intelligent man, who had brought the province, in a few years, into a most flourishing condition, and established order and security in every part of it. But this only awakened the envy of the first minister, and he urged the Shah to recall his brother. For a long time he resisted these insinuations, but the minister did not rest till he had effected his purpose. *Behmen-Mirza*, who understood the whole business, came immediately to court to justify himself, and then the poor Shah declared his entire love for and satisfaction with his brother, and entreated him only to try and gain the favour of the minister. But *Behmen-Mirza* learned through his friends that the hatred of the minister was implacable, and that, if he remained, he was in imminent danger of having his eyes put out, or being murdered, and he was advised to lose no time in making his escape.

\* *Mirza*, when it stands after a name, signifies Prince, when before it, merely *Mr*.

from the country. He returned to Tabreez, therefore,—hastily got together his valuables, and took refuge, with a part of his family, on the Russian territory. There he wrote to the emperor, begging his protection, which was immediately granted, and the emperor wrote with his own hand to the Shah, declaring that the prince was now no longer a Persian subject, and that every persecution of him or his family *must* cease. He then assigned the prince an elegant palace at Tiflis, sent him costly presents, and, I was told, settled on him a yearly pension of 20,000 ducats.

This minister, Haggi-Mirza Agasi, entirely ruled over the Shah, whom he had even found means to make venerate him as a prophet or a saint, and obey without hesitation every one of his behests. On one occasion he related to the Shah how, the night before, he had been awakened in the night by feeling his body floating upwards in the air, and that he had gone higher and higher, till at length he had reached Heaven, and had had an interview with his deceased father, who had required from the minister a report of the government of his son. The deceased monarch had expressed himself extremely well satisfied with the behaviour of his son, and advised him by all means to go on as he had begun. The Shah, who had been much attached to his father, was in raptures, and then the adroit minister took occasion to suggest that, in some few particulars, his royal parent had desired alterations,—that he had wished that this or that should be done or not done,—mentioning, of course, certain schemes of his own, and forthwith it was done as he desired.

It must be added, however, that the minister does sometimes apply his power to a good purpose, and stand between the wrath of his highness and its victims, for his said highness is very passionate, and will sometimes proceed briskly to the instant execution of any one who has incurred his displeasure. The minister has therefore given orders that in such case he shall be immediately sent for, and the preparations for the execution proceeded with slowly. He then makes his appearance, *quite accidentally*,—asks what's the news, and when the angry monarch declares he is about to punish a criminal, the minister goes to the window to observe the heavenly bodies, and commonly finds the conjunction unfavourable, so that the execution (if it should take place) might involve some damage on the illustrious head of the state himself. The order is then given to delay it till the next



day, and by that time the passion of the Shah is over, or he has forgotten the whole affair

On one occasion the minister saved a friend who was a governor of a province from strangulation, by declaring that he had adopted him as his son, and that if it should be his sovereign's pleasure to put him to death, which of course he did not oppose, he must go to Mecca to find another in his stead. The journey to Mecca lasts a year, and the king could not do without him for so long a time, and as he was not going to differ with his favourite about such a trifle as a man's life, he promised that he would let the offender remain unstrangled, and, moreover, let him keep his place. These anecdotes I had on the best authority

My presentation at the court of the Viceroy took place a few days after my arrival. I was requested one afternoon by Dr Casolani to accompany him to a summer-house lying in a small garden, and this again in another, both surrounded by high walls. In the first, besides grass, fruit-trees, and dusty roads, there were many tents occupied by soldiers, who wore the ordinary Persian dress, with the difference that the officers had a sword girded on, and the common men carried a musket on their shoulders. It seems they only appear in full uniform on rare occasions, having the same objection to it that our military men often have.

At the entrance of the small garden we were received by several eunuchs, who led us into an unpretending one-storied house that lay at the end of a parterre of flowers. Certainly, from its appearance, I should never have guessed it to be the residence of an heir to the Persian throne, yet so it proved. In the narrow entrance were two flights of stairs, one of which led to the reception-rooms of the Viceroy, the other to the apartments of his Queen, and Dr Casolani was led up the first, while some female slaves attended me to the latter. At the top of the stairs I pulled off my shoes, and entered a pleasant little room, the side walls of which were entirely composed of lofty windows. The Vice queen, a young lady of fifteen, was seated in a simple arm-chair, and one of the same kind was placed opposite to her for me, whilst not far from the princess stood a matron whom I took for the duenna of the harem.

I was so fortunate as to meet with a particularly favourable reception, for Dr Casolani had not only introduced me as an authoress, but mentioned that I was going to publish an account of my travels. The princess inquired whether I would mention

her, and as I replied in the affirmative, she determined to show herself to me in all her finery—she said, to give me an idea of the rich costume of her native country

The youthful princess wore trowsers of silk so rich and heavy, and made so full, that they seemed as if they could have stood quite alone. I am told they are often not less than twenty or five-and-twenty ells in width. Over these was worn a jacket fitting closely to the figure, and elaborately and tastefully embroidered in gold. Under this was a chemise of white silk, on her head a white crape handkerchief, worked in coloured silk and gold, falling down on the shoulders, and fastened under the chin, and the whole dress, as well as the arms and hands, was richly ornamented with jewels of great size and beauty, but which lost much of their effect from being merely strung on a gold wire, instead of being properly set. The wearer could not be called positively handsome, but she had large fine eyes, a pretty figure,—and only fifteen years. Her face was painted red and white, and she had the usual blue stripe over eyebrows and eyelashes, which to me did not appear at all a beautifier.

Our conversation was carried on in dumb show, for Dr Casolari, who speaks Persian very well, was not admitted to-day, as the princess was in gala dress and unveiled. I found some amusement in looking at the prospect from the windows, which commanded a fine view of the town, and here first I perceived how extensive it is, and how many gardens it possesses. They are, it is true, its only decoration, for it has no fine buildings to show, and the valley in which it lies, as well as the surrounding mountains, is naked, treeless, and destitute of any attraction. I expressed to the Vice-queen my surprise at the extent of the town, and the beauty of its gardens, and she seemed much pleased. Towards the end of my audience fruits and sweetmeats were brought upon large plates, but for me only, on account of the fast.

I was afterwards taken to be presented to the Viceroy, who was only two years older than his Queen, and to the name of authoress, which the Doctor had bestowed on me, I was again indebted for the honour of an arm-chair. The largest of these saloons was wainscotted, and had looking-glasses in gilt frames and several paintings of heads and flowers. In the midst of this apartment stood—two great empty bedsteads! The prince was dressed in the European style, with a blue coat,—the collar, cuffs, and edges

richly embroidered in gold,—and white silk stockings and gloves, but on his head he wore the Persian fur cap, very nearly a yard in height. This, I was told, was not his common costume, but it would be difficult to say what that is, as he changes his fashions oftener than his wife, and appears sometimes in the Persian costume, and sometimes entirely enveloped in Cashmere shawls. I should have taken his highness for several years older than he really was, for his complexion had a pale, yellowish, sickly cast, and his glance is not open, on the contrary, he seems never to look any one in the face, and from the whole expression of his physiognomy I could not help pitying all who should be subject to his authority.

He put several questions to me, which were interpreted by Dr Casolani, who stood a few paces off, but none of them shewed any intelligence, they were merely common-places about my travels. The Viceroy can read and write only his mother tongue, but he takes some European papers and periodicals, from which his interpreters have to make extracts. At the accounts of the recent revolutions in Europe, he is said to have declared that the European sovereigns must be good, but extraordinarily stupid, to allow themselves to be driven so easily from their thrones. If they had set to work vigorously, strangling and beheading, things would have turned out better. In the application of these remedies he is said to be far more energetic than his father, and unfortunately he has not even the advantage of a minister of the character of Haggi Mirza to control him. His government is quite that of a child. He orders a thing one minute, and countermands it the next. But what can be expected from a boy who has had very little education, who has been married at seventeen, and placed as the unlimited ruler of a large province, with an income of a million of tomans, and to whom every means and temptation to sensual indulgence is at command.

The prince has at present only one lawful wife, though he is entitled to four, but he finds no deficiency of fair friends, who supply their places. In Persia it is the custom, if the king or the heir to the throne hears of any of his subjects having a beautiful daughter or sister, for him to desire the girl to be sent to him, and the parents and relations are delighted at the honour, for even if the royal lover grows tired of her after a little while, she is provided for, as he makes a present of her to his minister or some

other rich man, but should she have a child, she is regarded as a lawful wife, and remains at court. On the other hand, it sometimes happens that when the damsel is presented she does not find favour in the eyes of the monarch, but is sent back again,—a terrible misfortune, for her reputation for beauty is damaged, and her market injured accordingly.

The Vice-queen, young as she is, is already a mother, but unfortunately only of a girl, and if any other wife should produce a boy she will take her place, become Vice-queen in her stead, and be honoured as the mother of the heir to the throne. One consequence of this custom is, that the poor infants are continually exposed to be poisoned or murdered in some way, for the envy of all the childless women is immediately awakened towards a mother, more especially if her child is a boy. When the princess followed her husband to Tabreez, she left her infant daughter to the care of its grandfather the Shah, in order to secure it from her rivals. When the wives of the prince go out, not only are they closely veiled and surrounded by eunuchs, but several others hasten onward and announce their coming, when all men must leave the street through which they are to pass, and fly into the houses or bye lanes.

When the wives of Behmen Mirza, who had been left behind, heard from Dr Casolani of my intention of going to Tafilis, they begged me to come to them, and as their husband had not been among the most fanatical on this point, Dr Casolani, as his friend and physician, was allowed to accompany me, and remain in the room, though the ladies wrapped themselves up very much in consequence.

Most of these women looked much older than they really were, one who was only two-and-twenty looked at least thirty. They presented to me the latest addition to the harem,—a plump, brown, little beauty of sixteen, and they seemed to treat their new rival with great good nature, and told me how much trouble they had been taking to teach her Persian.

Among the children there was a beautiful little creature of six years old, whose face was not yet disfigured by white and red paint. I perceived on this occasion, what I had before been told, that the Persian costume is not particularly modest, for at every rather quick movement the jacket flies back, and the silk chemise

is displaced, so that the whole form down to the waist is displayed. I noticed this also with the female attendants when they were preparing the tea, or performing any other service. Some part of the dress was every moment opening.

Another more interesting visit that I paid was to Haggi-Chefa-Hanoom, one of the most distinguished and cultivated women in the city. At the very entrance into the house there were signs of the presence of a superior spirit in its greater cleanliness and taste. My visit had been expected, and I found quite a large party of women and girls drawn together by curiosity to see a European woman. Many of them were very handsome, though, like the Vice-queen, they had too high cheek bones. The greatest beauty of the Persian women is their eyes.

As compared with the women in most Oriental houses, I was told this might be considered as quite an educated and refined society, and I conversed with the lady of the house, in the French language, through the medium of her son, a lad of eighteen, who had received what was thought a liberal education in Constantinople, and even the girls, Dr Casolari assured me, could all read and write. In this respect the Persians are greatly in advance of the Turks.

The mistress, her son, and myself, were seated upon chairs, the rest crouched upon the carpet. But here, for the first time in a Persian house, I saw a table. It was covered with a beautiful cloth, and loaded with fruits, sweetmeats, and sherbet, the latter prepared by the lady herself. The peaches and melons were so magnificent as to shew that Persia is their native country. The latter were, if possible, sweeter than sugar itself, and fit to eat almost to the outermost skin.

Before I leave Tabreez I must say a few words about the common people. Their colour is browner than can, I think, be accounted for by the mere effect of the sun, though among the higher classes the white skin is common with both sexes. They have black eyes and hair, and features strongly marked, especially the nose, and with a somewhat fierce aspect. The women of the poorer classes do not seem to be severely treated, I saw very few at work in the fields, and I observed that in the towns all the hard work is done by men.

In Tabreez, as in Persia in general, the Sunnite Mahomedan, the Christians, and the Jews, are equally hated. Only three

months before my visit, the two latter had been exposed to great danger. A tumultuous mob assembled, and traversing the quarter of the town where they live, plundered and destroyed the houses, threatened the inhabitants with death, and in some instances fulfilled the threat. Fortunately the governor was informed of these terrible scenes, and, being a bold determined man, rushed out at once into the thickest of the mob, and with a brief energetic speech induced them to disperse.

From the intelligence which I received while I was at Tabreez, I had at first very little hope that I should be allowed to continue my journey, as I had intended, across Natchivan and Erivan, to Tiflis, for since the late political occurrences in Europe, the Russian government has excluded strangers from its territory as jealously as the Chinese could do. Mr Stevens promised, nevertheless, that he would use his influence with the Russian consul, and to this powerful intercession, as well as to my sex and age, I owed the consent to make an exception in my favour. I received from the Consul also several good letters of introduction to Erivan, Natchivan, and Tiflis. I was advised to take post horses and a servant as far as Natchivan (155 wersts), and several gentlemen, whose acquaintance I had made in Tabreez, accompanied me the first few miles. Before we parted we took a luncheon together on the banks of a beautiful rivulet, and then I went on my way in good heart, for now I thought I was entering a Christian country, beneath the sceptre of a civilized, European, law and order loving monarch.

## ASIATIC RUSSIA — ARMENIA, GEORGIA, AND MINGRELIA.

*Sophia Marand — The Russian Frontier — Natchivan — Caravan Journey — A night in Prison — Continuation of the Journey — Erivan — The Russian Post — The Tartars — Arrival in Tiflis — Residence there — Kutais Marand — Voyage on the Rione — Redout-Kale*

THE stations between Tabreez and Natchivan are very unequal, but one of the longest is the first, to a village called Sophia, for which we took six hours. The road led mostly through barren and uncultivated valleys.

Since it was three o'clock when we arrived the people did not wish to let me go on further. They pointed to the sun, to signify that it was late, and performed a good deal of expressive pantomime to intimate that I should be plundered and probably murdered. But representations of this kind never have much effect on me, and after I had, with much trouble, made out that it was only four hours journey to the next station, I ordered my servant, to his great vexation, to saddle fresh horses for the continuation of our journey. Immediately on leaving Sophia we entered a narrow wild valley, which my guide declared to be very dangerous, and perhaps it might not have been quite safe to go through it in the night, but just now the sun was shining in full splendour, and I urged on my horse, and enjoyed the sight of the magnificent colouring and grouping of the rocks. Many gleamed with a pale grass green, others were covered with a semi-transparent white substance, and many terminated in crags and peaks of such wildly fantastic forms that they looked at a distance like groups of stately trees. There was so much to see, in short, that I had no time to think of fear.

About half way to Marand we came to a pretty village, and after this again had to climb a steep mountain, from whose summit I obtained such a glimpse into a grand mountain world, as kept me long rivetted to the spot. We did not reach Marand till eight o'clock, but we brought in our luggage, to say nothing of our necks, perfectly safe and sound.

This is the last Persian town that I saw, and it is an extremely pleasant and pretty place. It has broad clean streets, houses and gardens well kept, and several little squares with springs encircled by trees. I cannot bestow quite such unqualified praise on my quarters, for I had to pass the night in the court-yard with the post horses, and my evening meal consisted only of roasted eggs, burnt, and quite spoiled with excessive salting. To-day we had but one stage, to Arax the Russian frontier town, but it was a stage of eleven hours long. We followed the course of a brook that wound through valley and ravine. No village met our eyes, and, except some little mills and the ruins of a mosque, I saw no building more in the Persian dominions. It is a country which, from the scarcity of water, is very thinly peopled, no country in the world has fewer rivers or more mountains, and for that reason the air is very dry and hot.

The valley in which Arax lies is large, and very picturesque from the remarkable form of the rocks. Far in the background rise lofty mountains, amongst which is the Ararat, towering to a height of 16,000 feet, and in the valley itself walls and towers and peaks, of which the chief is the so-called Serpent Mountain. Near its foot flows the river Aras or Araxes, separating Armenia from Media, and forming the limit between the Persian and Russian frontiers. We crossed the river in a boat, and on the opposite bank we were detained to prove that we were not robbers or murderers, or, what is worse, politically *dangerous* persons. Besides this, if it is supposed that the plague or the cholera is to be found anywhere in Persia, you have to be shut up to perform quarantine.

I had scarcely set my foot upon Russian ground before the shameful begging for *drink money* began. A fellow was sent to me by the officer at the station to ask my wishes (the letter from the Consul procured me this civility), and though he had pretended he spoke German, he knew in reality as much of it as I of Chinese,—at the utmost three or four words. I consequently had to decline his services, but he nevertheless stretched out his hand for money all the same.

Natchivan lies in a large valley among the mountains of the Ararat, which, though not unfertile, is, like most of the country, very bare of trees. In no place in the world have I ever had so much trouble to find a shelter. I had brought with me two letters, one to a German physician, and the other to the governor, but I did not wish to present myself to the latter in my travelling dress (for I was now in a civilised country, where of course people are judged of by their clothes), and therefore, as there was no such thing as a hotel, I thought I would beg the hospitality of the doctor.

His address had been written for me in the language of the country, and I thought it would be easy to find him, but every one I showed it to, shook his head, and bade me inquire further. By this time we had reached the custom-house, and my trifling luggage had to be examined by the inspector, who ordered me into a room, whither to my surprise, for I supposed it to be out of civility, the inspector's wife and sister accompanied me. I soon found, however, that the ladies had another motive than



civility They sent for chairs, seated themselves before my trunk, and I had scarcely opened it before six hands were rummaging in it,—those of the two ladies and the inspector About a dozen folded papers, containing coins, dried flowers, and other articles from Babylon and Nineveh, were immediately snatched up and scattered about Every cap, every ribbon, was pulled out, and it was very evident that it cost the lady inspectress a struggle to let the ribbons again out of her grasp I really thought that now, for the first time, I was in the hands of savages

When the trunk had been sufficiently scrutinised, the turn came for a small box, which contained my greatest treasure, a head in relief that I had brought from Nineveh. The inspector snatched up a hatchet in order to break open the lid, but that was more than I could bear I flung myself upon it, and just at that moment came in a third woman, who proved to be a German I explained to her that I had no intention of refusing to open it, but that it must be cautiously done with proper tools, but, behold, at the custom-house, where daily similar cases occur, there were no tools for the purpose but the hatchet, and the utmost I could obtain was, that they should break the cover as carefully as possible into three pieces Notwithstanding my anger, I could not help laughing at the foolish faces of the inspector and the two ladies when they saw that the box contained nothing but some fragments of brick, and a rather damaged head They could not at all understand how any one could be at the trouble of carrying such things

My countrywoman, Mrs Henriette Alexandwer, invited me to take a cup of coffee with her, and when she heard of my embarrassment with respect to a lodging, politely invited me to take up my abode with her But on the following day, when I paid my visit to the Governor, he overwhelmed me with attention, and insisted on my moving to his house He put my passport in order, provided it with the due amount of *visés*, of which it seemed, short as was the time which I had yet spent in this civilised dominion,—half a dozen at least were required,—and then arranged for my further progress with a Tatar, whose caravan was going to Tiflis

I viewed the half decayed little town, and what is called the tomb of Noah, in company with Mrs Alexandwer According

to Persian report, this Natchivan was once one of the largest and handsomest towns of Armenia, and its founder, moreover, was no less remarkable a person than Noah. It is built mostly in the oriental style, but here and there are houses with their windows turned towards the street. The costumes also present the same mixture of styles, for the people wear the Persian dress, while the authorities are dressed as Europeans. Noah's tomb is merely a small vaulted chamber, without a cupola. It seems as if there had once been one, but there are so few ruins lying round, that it is impossible to tell with certainty. In the interior is neither a sarcophagus, nor any other appearance of a grave, nothing but a stone column in the middle which supports the roof. The whole is surrounded with a low wall, and many pilgrims, both Christian and Mahomedan, come here. They seem all to have a singular superstition connected with it, namely, that if they press a pebble on the wall, and think of something at the time, or form a wish, the wish will be fulfilled, or the thought prove true, if the pebble remains sticking where they placed it, which sometimes happens, as the cement is mostly damp.

Not far from this tomb is another very handsome monument, though I could not make out of whom, which is covered inside with mathematical figures, and has two half decayed towers like minarets at the entrance.

When the evening came, on which I was to set off again, I was excessively unwell. For several days I had not been able to eat anything, and I was now lying on a sofa, extremely weak, but I got up when the time came, and managed to mount my horse, as I thought perhaps change of air might be the best restorative.

The caravan was carrying only goods, and the guides were Tatars. The distance to Tiflis is two hundred and fifty miles, which would take, I was told, twelve or fourteen days, but to judge by the rate at which we commenced our journey, it seemed likely to last six weeks, for in the first night we went only three miles, and in the second little more than twelve. I could have walked on foot faster.

The next day it was almost worse. The whole day long we lay on a stubble field, exposed to the burning rays of the sun. It was not till the evening at eight o'clock that we started, and then halted again at one. The only good thing about the caravan was that we got better food than before, for the Tatars do not live

so frugally as the Arabs. Every evening a magnificent pilau was prepared, which was enriched with plums or dried raisins, and almost every day splendid water-melons were brought us for sale, and a nice piece was always offered to me as a present.

The road led along the foot of Mount Ararat, through large fertile vallies. The mighty mountain rose so clear and vast in its proportions that it appeared not more than eight or ten miles off, and from its superior size it seems to stand alone, though it is, in fact, connected with the Taurus by ranges of hills. Its highest summit is cleft, so that between the two peaks there is a small plot or hollow space, and here it was, according to tradition, that the ark rested, indeed, there are many people here who maintain that if the snow were scraped away, it would be found there still, and below, where now stands the convent of Arakilyank, is the very spot where Noah built his first house.

After several days travelling we still remained in the neighbourhood of Ararat, passing, however, several Russian and German colonies, but along a very rugged and stony road. Near Sidin a very disagreeable adventure befel me. The caravan had encamped close to the high road, and about eight o'clock in the evening I trotted out upon it for a walk, and was just about to return when I heard the sound of the bells of post horses. I stood still to hear who the travellers were, and soon saw a Cossack with a musket, and a gentleman seated beside him on an open car. As soon as they had passed, to my great surprize, the car suddenly drew up, and almost at the same moment I felt myself seized by two powerful arms. It was the Cossack who was dragging me to the car. I struggled to get loose, pointed with my free hand to the caravan, and screamed that I belonged to it. But the fellow immediately placed one hand over my mouth, and flung me upon the car, where the gentleman held me fast. The Cossack then sprung up, and the driver received the order to go on as fast as the horses could gallop. Thus all passed so quickly that I scarcely knew what had happened. The men, however, held me with a strong grasp, and my mouth was not uncovered till we were so far from the caravan that my cries could not be heard.

I did not, fortunately, feel much afraid, for it immediately occurred to me that these two amiable Russians must, in their zeal, have taken me for some dangerous person, and imagined they

had made an important capture. As soon as they allowed me to speak, they commenced a long list of questions, concerning my name, country, and so forth, and I understood Russian enough to answer them, but they were not satisfied, and required to see my passport. I told them to send for my trunk, and I should then be able to give them full satisfaction, but when we came to the post-house, they placed me in a room as a prisoner, and the Cossack mounted guard over me with his musket on his shoulder, keeping his eye constantly upon me. The gentleman also, whom by his green velvet collar and cuffs, I took for an imperial officer, remained some time in the room. In half an hour, the post-master, or whatever he might be, came to take a view of me, and hear the heroic exploit of my capture narrated.

I had to pass the night, under strict superintendence, on the wooden bench, without either blanket or cloak to cover me, and without food or drink, and if I only attempted to rise up from the bench, and walk a little up and down the room, the Cossack ordered me back, and desired me to remain quiet.

Towards morning my effects were brought. I showed my papers, and was set at liberty, but instead of making any apology my captors laughed in my face, and when I came out into the courtyard all the people pointed their fingers at me, and joined in chorus

Oh you good Arabs, Turks, Persians, Hindoos! How safely did I pass through your heathen and infidel countries, and here, in Christian Russia, how much have I had to suffer in this short space.

By the time I reached Erivan I had fully made up my mind to leave the caravan with the first opportunity, for it never travelled more than four hours a day, and I thought, as I had some letters to the town physician (a Dr Muller) and to the governor, I might be able by their assistance to find means of getting rather more quickly to Tiflis, and I was not disappointed.

Erivan, which lies on the river Zenqui, is the capital of Armenia or Trans-Caucasia, and, according to tradition, was of all the earth the spot first peopled after the deluge. It lies in a large plain encircled by mountains, as well as by some fortifications. Here begins the completely European style of building, but the town is neither handsome nor clean. The bazaar I found very ~~amusing~~ not that the goods I saw there were handsome but ~~the town~~

were so many costumes of nations to me entirely unknown, Circassians, Georgians, Mingrelians, Turcomans, &c.,—and the wearers were fine handsome looking men, with noble expressive features. The costume of the Tatars was extremely like that of the common Persians, except that they wore lower caps, and had pointed toes to their boots, often as much as four inches long. Of the female sex of all these races little is to be seen in the street, as they are much wrapped up, but at least they do not veil their faces. The Russians and Cossacks have coarse Calmuck features, and their behaviour shows that their features do them no injustice. I have nowhere else met with people so rude, covetous, and servile in disposition.

I was strongly advised not to travel with the Russian post, since, as a solitary woman, I should have infinite trouble with the noble-minded official personages whom I should have to deal with, but I was resolved nevertheless to take my chance, and begged Dr Muller to see to whatever was necessary for me.

In order to obtain permission to travel in this pleasant Russian empire, I found it was necessary to take no less than six walks,—first to the treasurer, then to the police, then to the commandant, then again to the police, then again to the treasurer, and lastly, once more to the police.

In the *padroshne* (permit) that you receive, it must be exactly stated how many miles you mean to travel, and the postmaster must not allow you to go a single werst further. For every horse you must pay half a copek the werst, which seems at first little enough, but when you consider that a werst is only half a mile, and that you always travel with three horses, it amounts at last to a considerable tax.

It had been arranged that the horses were to be at the door at four in the morning, but the clock struck six, and nothing was to be seen of them. Dr Muller was so good as to go himself to look after them, and so at last I started at seven, a pleasant foretaste of the punctuality I was to expect. We drove fast enough, but whoever has not a well-stuffed spring carriage, or a body of cast iron, would prefer often on these rough roads to go a little more gently.

The post-chaise, for which you pay ten copeks a station, is nothing more than a very short uncovered wooden car on four wheels, and instead of a seat some hay is put in the bottom, and a

small box, on which the postilion sits. Of course these machines jolt horribly, and the bells, hung to a wooden arch over the neck of the middle horse (they are harnessed three abreast), keep up a constant abominable jangling. These with the creaking of the ear, the screaming of the driver to his horses, make so much noise that when, as has sometimes happened, the traveller has been flung out on the road by the violent motion of the car, the driver has gone on, and never missed him till he arrived at the station.

Between the second and third stage of my journey, I came to a short tract, on which I found a kind of lava which perfectly resembled the fine shining glassy lava of Iceland called obsidian, which, it has been supposed, could be found nowhere else.

*August 27th*—To-day, I had again some experience of the pleasures of travelling in Russia. I had in the evening ordered and paid for everything that I should want on the following morning, yet when the morning came I had to go myself to awaken the postmaster, to find the driver, and, in short, run about after every one of the people wanted. At the third stage, I had to wait four hours for the horses, and at the fourth they would give me none at all, and I was obliged to stop the night, although in the whole previous day I had gone only twenty-seven miles.

*August 28th*—Perpetual torment with the post people. I am in general a great enemy to harshness and severity, but to these fellows I really would rather have spoken with the stick, their rudeness, stupidity, and want of feeling really exceed belief. You find officers and men lying asleep and drunk at every hour of the day, and if you succeed in raising them they will perhaps only laugh in your face, instead of helping you. It is not till after endless scolding and disputing that you can induce one to get out a car, another to grease the wheels, and a third to feed the horse, which besides often has to be shod, then, perhaps, the harness is not in order, and has to be patched and mended, and over all these operations as much time is lost as possible. When I expressed in the cities my surprise at the miserably defective arrangements of these post stations, I was told it was because these countries had been so short a time under the Imperial sceptre,—because the Imperial city was so far off,—and, moreover, as a single woman travelling without a servant, I might think myself well off to have been served no worse.

I could only answer that in countries belonging to the English,

which lay much further away from their capital than these did from St Petersburg, I had found the arrangements excellent, and that there it was supposed that a woman who paid for attendance had as much claim to it as a man, or even an official gentleman.

Now, in Russia, the moment an official personage of any sort makes his appearance every one flies at his bidding, and all vie with one another who shall most humbly bow before him, for this is the privileged caste; and though, according to law, those who are not travelling on official business have no rights beyond those of other travellers, they who should be the first to show an example of respect for the law, pay not the smallest attention to it. They send a servant, perhaps to mention that on this or that day they will require ten or twelve horses, should anything induce them to delay their journey,—a dinner, a hunting-party, or a headache of the lady,—they simply put off the journey for a day or two, and desire the horses to be kept till they are wanted, and, in the meantime, any private travellers arriving at the station must await their pleasure. It may easily happen, therefore, with all these hindrances, that though the Russian rate of travelling is very rapid when you do get into motion, you do not, on the whole, get on faster than in a caravan. Many a time, in the course of my journey through Russia, I have not been able to do more than a single stage in a whole long day, and every time I saw a uniform it threw me into a fright, lest I should not be able to get any horses.

Waiting at the post stations is of course extremely disagreeable. There is a room for you to wait in, and a Cossack and his wife, who are supposed to wait upon you, but it is often hard to get for your money either civil treatment or food,—eggs, milk, or whatever it may be that you require. With all its dangers I greatly prefer travelling in Persia.

Among the interesting incidents of this part of my travels I must count the meeting several migrating hordes of Tatars. They were seated on oxen and horses, and had their tents and household utensils packed up, the cows and sheep, of which there were always great numbers, were driven near them. The dresses of the Tatar women were often rich, though ragged,—crimson silk, sometimes embroidered in gold, wide trousers, a long caftan, with a short one over it, and on their heads something that looked like a bee-hive, and which is made from the bark of a tree, but covered

with red silk, and ornamented with corals, coins, and metal plates, and their dresses also, down to the waist, exhibit a profusion of buttons, bells, rings, and amulets. They had large shawls wrapped round them, but their faces were uncovered. Amongst their household goods I saw handsome carpets, vessels of copper, iron kettles, and so forth.

The villages of the settled Tatars have a most singular appearance, they lie mostly on the declivities of hills, in which chambers are hollowed out, with no other light than from the entrance, and this is protected by projecting eaves of planks supported on trunks of trees. You see neither walls, windows, nor doors, nothing in fact but these penthouse roofs. Those who have their abode in plains build huts of stone or wood, and cover them over with earth, so that they look like large molehills.

*August 29th* — To-day I had a variety in my Russian travelling pleasures. It had been raining all night, and rained still, and the wheels of the car flung up such a mass of mud, that I sat in a thick puddle, and found my head and even my face crusted over. Some small boards fastened above the wheels would easily have prevented this annoyance, but who in this country troubles himself about the comfort of a private traveller?

We came in sight of Tiflis during the latter half of this day, and I was much struck by its European aspect, as I had seen no city in this style since Valparaiso. It is in the capital of Georgia, and counts about 50,000 inhabitants. Many of the houses are built on hills, or even on high steep rocks, and from these you get a magnificent prospect over city and valley. The latter, however, had not, at the time of my arrival, a very attractive appearance, as the harvest had robbed it of all colour, and it is not rich in gardens and groves, but the river Kurry (mostly called Cyrus) meanders beautifully through it, and far in the distance glitter the snow crowned peaks of the Caucasus.

In the interior of the city, the old houses are everywhere being pulled down to make way for new, and the Greek and Armenian houses will soon be the only memorials of the oriental style of building. The churches are far behind the other edifices in size and grandeur, the towers are low, and mostly covered with green glazed tiles. The oldest Christian church stands on a rock within the fortress, at the entrance of the town, and it is only used as a prison. The town possesses many warm sulphureous springs,



which is partly indicated by its name, since *Tiflis* or *Ibilissi* signify *warm town*, but of the numerous baths there are scarcely any that are not in a bad condition. The buildings containing the springs are small domes covered with windows, and the basins, floors, and walls are of stone. Marble is very scarce.

Not far from the baths you find the Botanic Garden, which has been formed, at great expense, on the side of a mountain on a series of terraces which have to be supported by masonry.

Why a place so unsuitable has been chosen I could not make out, especially as there are few rare plants, and indeed little else than vines. The most remarkable things in the garden were two vines, one of which has a stem a foot in diameter, they are carried to an immense distance, and walks and arbours formed out of them. From these two only, more than eighty dozens of wine are obtained every year. On one of the uppermost terraces of this garden a very spacious lofty grotto has been cut in the rock, in which, in the summer evenings, there is music and dancing, and even sometimes dramatic performances. On Sundays and holidays the governor's garden is opened to the public, and there you find swings and running at the ring, and two bands of music, but the performance of these Russian musicians I found still more intolerable than that of the blacks in Rio de Janeiro.

I entered an Armenian church, and there saw the dead body of a young man, lying in a rich open coffin, lined with crimson velvet, and trimmed with gold lace. The body was adorned with a sort of crown, scattered over with flowers, and covered with fine white gauze, and priests in magnificent robes were performing the ceremony, which was very like that of the Catholics.

The poor mother, at whose side I accidentally knelt down, sobbed aloud, as they prepared to carry away the dear remains, and I too could not refrain from shedding tears, not for the death of the youth, but for the deep sorrow of the afflicted mother.

Leaving this place of mourning I went to visit some Greek and Armenian families. The ladies were in simple Greek dresses, and the rooms, though spacious, were almost destitute of furniture. There were only painted wooden chests running along the walls, and partly covered with carpets, on these they sit, eat, and sleep. In the streets the mixture of European and Asiatic costumes is so common that neither the one nor the other attracts the least attention. The newest to me was that of the Circassians.

It consists of wide trousers, and over this a very full garment fastened by a girdle, worn by the wealthy of dark blue cloth, trimmed with gold or silver lace, and in the breast pockets of these are carried from six to ten cartridges. The Circassians are, as is well known, celebrated for beauty, though I have myself seen far more striking beauties among the Persians.

I have not much to tell concerning the domestic life of the Russian government officers here, for though I had letters to two of them it did not appear to me that I found favour in the sight of either of these gentlemen, probably on account of my expressions concerning the last regulation of the post-stations, the wretched roads, and my own capture and imprisonment, which I told with the addition of a few marginal notes. What was worse, I said, it had been my intention to cross the Caucasus, and go by Moscow to St Petersburg, but after what I had seen of the Russian dominions I should certainly take the shortest way, and get out of them as soon as possible.

Probably, had I been a man speaking thus, I should have paid for my boldness with a short excursion to Siberia. As it was, they only teased me about my passport, for which I had to apply again and again, and at last did not get it, till the sixth day, and yet I had letters to the chief officers. How the poor travellers get on who do not enjoy this advantage I know not.

One of my most agreeable visits was that to the Persian prince Behmen-Mirza, to whom I had letters and news of the family he had left behind him at Tebris, although he was very ill at the time, and received me in a great hall which looked like an hospital, for there, on carpets and cushions, lay *eight* sick people—the prince, four of his children, and three of his wives—who were all ill of fever.

The prince is a remarkably handsome, powerful looking man of about five and thirty, and his open eye is full of intelligence and goodness. He spoke with deep melancholy of his country, and a mournful smile played over his features as I mentioned his lovely children (it would have been contrary to Mussulman etiquette to have mentioned the wives), and told how well and safely I had travelled through the provinces which had been under his government. How fortunate would it be for Persia if this man should come to the throne instead of the young Viceroy.

The most interesting, and at the same time most useful,

acquaintance that I made was that of a countryman of my own, a Mr Salzmann, of whom every one speaks with the highest honour. He has a beautiful house, fitted up with every possible convenience, where he receives travellers, especially his own country people, with the most hospitable kindness, and he has also, five miles from the town, a large fruit garden, near which are some naptha springs that I went to see. The naptha is drawn in wooden tubs out of a deep square pit, but it is of the commonest kind, of a dark brown colour, and thicker than oil. From this is made asphalt, cart grease, and so forth, but the fine white naptha, which can be used for light and fire, is got from the neighbourhood of the Caspian Sea.

Mr Salzmann offered to accompany me on an excursion to the German colonies which lie around Tiflis, but from the accounts I had heard of the sad degeneracy of the Germans who have emigrated to Russia—of their idleness, drunkenness, uncleanness, and dishonesty—I felt little wish to visit them.

On leaving Tiflis, I noticed just outside the town a pedestal of polished granite, surrounded by an iron railing, and on which stands a metal cross with an "Eye of God," and an inscription stating that on the 12th of October 1837, his Imperial Majesty was here upset, but that he had escaped unhurt, and that this monument was placed there by his most grateful subjects. It is to be recollected, that this monument could not have been placed there without the express permission of the illustrious personage himself.

I made this day but one stage, but it was so long a one that it took me till the evening, and going on was out of the question, as it is not safe to travel in the night without an escort of Cossacks of which there is for this purpose a small division kept at each station. The country was not unpicturesque, there were pleasant valleys and hills, on whose summits stood ruins of castles and fortresses, for here, as in the German empire, there was a time when every noble might make war upon the other, and lived in a stronghold within which his vassals could take refuge in case of hostile attack. It is said there are still people who wear shirt-of-mail and iron helmets, but I never saw any of them.

As we went on to the small town of Gory the scenery became more wildly romantic, hill and valley was covered with wood, and in the town itself an eminence crowned with a citadel rose abruptly from the very midst of the mass of houses. In cl

weather the Caucasus, which like a triple chain is drawn across between the Black Sea and the Caspian as the limit between Europe and Asia, is constantly in sight. Their highest points, from the recent estimates, are 16,800 and 14,400 feet. They were now covered far down with snow.

*September 7th* — To-day I made but one stage, as far as Suram. They could not allow me to go on further, as an officer, with his lady and her companion, &c. were returning from a bathing place, and would require twelve horses. In order to drive away my ill-humour a little I took a walk to an old castle that lay mostly in ruins, but where you could still see, from the numerous walls and spacious vaulted apartments, that the knights who had their abode there must have lived in rather grand style. On my return home through the fields I was much struck by the teams used for ploughing. The ground was a beautiful plain, and almost without a stone, and yet there were twelve or fourteen oxen harnessed to a plough.

*September 8th* — The mountains are now drawing closer together, and nature is becoming more and more luxuriant. All sorts of parasite plants,—wild hops, wild vines, twining from tree to tree,—enwreath them to their highest summits, while the under-wood grows so thick and rich that I am reminded of the forests of Brazil. The third stage led mostly along the banks of the river Mirabka, and the road between the river and the rocky wall is often so narrow that there is not room for a second carriage, and we had repeatedly to wait for ten or twenty minutes for the cars laden with wood to pass, and that is called a post road!

Georgia has been now fifty years under the Russian rule, and it is not till quite lately that there have been any roads made at all, or rather begun. Perhaps in another fifty years they may be finished, or, what is more likely, fallen again into decay. Another want, besides that of roads, is of bridges. The deep rivers are crossed in wretched boats, and the shallower you must walk through how you can. In rainy seasons, or after a thaw, when the snow has melted on the mountains, a traveller may have to wait for many days, or cross at the utmost hazard of his life. What a vast interval between the colonisation of Russia and of England!

Late in the evening, wet through, and covered with mud, I arrived at the station, which lies about a mile from ; for,

among other inconveniences, it is to be mentioned that the post stations usually lie one or two wersts from the towns and villages, so that you cannot easily provide yourself from them with anything you may require.

Kutais has about 18,000 inhabitants, and lies in a natural park, all round it is verdure and luxuriant foliage. The houses are neat and pretty, and the green painted church steeples and barracks have a pleasant effect. The costumes of the people are just as various here as about Tiflis. What struck me most was the comical hats of the Mingrelian peasants, which are large, round, flat pieces of felt, tied with a string under the chin.

I had now only two stages to go to the village of Marand, on the river Ribon or Rione, for there you exchange the post car for a boat, which carries you to Redout-Kalé, on the Black Sea.

The first part of the way lay through beautiful woods, the second commands a free prospect over field and meadow, but the houses still lie hidden among trees and shrubs. We met many peasants, who, if they were but carrying a few eggs, fowls, &c to the town, were on horseback. There was abundance of pasture, and, consequently, no want of horses or horned cattle.

There was no kind of inn at Marand, so that I had to alight at the house of a Cossack. These people, who live here as colonists, have pretty little wooden houses of two or three rooms, and a piece of land which they cultivate as field and garden. Some of them receive travellers, and know how to make high enough charge for the wretched accommodation that they offer. For a little dirty room without a bed I paid twenty silver copeks, and for a chicken the same sum. I got nothing more, for the people are too lazy to fetch anything, and if I had wanted bread, milk, or anything else, I should have had to go for it myself. At the utmost, they would take such trouble only for an officer or official person.

In the morning of the 11th of September the boat started for Redout-Kalé. It was bad weather, and the Rione, otherwise a beautiful river, cannot be navigated at night or in a gale of wind, on account of the many trunks of trees and other obstructions. The country was enchanting. The river flowed on between groves and fields of maize and millet, and the eye, wandering over hills and promontories, reverted at last to the grand peaks of the

distant Caucasus Before and behind, on the right and the left, according to the windings of the watery road, they appeared in all their endless variety of form, dome, peak, horn, and table land We often stopped and landed, and then everybody hastened towards the trees, to pluck the tempting grapes and figs, but the grapes were sour as vinegar, and the figs small and hard I found only a single ripe one, and this I flung away as soon as I tasted it The fig trees were of a size that I have never seen in Italy or in Sicily, and it seems probable that the whole vigour of the plant shoots into wood and leaves, and the same cause may act on the grapes, for the vines are of immense height, though the grapes are so small and poor With cultivation much might be done with them We had to go out to sea, and be rocked about for a few hours, in order to pass round from the main arm of the river into the smaller branch on which Redout-Kalé is situated There is, indeed, a canal between them, but it is now so blocked with sand, that it can only be passed when the water is unusually high

In Redout-Kalé I had again to give myself over to the miseries of a speculative Cossack, who keeps three rooms which he lets to travellers I was uncertain how long I might have to stay, as I was to leave with one of the government steamers which go twice a month from this town to Odessa, calling by the way at eighteen forts and military stations They take with them any traveller who may wish to go without making any charge, though he must content himself with a place on the deck, as the cabins are kept for the military officers, who frequently go from one station to another No places are to be obtained by payment

I did not know when I might be summoned, as the steamer when it comes, stays only two hours, so I hastened to get my passport put in order, and I certainly cannot complain of having got nothing for my money, for instead of a simple *vise* I got a whole page of writing, and of this copy after copy was taken, till I thought there would never be an end of it I packed my goods ready, and scarcely ventured to have a dinner cooked, lest I should be called away before I could eat it, yet, after all, I had five days to wait

From what I saw during this time of Redout Kalé and Mingrelia, it seems to me that the country, beautiful and luxuriant as it is, is damp and unhealthy It rains very frequently, and the

sun draws up heavy mists, that remain floating four or five feet from the ground, and these are said to be the cause of many diseases, especially of fever and dropsy. Besides the unhealthy influences to which they are unavoidably exposed, the people are unwise enough to build their huts and houses, not in open, airy, sunny places, but deep in the woods, and under a canopy of foliage. You may go through a village and scarcely see a house, so concealed are they by trees. The people look thin and sallow, and appear both stupid and indolent, and they very seldom, I was told, reach the age of sixty. For strangers the climate is still more injurious, and yet I cannot but believe that for industrious colonists, and good economists, the country would offer the finest opportunities. There is land enough to be had, for certainly three fourths of it is lying unemployed, and by clearing the woods and draining, the climate would lose much of its insalubrity. Its fertility is almost boundless, and would be, of course, greatly increased by judicious management. The finest grass grows everywhere in abundance, mingled with rich herbs, the fruit grows wild, the vines, as I have said, shoot up to the highest branches of the trees, and during the wet season the earth is so soft that only wooden ploughs are used. The wine is prepared by the inhabitants in the simplest manner. They hollow out the trunk of a tree, and in this tread out the grapes, and they then take the juice in earthenware vessels, and bury it in the earth. The Mingrelians bear generally a very bad character, they are said to be given to drunkenness, to disregard the ties of marriage, to be commonly thieves, and not unfrequently murderers, but of the truth of these allegations I can, of course, know little from personal experience. Of their idleness I can, however, speak with some confidence, for during the five days I stayed there I could not, either for money or good words, induce any one to get me either grapes or figs. I went daily to the bazaar, but never found one to sell, for the people are too lazy to go into the woods to gather them. They will do no manner of work until they are driven to it by dire necessity, and then they require immoderate payment. I had to give as much for eggs, milk, and bread as I should have done in my native city of Vienna.

Another thing that displeased me in the Mingrelians was the senseless multiplication of external religious ceremonies. You are required to cross yourself every moment for something or other,

on putting the first bit in your mouth at dinner, before you drink, before you put on or off any of your clothes, on going into another room, in short, the only thing their hands find to do is the making everlastingly the sign of the cross. When they pass a church they will stand still and keep bowing and crossing as if they would never have done, and if they are in a carriage they will stop it to go through the same performance. While I was at Redout-Kalé a ship was going to sea, and then the priest had to be fetched to bless, first the ship in general, and then every part in particular. In and out he went, and up and down, and creeping into every hole and corner, and at last he blessed the sailors, who laughed at him when his back was turned. I have always found that where there was most show of it there was least real religion.

## EUROPEAN RUSSIA.

*A Voyage on the Black Sea — A Case of Cholera — The suspected Vessel — Kertsch — The Museum — Tunnuli — Continuation of the Journey — The Castle of Prince Woronzow — The Fortress of Sebastopol — Odessa*

ON the night of the 19th of September, amidst a violent storm of wind and rain, I found myself on the Black Sea, in the Russian government steamer. Although my place was on the deck, I begged permission, as the weather was so bad, to sit upon the cabin stairs, and it was with some shrugging of shoulders granted to me, but after a few minutes there came an order from the commander to put me in a place of shelter. I was rather surprised at this politeness, but less so when I saw where I was to go to, for I was conducted into the great cabin, filled with sailors, who smelled so horribly of brandy, and in some instances too had been tasting it to such an extent that I was soon glad to go back to the deck and endure rather the fury of the elements than their company.

The next day the Caucasian mountains had disappeared, and the thick forests had given place to great open spaces, but wind and storm and rain continued unabated. Fortunately for me, however, there was an Englishman on board, a Mr Platts, the engineer of the steamer, who now presented himself to me, offered me the half of his cabin during the day, and then made interest for me with one of the officers, and got me a small one for myself, near



that of the sailors, indeed, but separated from them by a door I was very grateful to both for this kindness, and it was so much the more deserving of gratitude as I was a stranger, and there were at least half a dozen Russian officers for whom no accommodation had been found, and who had to encamp on the deck.

The next night was a dreadful one. One of the sailors, who had eaten his supper with a good appetite, appearing perfectly well, was suddenly attacked by the cholera. His cries and groans went to my heart, and I fled again to the deck to escape from them, but the violent rain and the piercing cold were scarcely more bearable. I had nothing but my cloak to protect me, and it was almost immediately wet through, my teeth chattered, the frost seemed to penetrate quite through me, and I had no resource but to return to the cabin, hold my ears closed, and pass the remainder of the night by the dying man. He died in the course of eight hours, notwithstanding all that could be done for him, and in the morning, when we stopped at Bschada, the body was wrapped in sailcloth and sent away, the cause of his death being kept carefully concealed from the rest of the passengers on board. The cabin was then well washed with vinegar, scoured, and no second case occurred. It was certainly not surprising that there should be illness on board, but I should have expected that it would have appeared among the poor soldiers, who lay day and night upon the deck, had no other food than dry black bread, and were not even provided with cloaks or covering. I saw many of them, dripping wet and half frozen, gnawing a piece of dry bread. In winter the sea is so rough that they are often for days together opposite a station without being able to reach it, and the voyage to Kertsch will last frequently twenty days. It is really wonderful if they reach the place of their destination alive, for on the Russian system there is nothing done for the comfort of the common soldier. The sailors are a little better off, they get at least brandy with their bread, and a little meat, and twice a day a sort of cabbage soup called bartsch.

The number of officers, with their wives and children, on the deck, increased at every station, and very few were landed. The deck was consequently soon so encumbered with household goods, as well as chests, trunks, or boxes of all kinds, that I could find no other place to sit down than on a pile of these effects. The ship was a complete camp.

In fine weather all this life and bustle was amusing, for every one looked cheerful and contented, and as if they all belonged to one family, but when the rain came down, or a heavy sea washed over our deck, then there was crying and lamentation—"Oh! my flour will be quite spoiled!" "Ah! how can I protect my sugar?" Here was a woman mourning for her spoiled bonnet, and there another for her husband's damaged uniform. At some of the stations we took up sick soldiers, to carry them to the hospital at Kertsch, not so much that they might be better taken care of as for the sake of security, as all the villages, from Redout-Kalé to Anapka, are liable to the incursions of the Circassians, who burst unexpectedly from the mountains and plunder and murder all in their way. Not very long ago they got a cannon, and fired upon a Russian steamer.

The poor sick men were laid upon the deck, and all the care that was taken of them was, that a sail was spread so as to shelter them from the wind on two sides; but when it rained heavily, the water streamed in upon them from all quarters, so that they soon lay quite in the wet.

After passing Anapka the shore no longer presented the beautiful variety of wooded hills and mountains, but the dreary monotony of the steppe, but I was amused by an incident that occurred to-day. Our captain perceived a vessel lying quietly at anchor in a little bay, and immediately, stopping the steamer, sent out an officer to see what it was doing. This was not surprising, for in Russia they would like, if they could, to prohibit so much as a foreign fly from crossing the frontier, but when the officer came up to the ship, he did not attempt to board, or require that papers should be shown to him, he merely bawled to the captain to ask what he was doing there. The other answered that he had been detained by contrary winds, that he had been compelled to cast anchor, that when he got a wind he was going to so-and-so, and with this answer the officer returned quite contented, which seemed to me much as if you were to stop a suspected person in the street, and ask him to tell you whether he really was an honest man or a rogue, accepting his own assurance as sufficient proof.

*September 23d*—Another wet and stormy night! How I pitied the poor sick, and even the healthy, who were on deck exposed to this weather! Towards noon we reached Kertsch

The town lies in a semicircle on the shore, and looks very well from the sea. Behind it rises the Hill of Mithridates, and on it, higher than the town, lies the museum, in the style of a Greek temple, with columns all round. The summit of the hill terminates in beautiful rocky peaks, amidst which lie obelisks and monuments belonging to an ancient cemetery. Around the town the steppe is covered with *tumuli*, which contain memorials of bygone ages. The town of Kertsch is now considered the capital of the government of Tauria, and has a population of 12,000, a secure harbour, and a tolerably important trade. The streets are broad, and furnished with side pavements for foot passengers, and on the two squares there is a great deal of lively bustle on Sundays and holidays, as a market is then held of all possible articles, but chiefly catables. But the rudeness and coarseness of the common people was very striking to me, I heard nothing but screaming, scolding, and cursing.

The Mithridates Hill, the only public walk, is provided with stately flights of steps and abundance of winding paths. It is about 500 feet high, and must have served the ancients as a burying place, for wherever the upper soil has been washed away sarcophagi are discovered. From its summit the prospect is almost boundless, but very unattractive, for on three sides is nothing but the dreary, treeless steppe, whose monotony is only broken by the many grave hillocks before mentioned, on the fourth, indeed, is the sea, which always has its charms, and here so much the more as you see at the same time the Black Sea and the Sea of Asoph. There were, too, many ships in the roads, though by no means the five or six hundred that I had read of in newspapers.

On my return from visiting this hill I went to the Museum which consists of a single saloon, containing some interesting antiquities from the tumuli, but all that was most valuable has been sent to Petersburg. The statues, though damaged, indicate a high degree of art, and one sarcophagus, in white marble, is covered with exquisite reliefs—especially a figure in the form of an angel, holding two garlands of fruits and flowers above his head. On the lid are two figures in a recumbent position, the heads of which are wanting, but the bodies, the attitude and the draperies are all masterly. Another wooden sarcophagus shows great skill in the arts of wood carving and turning.

A collection of earthen pots, lamps, and vessels for water reminded me vividly of those I had seen in the Museum of Naples. The pots are burnt and painted in the same manner as those dug up from Herculaneum and Pompeii. The water pitchers have two handles, and are so pointed at the bottom that they cannot stand without being supported against something; in Persia, pitchers of this form are still in use. There were some coarsely made gold ornaments, bracelets, rings and crowns of wreaths of laurel leaves, copper chains and bottles, and ugly caricature faces in plaster of Paris, besides finely executed coins and ornaments that seemed to have been used for the outsides of houses. On some of the coins I saw remarkably beautiful impressions.

The tombs are monuments of a very peculiar kind. They consist of passages sixty feet long, fourteen feet broad, and twenty-five feet high, and built with long thick slabs of stone, and with a very small chamber at the end of a long shape, and the walls of which, like those of the passage, incline together towards the top. It appears that when the sarcophagus was deposited in its place the whole monument was covered with earth. The fine marble sarcophagus now in the British Museum was taken from a tomb near the Quarantine Building, and is considered to be that of King Bantik.

Most of the monuments have been already opened by the Turks, and the remainder by the Russians, and they have found many of the bodies with golden crowns and trinkets as well as coins.

*September 26th* was a great religious festival for the Russians, and the people brought bread, pastry, fruit, and so forth as offerings to the church, which were all laid up at first in a heap in a corner, but after the service the priest blessed them, and then gave a few small fragments to the poor who surrounded him, but the greater part he had picked up in baskets and sent to his own abode.

In the afternoon almost the whole population turned towards the cemetery, whither the common people also took provisions which were blessed by the priest, but consumed with right good will by themselves.

Among the people I saw but few in the genuine Russian costume, which, for both men and women, consists of a long wide garment of blue cloth, and for the former, low felt hats with broad brims.

The next point of my journey was Odessa, to which I had two ways to choose between. The land route promised much that was beautiful and interesting, but that by sea offered the inducement that I should escape so much of the Russian post roads, and this was to me irresistible.

On the day following that on which I left Kertsch the steamer arrived at a village called Yalta in the Crimea, where it was to stay four and twenty hours, and I employed this time for an excursion to Alapka, one of the estates of Prince Woronzoff, and celebrated for a castle which is one of the sights of the peninsula. The road led over low hills close to the sea-shore, and through a beautiful natural park, in which only here and there the helping hand of man had been called in. Among groves and woods, vineyards and gardens, open glades and slopes, lie elegant villas and castles belonging to the Russian nobility, and so lovely a scene is presented to the eye that one could almost think only happiness and concord could find admittance into it.

The first of these charming abodes that strikes the eye is that of Count Leo Potocki, lying close to the sea-shore, and remarkable for its extent rather than its beauty. It was intended to serve the Empress of Russia as a bathing-place, but has not yet been used as such. Then comes the extremely pretty seat of the Princess Mirzewski, in the midst of a superb park, and commanding a grand view of sea and mountain, and then the villa of the Princess Gallitzin, built so entirely in the Gothic style that one takes it at first for a church, and looks about for the town belonging to it.

After going about thirteen wersts, the road turns to the right round a stony hill, and the princely castle of Woronzoff comes into view in all its extent. Its aspect is however not so striking as I had expected, perhaps because the freestone of which it is built is of exactly the same colour as that of the surrounding rocks, when it comes to be encircled by a fine park it will appear to more advantage. There is a fine garden now, but every thing is still too young, though the head gardener, Mr Kebab, a German, is, it must be owned, a master in his art.

The castle is built in the Moorish-Gothic style, full of towers and turrets, and battlemented walls and points and corners. The principal front is turned towards the sea, and two lions of Carrara marble, by the hand of a celebrated artist, lie reposing at the top of a magnificent flight of steps that descends to the beach.

The interior arrangements remind you of the enchanted palaces of the Arabian tales, for what the whole world can produce in costly stuffs, precious woods, and choice workmanship is here to be seen in its perfection.

There are state apartments in the Chinese, Persian, Indian, and European styles, and a garden saloon which is probably unique in its kind, for it not only contains the most beautiful and rare flowers, but even the highest trees. Palms with their rich crowns of leaves rear their majestic heads, intertwining foliage decks the walls, and flowers and blossoms spring up on every side, while the pure air is perfumed with their fragrant breath, and soft swelling divans stand half hidden in leafy bowers; every thing, in short, is combined to produce the most enchanting impression on the senses. The proprietor of this fairy palace, Prince Woronzoff, was unfortunately absent. I had letters to him, and should have been glad to have made his acquaintance, for I heard him spoken of everywhere, by rich and poor, as a most just, noble-minded, and benevolent man. They endeavoured to make me await his return, saying he was only gone for a few days to a neighbouring estate, but my time was too short to allow of my accepting the invitation.

In the neighbourhood of the castle lies a Tatar village, of which there are many in the Crimea. They are distinguished by their flat roofs covered with earth, which are more used by the inhabitants than the interior of the houses, for they do all their work upon the housetop, and when they have done it remain and pass the night upon the same spot. The men are adopting more and more the Russian costume, but the women still dress in the oriental style, though they do not veil their faces. I have nowhere else seen vineyards so beautifully planted and kept so clean as here. The grapes are sweet and full flavoured, the wine light and good, and perfectly adapted to the making champagne which is indeed often done. In the Prince Woronzoff's vineyards there are above a hundred different species of grapes.

When I returned to Yalta I found I had above two hours to wait, as the Russian gentlemen with whom I was to go on board the steamer had not yet finished their drinking bout, and when at length they arrived one of them was so excessively drunk that he could not stand, and was dragged by two others to the shore. Here we found the steamer's boat waiting, but the sailors said it was for the captain, and refused to take us. It became necessary

therefore to hire a boat, for which twenty silver copeks was demanded

The gentlemen did not know that, though I could not speak Russian, I understood it, and one of them said in a half whisper to the other, "I have no money about me, *let the woman pay,*" and thereupon the other turned to me, and said, in the French language, "the share that you have to pay is twenty silver copeks" These were persons who considered themselves gentlemen in Russia!

*Sept 29th* —To-day we stopped at the fine and strong fortress of Sevastopol. The fortifications lie partly at the entrance of the harbour and partly within it. The harbour itself is encircled by hills, and is one of the most secure in the world, and so deep that the largest ships of war can come close up to the quays, there, as well as the sluices, docks, &c., are all built in a style of profuse grandeur and magnificence. The greatest bustle and activity reigned in all parts of them, and thousands of hands were busied in all kinds of work. Among the labourers I was shown many Polish nobles, who have been sent here as a punishment for the last effort (that of 1831) made to free themselves from the Russian yoke.

The fortifications and barracks are capable of containing thirty thousand men. The town is of very recent origin, and lies on a naked and desolate chain of hills. Among the buildings the Greek Church strikes the eye first, as it lies quite alone on a hill, and is built in the style of a Greek temple. The library is highest, a good allegory if it were not a mere accident. There is also a very handsome open hall surrounded by columns, from which a fine flight of steps leads down to the sea-shore, and forms a very convenient landing place, and, as in all new Russian towns, the streets are broad and clean.

In two days from Sevastopol we reached Odessa, which has a very handsome appearance from the sea, as it lies high, and its really fine buildings, the palace of Prince Woronzoff, the government offices, several large barracks, and stately private houses can be seen at a glance. The environs are flat and naked, but the numerous gardens and avenues of trees give the town a pleasant aspect, further animated by the forest of masts in the harbour. The greater part, however, lie not here but in the quarantine harbour, for all vessels coming from any part of the

Turkish dominions have to submit to a fortnight's quarantine, whether any infectious disease has prevailed in them or not

Odessa is the capital of the government of Cherson, and by its position on the Black Sea and at the mouths of the rivers Dniester and Dnieper, is one of the most important commercial cities of Russia. In the year 1817 it was declared a free port\*. Most of the merit of its rapid rise and present prosperity is commonly attributed to the Duke of Richelieu, who, after making in the emigrant corps several campaigns against his native country, was, in 1803, appointed to the governorship of Cherson. On his entering on his office it contained scarcely 5,000 inhabitants, but under his administration it rapidly rose to nearly its present population of 80,000. In acknowledgment of his services his name has been conferred on many of the finest streets, and his statue in bronze is the ornament of a beautiful public walk, planted with trees and commanding a view of the sea. From this boulevard broad flights of steps lead down to the beach, at one end of it lies the Exchange, a building in the Italian style, and surrounded by a garden, and not far off is the Academy of the Fine Arts. The theatre, with its beautiful portico, promises more than its interior fulfils, and next the theatre you find the Palais Royal, with its rows of handsome shops containing abundance of costly goods, but not so tastefully arranged as they might be. In the interior of the town lies what is called the Crown Garden, which, though neither large nor fine, affords recreation to the inhabitants, who assemble there in great numbers on Sundays and holidays to listen to a band of music that plays under a tent in summer and in a simple pavilion in winter. Among the churches the Russian Cathedral is most worthy of notice. It has a high vaulted nave, resting on strong pillars, covered with a polished white substance that resembles marble, and the decorations in pictures, chandeliers, candlesticks, &c are rich, though not artistically managed. This was the first church in which I saw stoves, and it was really necessary, for the approaching winter was beginning to make itself keenly felt. I had not seen an autumn for several years, and it made a mournful impression on me. I

\* Odessa is not a perfectly free port, but merchandize is liable to only a fifth of the duty it would pay in any other Russian port, and this fifth is given to the city itself.—Tr





when we got to Constantinople On my confessing I did not, they offered to manage every thing for me, if I liked to land with them When we got into the boat, on our arrival, a custom-house officer came in after us, in order to examine the luggage, and to expedite his movements I slipped some money into his hand, but when we got to shore the English sailors would not allow me to contribute any thing to the expenses of the boat, as they said I had paid the custom-house officer for all, and I saw that I should really offend them if I persisted in offering it These were common English sailors, and the three I mentioned at Yalta were Russian gentlemen

As I have already described the entrance to the Bosphorus, and what is most remarkable in Constantinople, in my "Voyage to the Holy Land," I will not dwell much on the subject now I went immediately to my good Mrs Balbiani, but found, to my great regret, that she had left Constantinople, and given up her hotel, and I was recommended to that of the Four Nations, kept by a gossiping Frenchwoman, who was perpetually singing the praises of her servants, her cook, and her whole establishment, but I believe few travellers will be inclined to join in the chorus She charges also four florins a day, and adds in besides a number of "*pour boires*," to make up the account

Some changes had taken place since I was last here A new handsome wooden bridge had been thrown over the Golden Horn, the beautiful palace of the Russian embassy was finished, and the Oriental women did not go so closely veiled as on my first visit to Constantinople Some indeed wore such thin veils that the form of the face could be seen through them, others had only the forehead and chin covered, leaving eyes, nose, and cheeks openly to be seen The suburb of Pera had a very desolate appearance, for there had been several conflagrations in it, and their number was increased by two more in the three days of my stay

These two were what are called little fires, since only thirty houses were destroyed by one, and only a hundred and thirty houses, shops, and huts by the other In general, the numbers on these occasions are reckoned by thousands

The first fire broke out in the evening, while we were at dinner; and one of the guests offered to take me to it, thinking, that, if I had not yet witnessed such a spectacle, it would interest me. The scene of the occurrence was at a considerable distance from our



Sailing near the coast, we first caught sight of a lofty promontory on which stood twelve great pillars, the remains of a temple of Minerva, and we soon neared the hill on which lies the glorious Acropolis. I was glowing with an enthusiastic longing to tread the soil, which, after that of Rome and Jerusalem, is the most remarkable and interesting in the world. How eagerly my eyes sought the city of Athens, which lies on the same spot as the one of old renown, but a hill concealed it from my view, and before I could have any chance of seeing it we had to go out again, and sail for Egina, where we were compelled to go into quarantine for twelve days, for fear we might bring cholera. Had the fear been of plague it would have been for three weeks.

It was quite dark when we reached the island, and the steamer lowered a boat, and sent us ashore. But neither porters nor waiters were to be seen who could lend us any assistance, and we were obliged to drag along our trunks, boxes, and portmanteaus as well as we could ourselves to the quarantine building, where they at length put us into a small empty room, but did not even allow us a light. Fortunately I had in my pocket a wax taper, which I cut into pieces, and distributed amongst my companions, by which a little relief was afforded, and on the following morning we were informed of the quarantine arrangements, a small perfectly empty room was rated at three drachmas (about 1s 9d) a day, and three shillings was charged for board. A small fee to the doctor on our arrival, and another on our departure, and additional charges were made for water, attendance, for every separate article of furniture, and for small matters innumerable.

I cannot conceive how this system can be permitted in an institution established for the sake of public health, and which the poorest cannot escape, and where, consequently, they must suffer more privations than they do at home. They cannot even allow themselves a warm meal, for it costs five or six times what it would do any where else in the country. Some mechanics who came in our steamer lived the whole twelve days on bread, cheese, and dried figs.

What was worse, these men, and a servant girl, were put all into the same room, and after a few days the poor thing begged me for God's sake to take her into mine, as their behaviour towards her was extremely improper. What a situation would she have been in had not a woman been accidentally among the passengers,

or if I had refused her request! Is it not injury enough, too, to a poor person to keep them all this time in a state of enforced idleness, without exposing them also to extortion and ill-treatment?

On the second day of our quarantine our cage was opened a little, and we were allowed to promenade within an enclosed space about 150 paces long. On the fourth day we were allowed to fly a little farther, as it might be, at the end of a string, that is, under the superintendence of a guard, to visit a neighbouring hill, and at length the joyful hour of freedom arrived. We had ordered, the evening before, a boat, that was to take us early in the morning to Athens, but my fellow prisoners chose to celebrate their release at a tavern, so that it was eleven o'clock before we set off, and then there was not a breath of wind to fill our sails, the men had to take to the oars, and it was eight o'clock in the evening before we at length landed at the Piræus. Our first visit, of course, was to the health office, where the testimonies we had brought with us from the quarantine at Egina were studied with the deliberation due to such important documents, and there was, unluckily, no one among us who could, by the distribution of a few drachmas, render them more easily intelligible. We were next requested to make a call at the police office, but the police office was shut, and we were therefore forbidden to leave the quarter that night. I went into a large handsome looking coffee-house, to endeavour to find a lodging for the night, and I was conducted into a room, of which half the windows were broken, but, as the waiter observed, that was of no consequence, as one could close the shutters. The room did not in other respects look so *very* bad, and I went to bed, but scarcely had I taken possession of my couch than I discovered that it had already so many occupants that I could not think of intruding. I betook myself to the sofa, but there, alas! the population was no less numerous, and I had finally to pass the remainder of the night on a chair.

I had been told before of the condition of the inns at the Piræus, and warned not to pass a night there, but the police regulations left me no chance.

The distance from the harbour of the Piræus to Athens is six miles, and the road leads between noted hills and plantations of olives. The Acropolis remains constantly in sight, but the town of Athens does not come into view till later. I had proposed to myself to stay at least eight days there, but I had scarcely alighted

before I was met by the news of the October revolution of Vienna. The February revolution of Paris I had heard of at Bombay, and subsequent events at Tabreez and Teflis, but no news had so completely taken away my breath as this. I knew, too, that my family was in Vienna, and I had not heard from them, and had it been possible I would gladly have set off to them that very moment. Fate had really played me a cruel trick. There had I been kept twelve days in quarantine, longing to tread the classic soil of Greece, and now that I was free to do so the ground seemed to burn beneath my feet. The steamer did not, however, start till the following day, so, in order to pass away the time, I engaged a cicerone to take me to all the most remarkable places.

The original city lay on a rocky hill in the middle of a plain, which consequently became covered with buildings. The upper part was called the Acropolis, the lower, the Katopols. Now there is nothing left but a part of the fortress, the renowned Acropolis, on the hill which boasted the finest works of Athenian art. Its principal ornament was the Temple of Minerva, the Parthenon, which still, in its remaining fragments, is the admiration of the world. It was 215 feet long, 97 broad, and 70 feet high, and here stood the gold and ivory statue of Minerva, by Phidias. Fifty-five columns yet remain of the entrance to the temple, and some enormous blocks of marble resting upon them. Of the Temple of Neptune some beautiful fragments are still to be seen, and it is easy to make out the circuit of the amphitheatre. Outside the Acropolis lie the temples of Theseus and of the Olympian Jupiter, one on the north and the other on the south side. The first is of Doric structure, and surrounded with thirty-six fine pillars, and the exploits of Theseus are represented in magnificent reliefs upon the metope. The interior is full of beautiful sculptures, most of which, however, have been taken from other temples, and merely placed here. Outside the temple stand several marble seats, brought from the neighbouring Areopagus. Of this nothing more is left than a chamber hewn in the rock, to which a flight of steps, also cut in the rock, leads. Of the Temple of Jupiter Olympus enough of the foundation wall is left to show its proportions, as well as sixteen magnificent columns of fifty-eight feet in height. This temple, which was completed by Hadrian, was the most superb building in Athens. The exterior was adorned with 120 fluted columns 59 feet in height and six feet in diameter, and all three

temples were built of the purest white marble. Not far from the Areopagus is the Pnyx, where the free people of Athens were accustomed to debate, but all that remains of it is the rostrum for the orators, and the seats for the clerk, which are cut out of the rock. What men have stood and spoken from that spot! And not far off is the rocky prison where Socrates drank the poison. In the new city of Athens there is nothing to be seen of the antiquities but the Temple of the Winds, sometimes called the "Lantern of Diogenes," a small octagonal temple, with fine sculptures, and the monument of Lysicrates, consisting of little more than a pedestal, some columns, and a dome of Corinthian architecture. There are a considerable number of houses in modern Athens, but most of them small and insignificant, though the country houses are pretty, and surrounded by tasteful gardens. The royal palace, of course a quite new building, is of dazzling white marble, and built in the form of a large quadrangle, but without any ornament, and its great walls look so naked that even the splendid milk white of the marble produces no effect, and it is not till you come quite close that you perceive what costly material has been employed in its construction. I was sorry to see such a building on a soil rendered classic, as much by its treasures of arts as by its heroic men. The marble for this, as well as for the glorious edifices on the Acropolis, has been taken from the quarries of the Pentelicon, yet they are still so rich that whole cities might be built out of them.

As it was Sunday, and a beautiful day, I had the advantage of seeing the whole beau monde of Athens, and even the court itself, assembled on the public walk. This consists merely of an avenue of trees, at the end of which is a wooden pavilion, and it has neither lawns nor flower-beds to adorn it. Every Sunday a military band plays from five to six o'clock, and the king rides or drives about with his wife, to show himself to the people. This time he came in an open carriage, drawn by four horses, and though his wife wore the ordinary French costume, he himself had assumed the Greek, or rather Albanian, which is one of the handsomest that can be seen. It consists of a full white tunic, from the hip to the knee, a closely-fitting waistcoat of coloured stuff, without sleeves, and over that a jacket of fine red, blue, or brown cloth, with the sleeves left open to display a silk shirt, and the whole profusely decorated with buttons, clasps of gold or silver,

&c, cords, rings, and tassels. On the head is a scarlet fez, with a blue silk tassel, and the shoes are mostly of red morocco. Of the women, few wear the Greek dress, and even when they do it has lost much of its original character. The principal garment is a French dress, open at the bosom, and over it a closely-fitting jacket, also open, and the sleeves of which are wide, and something shorter than those of the dress. On the head they wear a little fez, wound round with pink or other coloured crape, or gold and silver embroidered muslin.

I left Athens on the small steamer, of seventy-horse power, the "Baron Kubeek," which was going to Callimachi, on the Isthmus of Corinth, and I much regretted, when we arrived there, to be compelled to change to another, for the captain, Mr Lutenburg, was one of the most obliging whom I had ever met with.

The village of Callimachi has not many attractions. Its few houses only date from the establishment of steam communications, and the high mountains on which it leans are for the most part barren, or covered only with low brushwood. We took a few walks upon the isthmus, and climbed some small heights, whence you look down from one side on the Gulf of Lepanto, and on the other on the Egean Sea. Before us rose far above its compeers the mighty mountain of Akro-Corinth, the summit of which is crowned by a fortress, in good preservation, used by the Turks in the last war. The once world-renowned city of Corinth, which gave its name to so many of the appliances of wealth and luxury in the interior of the Byzantine palaces, has sunk into a little town of scarcely 1,000 souls, which lies at the foot of the mountain, among vineyards and gardens, and owes its place in the world's estimation to a single article of commerce—its small dried grapes, commonly known in England as *currants*.

No town in Greece possessed so many costly statues of marble and bronze as Corinth, and here, on this isthmus, which consists of a narrow gently-sloping mountain ridge, formerly, in great part, covered with groves, stood the magnificent temple of Neptune, and here were celebrated the Isthmian games. How low can a country and a nation sink from what it once was. Greece, which once held the foremost place in all the earth, is now occupied by one of the last. I was told I could not think, in Greece, of trusting myself alone with a guide, as I had done in other countries, that I must by no means venture far from the harbour, and must make



a point of returning to the steamer at twilight. We had to leave it however in two days, and cross the isthmus, which is at this part about three miles in width.

At Lutrachi, on the other side, we found the steamer *Hellenos*, and the following day reached Patras, a town which before the breaking out of the Greek revolution in 1821 had 20,000 inhabitants, but now has only 7000. It was formerly an important commercial town, and is protected by three forts, two at the entrance to the harbour, and one on a hill above the town. The streets are narrow and dirty, but the country round is better cultivated than any I have yet seen in Greece, and is rich in vineyards, fields, and meadows. The size and beauty of the grapes tempted me to buy some, but I found them so hard, dry, and tasteless, that I could not even venture to offer them to one of the ship boys, but threw them into the sea.

The next stop we made was at Corfu, at the entrance to the Adriatic. The town (since 1815 under the protection of the English) lies in a much finer and more fertile country than that of Patras, and is defended by two bold romantic rocks, with strong fortifications. On one of them is also a telegraph and a light-house. Both are surrounded with mounts, crossed by drawbridges, and the whole island is rich in groves of olive and orange trees. At the entrance to the town is a large covered stone hall, on one side of which the butchers, and on the other the fishmongers, expose their wares, and on the open space before it are laid out the choicest vegetables and most tempting fruits. There are many handsome houses and streets, though some of the bye ones are astonishingly crooked, and by no means too clean, and there is a pretty theatre, which, from the character of the stone figures upon it, has certainly at some time served as a church. The principal square, where the palace of the English governor stands, is very fine, being planted with avenues of trees, and having one side open to the sea.

The celebrated church of Spiridion contains many fine oil paintings, but its chief attraction is a little dark chapel in the back ground, where, in a silver sarcophagus, rest the remains of the saint who is held in high veneration by the Ionians. This chapel is constantly filled with devout visitors, who press many fervent kisses on the marble.

On the 29th of October I once more came in sight of the

low mountains of Dalmatia, and on the 30th, at break of day, landed at Trieste, whence I hurried in a post-chaise to Vienna, but the city had just been taken by storm, and no one was allowed to enter it. In the most painful anxiety I waited before it till the 4th of November, and when I had found all my family safe and well, returned thanks to God for their safety, and for the wonderful protection which had been granted me through so many perils, and I thought with renewed gratitude of the many kind hearts that had lightened for me so often the toils and hardships of my pilgrimage.

My readers I can only entreat to pass a mild judgment on a little book which professes but to describe in the simplest manner what I have myself seen, felt, and experienced, and has no claim on their attention but that of truth.

THE END.

LONDON  
SPOTTISWOODES and SNOW,  
New-street Square

# WARREN HASTINGS.

BY

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

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LONDON

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS

1852

LONDON  
SCOTTISWOODS and SNOW,  
New street Square

# WARREN HASTINGS.

(OCTOBER, 1841)

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*Memoirs of the Life of Warren Hastings, first Governor-General of Bengal* Compiled from Original Papers, by the Rev G R GLEIG, M.A. 3 vols 8vo London 1841

WE are inclined to think that we shall best meet the wishes of our readers, if, instead of minutely examining this book, we attempt to give, in a way necessarily hasty and imperfect, our own view of the life and character of Mr Hastings. Our feeling towards him is not exactly that of the House of Commons which impeached him in 1787, neither is it that of the House of Commons which uncovered and stood up to receive him in 1813. He had great qualities, and he rendered great services to the state. But to represent him as a man of stainless virtue is to make him ridiculous, and from regard for his memory, if from no other feeling, his friends would have done well to lend no countenance to such adulation. We believe that, if he were now living, he would have sufficient judgment and sufficient greatness of mind to wish to be shown as he was. He must have known that there were dark spots on his fame. He might also have felt with pride that the splendour of his fame would bear many spots. He would have wished posterity to have a likeness of him, though an unfavourable likeness, rather than a daub at once insipid and unnatural, resembling neither him nor any body else. "Paint me as I am," said Oliver Cromwell, while sitting to young Lely. "If you leave out the scars and wrinkles, I will not pay you a shilling." Even in such a trifle, the great Protector showed both his good sense and his magnanimity. He did not wish all that was characteristic in his countenance to be lost, in the vain attempt to give him the regular features and smooth blooming

cheeks of the curl-pated minions of James the First. He was content that his face should go forth marked with all the blemishes which had been put on it by time, by war, by sleepless nights, by anxiety, perhaps by remorse, but with valour, policy, authority, and public care written in all its princely lines. If men truly great knew their own interest, it is thus that they would wish their minds to be portrayed.

Warren Hastings sprang from an ancient and illustrious race. It has been affirmed that his pedigree can be traced back to the great Danish sea-king, whose sails were long the terror of both coasts of the British Channel, and who, after many fierce and doubtful struggles, yielded at last to the valour and genius of Alfred. But the undoubted splendour of the line of Hastings needs no illustration from fable. One branch of that line wore, in the fourteenth century, the coronet of Pembroke. From another branch sprang the renowned Chamberlain, the faithful adherent of the White Rose, whose fate has furnished so striking a theme both to poets and to historians. His family received from the Tudors the earldom of Huntingdon, which, after long dispossession, was regained in our time by a series of events scarcely paralleled in romance.

The lords of the manor of Daylesford, in Worcestershire, claimed to be considered as the heads of this distinguished family. The main stock, indeed, prospered less than some of the younger shoots. But the Daylesford family, though not ennobled, was wealthy and highly considered, till, about two hundred years ago, it was overwhelmed by the great ruin of the civil war. The Hastings of that time was a zealous cavalier. He raised money on his lands, sent his plate to the mint at Oxford, joined the royal army, and, after spending half his property in the cause of King Charles, was glad to ransom himself by making over most of the remaining half to Speaker Lenthall. The old seat at Daylesford still remained in the family, but it could no longer be kept up, and in the following generation it was sold to a merchant of London.

Before this transfer took place, the last Hastings of Daylesford had presented his second son to the rectory of the parish in which the ancient residence of the family stood. The living was of little value; and the situation of the poor clergyman, after the sale of the estate, was deplorable. He was constantly engaged in lawsuits about his tithes with the new lord of the manor, and was at length

utterly ruined His eldest son, Howard, a well-conducted young man, obtained a place in the Customs The second son, Pynaston, an idle worthless boy, married before he was sixteen, lost his wife in two years, and died in the West Indies, leaving to the care of his unfortunate father a little orphan, destined to strange and memorable vicissitudes of fortune

Warren, the son of Pynaston, was born on the sixth of December, 1732 His mother died a few days later, and he was left dependent on his distressed grandfather The child was early sent to the village school, where he learned his letters on the same bench with the sons of the peasantry, nor did any thing in his garb or fare indicate that his life was to take a widely different course from that of the young rustics with whom he studied and played But no cloud could overcast the dawn of so much genius and so much ambition The very ploughmen observed, and long remembered, how kindly little Warren took to his book The daily sight of the lands which his ancestors had possessed, and which had passed into the hands of strangers, filled his young brain with wild fancies and projects He loved to hear stories of the wealth and greatness of his progenitors, of their splendid housekeeping, their loyalty, and their valour On one bright summer day, the boy, then just seven years old, lay on the bank of the rivulet which flows through the old domain of his house to join the Isis There, as threescore and ten years later he told the tale, rose in his mind a scheme which, through all the turns of his eventful career, was never abandoned He would recover the estate which had belonged to his fathers He would be Hastings of Daylesford This purpose, formed in infancy and poverty, grew stronger as his intellect expanded and as his fortune rose He pursued his plan with that calm but indomitable force of will which was the most striking peculiarity of his character When, under a tropical sun, he ruled fifty millions of Asiatics, his hopes, amidst all the cares of war, finance, and legislation, still pointed to Daylesford And when his long public life, so singularly chequered with good and evil, with glory and obloquy, had at length closed for ever, it was to Dayle ford that he retired to die

When he was eight years old, his uncle Howard determined to take charge of him, and to give him a liberal education The boy went up to London, and was sent to a school at Newington, where he was well taught but ill fed He always attributed the smallness



of his stature to the hard and scanty fare of this seminary. At ten he was removed to Westminster school, then flourishing under the care of Dr. Nichols. Vinny Bourne, as his pupils affectionately called him, was one of the masters Churchill, Colman, Lloyd, Cumberland, Cowper, were among the students. With Cowper, Hastings formed a friendship which neither the lapse of time, nor a wide dissimilarity of opinions and pursuits, could wholly dissolve. It does not appear that they ever met after they had grown to manhood. But forty years later, when the voices of many great orators were crying for vengeance on the oppressor of India, the shy and secluded poet could image to himself Hastings the Governor-General only as the Hastings with whom he had rowed on the Thames and played in the cloister, and refused to believe that so good-tempered a fellow could have done any thing very wrong. His own life had been spent in praying, musing, and rhyming among the water-lilies of the Ouse. He had preserved in no common measure the innocence of childhood. His spirit had indeed been severely tried, but not by temptations which impelled him to any gross violation of the rules of social morality. He had never been attacked by combinations of powerful and deadly enemies. He had never been compelled to make a choice between innocence and greatness, between crime and ruin. Firmly as he held in theory the doctrine of human depravity, his habits were such that he was unable to conceive how far from the path of right even kind and noble natures may be hurried by the rage of conflict and the lust of dominion.

Hastings had another associate at Westminster of whom we shall have occasion to make frequent mention, Elijah Impey. We know little about their school days. But, we think, we may safely venture to guess that, whenever Hastings wished to play any trick more than usually naughty, he hired Impey with a tart or a ball to act as sag in the worst part of the prank.

Warren was distinguished among his comrades as an excellent swimmer, boatman, and scholar. At fourteen he was first in the examination for the foundation. His name in gilded letters on the walls of the dormitory still attests his victory over many older competitors. He stayed two years longer at the school, and was looking forward to a studentship at Christ Church, when an event happened which changed the whole course of his life. Howard Hastings died, bequeathing his nephew to the care of a friend and distant



tory subordinate to that of Fort William Here, during several years, Hastings was employed in making bargains for stuffs with native brokers. While he was thus engaged, Surajah Dowlah succeeded to the government, and declared war against the English. The defenceless settlement of Cossimbazar, lying close to the tyrant's capital, was instantly seized. Hastings was sent a prisoner to Moorshedabad, but, in consequence of the humane intervention of the servants of the Dutch Company, was treated with indulgence. Meanwhile the Nabob marched on Calcutta, the governor and the commandant fled, the town and citadel were taken, and most of the English prisoners perished in the Black Hole.

In these events originated the greatness of Warren Hastings. The fugitive governor and his companions had taken refuge on the dreary islet of Fulda, near the mouth of the Hoogley. They were naturally desirous to obtain full information respecting the proceedings of the Nabob, and no person seemed so likely to furnish it as Hastings, who was a prisoner at large in the immediate neighbourhood of the court. He thus became a diplomatic agent, and soon established a high character for ability and resolution. The treason which at a later period was fatal to Surajah Dowlah was already in progress, and Hastings was admitted to the deliberations of the conspirators. But the time for striking had not arrived. It was necessary to postpone the execution of the design, and Hastings, who was now in extreme peril, fled to Fulda.

Soon after his arrival at Fulda, the expedition from Madras, commanded by Clive, appeared in the Hoogley. Warren, young, intrepid, and excited probably by the example of the Commander of the Forces who, having like himself been a mercantile agent of the Company, had been turned by public calamities into a soldier, determined to serve in the ranks. During the early operations of the war he carried a musket. But the quick eye of Clive soon perceived that the head of the young volunteer would be more useful than his arm. When, after the battle of Plassey, Meer Jaffier was proclaimed Nabob of Bengal, Hastings was appointed to reside at the court of the new prince as agent for the Company.

He remained at Moorshedabad till the year 1761, when he became a member of Council, and was consequently forced to reside at Calcutta. This was during the interval between Clive's first

and second administration, an interval which has left on the fame of the East India Company a stain, not wholly effaced by many years of just and humane government. Mr Vansittart, the Governor, was at the head of a new and anomalous empire. On one side was a band of English functionaries, daring, intelligent, eager to be rich. On the other side was a great native population, helpless, timid, accustomed to crouch under oppression. To keep the stronger race from preying on the weaker, was an undertaking which tasked to the utmost the talents and energy of Clive. Vansittart, with fair intentions, was a feeble and inefficient ruler. The master caste, as was natural, broke loose from all restraint, and then was seen what we believe to be the most frightful of all spectacles, the strength of civilisation without its mercy. To all other despotism there is a check, imperfect indeed, and liable to gross abuse, but still sufficient to preserve society from the last extreme of misery. A time comes when the evils of submission are obviously greater than those of resistance, when fear itself begets a sort of courage, when a convulsive burst of popular rage and despair warns tyrants not to presume too far on the patience of mankind. But against misgovernment such as then afflicted Bengal it was impossible to struggle. The superior intelligence and energy of the dominant class made their power irresistible. A war of Bengalees against Englishmen was like a war of sheep against wolves, of men against demons. The only protection which the conquered could find was in the moderation, the clemency, the enlarged policy of the conquerors. That protection, at a later period, they found. But at first English power came among them unaccompanied by English morality. There was an interval between the time at which they became our subjects, and the time at which we began to reflect that we were bound to discharge towards them the duties of rulers. During that interval the business of a servant of the Company was simply to wring out of the natives a hundred or two hundred thousand pounds as speedily as possible, that he might return home before his constitution had suffered from the heat, to marry a peer's daughter, to buy rotten boroughs in Cornwall, and to give balls in St James's Square. Of the conduct of Hastings at this time little is known, but the little that is known, and the circumstance that little is known, must be considered as honourable to him. He could not protect the natives: all that he could do was to abstain

from plundering and oppressing them, and thus he appears to have done. It is certain that at this time he continued poor, and it is equally certain that by cruelty and dishonesty he might easily have become rich. It is certain that he was never charged with having borne a share in the worst abuses which then prevailed, and it is almost equally certain that, if he had borne a share in those abuses, the able and bitter enemies who afterwards persecuted him would not have failed to discover and to proclaim his guilt. The keen, severe, and even malevolent scrutiny to which his whole public life was subjected, a scrutiny unparalleled, as we believe, in the history of mankind, is in one respect advantageous to his reputation. It brought many lamentable blemishes to light, but it entitles him to be considered pure from every blemish which has not been brought to light.

The truth is that the temptations to which so many English functionaries yielded in the time of Mr. Vansittart were not temptations addressed to the ruling passions of Warren Hastings. He was not sycamorph in pecuniary transactions; but he was neither sordid nor rapacious. He was far too enlightened a man to look on a great empire merely as a buccaneer would look on a galleon. Had his heart been much worse than it was, his understanding would have preserved him from that extremity of baseness. He was an unscrupulous, perhaps an unprincipled, statesman, but still he was a statesman, and not a freebooter.

In 1764 Hastings returned to England. He had realized only a very moderate fortune, and that moderate fortune was soon reduced to nothing, partly by his praiseworthy liberality, and partly by his mismanagement. Towards his relations he appears to have acted very generously. The greater part of his savings he left in Bengal, hoping probably to obtain the high usury of India. But high usury and bad security generally go together, and Hastings lost both interest and principal.

He remained four years in England. Of his life at this time very little is known. But it has been asserted, and is highly probable, that liberal studies and the society of men of letters occupied a great part of his time. It is to be remembered to his honour that, in days when the languages of the East were regarded by other servants of the Company merely as the means of communicating with weavers and money-changers, his enlarged and accomplished mind sought in Asiatic learning for new forms of

intellectual enjoyment, and for new views of government and society. Perhaps, like most persons who have paid much attention to departments of knowledge which lie out of the common track, he was inclined to overrate the value of his favourite studies. He conceived that the cultivation of Persian literature might with advantage be made a part of the liberal education of an English gentleman, and he drew up a plan with that view. It is said that the University of Oxford, in which Oriental learning had never, since the revival of letters, been wholly neglected, was to be the seat of the institution which he contemplated. An endowment was expected from the munificence of the Company, and professors thoroughly competent to interpret Hafiz and Ferdusi were to be engaged in the East. Hastings called on Johnson, with the hope, as it should seem, of interesting in this project a man who enjoyed the highest literary reputation, and who was particularly connected with Oxford. The interview appears to have left on Johnson's mind a most favourable impression of the talents and attainments of his visiter. Long after, when Hastings was ruling the immense population of British India, the old philosopher wrote to him, and referred in the most courtly terms, though with great dignity, to their short but agreeable intercourse.

Hastings soon began to look again towards India. He had little to attach him to England, and his pecuniary embarrassments were great. He solicited his old masters the Directors for employment. They acceded to his request, with high compliments both to his abilities and to his integrity, and appointed him a Member of Council at Madras. It would be unjust not to mention that, though forced to borrow money for his outfit, he did not withdraw any portion of the sum which he had appropriated to the relief of his distressed relations. In the spring of 1769 he embarked on board of the Duke of Grafton, and commenced a voyage distinguished by incidents which might furnish matter for a novel.

Among the passengers in the Duke of Grafton was a German of the name of Imhoff. He called himself a Baron, but he was in distressed circumstances, and was going out to Madras as a portrait-painter, in the hope of picking up some of the pagodas which were then lightly got and as lightly spent by the English in India. The Baron was accompanied by his wife, a native, we have somewhere read, of Archangel. This young woman who,

born under the Arctic circle, was destined to play the part of a Queen under the tropic of Cancer, had an agreeable person, a cultivated mind, and manners in the highest degree engaging. She despised her husband heartily, and, as the story which we have to tell sufficiently proves, not without reason. She was interested by the conversation and flattered by the attentions of Hastings. The situation was indeed perilous. No place is so propitious to the formation either of close friendships or of deadly enmities as an Indiaman. There are very few people who do not find a voyage which lasts several months insupportably dull. Anything is welcome which may break that long monotony, a sail, a shark, an albatross, a man overboard. Most passengers find some resource in eating twice as many meals as on land. But the great devices for killing the time are quarrelling and flirting. The facilities for both these exciting pursuits are great. The inmates of the ship are thrown together far more than in any country-seat or boarding-house. None can escape from the rest except by imprisoning himself in a cell in which he can hardly turn. All food, all exercise, is taken in company. Ceremony is to a great extent banished. It is every day in the power of a mischievous person to inflict innumerable annoyances. It is every day in the power of an amiable person to confer little services. It not seldom happens that serious distress and danger call forth, in genuine beauty and deformity, heroic virtues and abject vices which, in the ordinary intercourse of good society, might remain during many years unknown even to intimate associates. Under such circumstances met Warren Hastings and the Baroness Imhoff, two persons whose accomplishments would have attracted notice in any court of Europe. The gentleman had no domestic ties. The lady was tied to a husband for whom she had no regard, and who had no regard for his own honour. An attachment sprang up, which was soon strengthened by events such as could hardly have occurred on land. Hastings fell ill. The baroness nursed him with womanly tenderness, gave him his medicines with her own hand, and even sat up in his cabin while he slept. Long before the Duke of Grafton reached Madras, Hastings was in love. But his love was of a most characteristic description. Like his hatred, like his ambition, like all his passions, it was strong, but not impetuous. It was calm, deep, earnest, patient of delay, unconquerable by time. Imhoff was called into council by his wife

and his wife's lover. It was arranged that the Baroness should institute a suit for a divorce in the courts of Franconia, that the Baron should afford every facility to the proceeding, and that, during the years which might elapse before the sentence should be pronounced, they should continue to live together. It was also agreed that Hastings should bestow some very substantial marks of gratitude on the complaisant husband, and should, when the marriage was dissolved, make the lady his wife, and adopt the children whom she had already borne to Imhoff.

At Madras, Hastings found the trade of the Company in a very disorganised state. His own tastes would have led him rather to political than to commercial pursuits, but he knew that the favour of his employers depended chiefly on their dividends, and that their dividends depended chiefly on the investment. He therefore, with great judgment, determined to apply his vigorous mind for a time to this department of business, which had been much neglected, since the servants of the Company had ceased to be clerks, and had become warriors and negotiators.

In a very few months he effected an important reform. The Directors notified to him their high approbation, and were so much pleased with his conduct that they determined to place him at the head of the government of Bengal. Early in 1772 he quitted Fort St George for his new post. The Imhoffs, who were still man and wife, accompanied him, and lived at Calcutta on the same plan which they had already followed during more than two years.

When Hastings took his seat at the head of the council board, Bengal was still governed according to the system which Clive had devised, a system which was, perhaps, skilfully contrived for the purpose of facilitating and concealing a great revolution, but which, when that revolution was complete and irrevocable, could produce nothing but inconvenience. There were two governments, the real and the ostensible. The supreme power belonged to the Company, and was in truth the most despotic power that can be conceived. The only restraint on the English masters of the country was that which their own justice and humanity imposed on them. There was no constitutional check on their will, and resistance to them was utterly hopeless.

But, though thus absolute in reality, the English had not yet assumed the style of sovereignty. They held their territories as



vassals of the throne of Delhi, they raised their revenues as collectors appointed by the imperial commission; their public seal was inscribed with the imperial titles, and their mint struck only the imperial coin.

There was still a nabob of Bengal, who stood to the English rulers of his country in the same relation in which Augustulus stood to Odoacer, or the last Merovingians to Charles Martel and Pepin. He lived at Moorshedabad, surrounded by princely magnificence. He was approached with outward marks of reverence, and his name was used in public instruments. But in the government of the country he had less real share than the youngest writer or cadet in the Company's service.

The English council which represented the Company at Calcutta was constituted on a very different plan from that which has since been adopted. At present the Governor is, as to all executive measures, absolute. He can declare war, conclude peace, appoint public functionaries or remove them, in opposition to the unanimous sense of those who sit with him in council. They are, indeed, entitled to know all that is done, to discuss all that is done, to advise, to remonstrate, to send protests to England. But it is with the Governor that the supreme power resides, and on him that the whole responsibility rests. This system, which was introduced by Mr. Pitt and Mr. Dundas in spite of the strenuous opposition of Mr. Burke, we conceive to be on the whole the best that was ever devised for the government of a country where no materials can be found for a representative constitution. In the time of Hastings the Governor had only one vote in council, and, in case of an equal division, a casting vote. It therefore happened not unfrequently that he was overruled on the gravest questions; and it was possible that he might be wholly excluded, for years together, from the real direction of public affairs.

The English functionaries at Fort William had as yet paid little or no attention to the internal government of Bengal. The only branch of politics about which they much busied themselves was negotiation with the native princes. The police, the administration of justice, the details of the collection of revenue, were almost entirely neglected. We may remark that the phraseology of the Company's servants still bears the traces of this state of things. To this day they always use the word "political" as synonymous with "diplomatic." We could name a gentleman still living, who was

described by the highest authority as an invaluable public servant, eminently fit to be at the head of the internal administration of a whole presidency, but unfortunately quite ignorant of all political business.

The internal government of Bengal the English rulers delegated to a great native minister, who was stationed at Moorshedabad. All military affairs, and, with the exception of what pertains to mere ceremonial, all foreign affairs, were withdrawn from his control, but the other departments of the administration were entirely confided to him. His own stipend amounted to near a hundred thousand pounds sterling a year. The personal allowance of the nabob, amounting to more than three hundred thousand pounds a year, passed through the minister's hands, and was, to a great extent, at his disposal. The collection of the revenue, the administration of justice, the maintenance of order, were left to this high functionary, and for the exercise of his immense power he was responsible to none but the British masters of the country.

A situation so important, lucrative, and splendid, was naturally an object of ambition to the ablest and most powerful natives. Clive had found it difficult to decide between conflicting pretensions. Two candidates stood out prominently from the crowd, each of them the representative of a race and of a religion.

One of these was Mahommed Reza Khan, a Mussulman of Persian extraction, able, active, religious after the fashion of his people, and highly esteemed by them. In England he might perhaps have been regarded as a corrupt and greedy politician. But, tried by the lower standard of Indian morality, he might be considered as a man of integrity and honour.

His competitor was a Hindoo Brahmin whose name has, by a terrible and melancholy event, been inseparably associated with that of Warren Hastings, the Maharajah Nuncomar. This man had played an important part in all the revolutions which, since the time of Surajah Dowlah, had taken place in Bengal. To the consideration which in that country belongs to high and pure caste, he added the weight which is derived from wealth, talents, and experience. Of his moral character it is difficult to give a notion to those who are acquainted with human nature only as it appears in our island. What the Italian is to the Englishman, what the Hindoo is to the Italian, what the Bengalee is to other Hindoos, that was Nuncomar to other Bengalees. The physical

organization of the Bengalee is feeble even to effeminacy. He lives in a constant vapour bath. His pursuits are sedentary, his limbs delicate, his movements languid. During many ages he has been trampled upon by men of bolder and more hardy breeds. Courage, independence, veracity, are qualities to which his constitution and his situation are equally unfavourable. His mind bears a singular analogy to his body. It is weak even to helplessness for purposes of manly resistance, but its suppleness and its tact move the children of sterner climates to admiration not unmingled with contempt. All those arts which are the natural defence of the weak are more familiar to this subtle race than to the Ionian of the time of Juvenal, or to the Jew of the dark ages. What the horns are to the buffalo, what the paw is to the tiger, what the sting is to the bee, what beauty, according to the old Greek song, is to woman, deceit is to the Bengalee. Large promises, smooth excuses, elaborate tissues of circumstantial falsehood, chicanery, perjury, forgery, are the weapons, offensive and defensive, of the people of the Lower Ganges. All those millions do not furnish one sepoy to the armies of the Company. But as usurers, as money-changers, as sharp legal practitioners, no class of human beings can bear a comparison with them. With all his softness, the Bengalee is by no means placable in his enmities or prone to pity. The pertinacity with which he adheres to his purposes yields only to the immediate pressure of fear. Nor does he lack a certain kind of courage which is often wanting to his masters. To inevitable evils he is sometimes found to oppose a passive fortitude, such as the Stoics attributed to their ideal sage. An European warrior, who rushes on a battery of cannon with a loud hurrah, will sometimes shriek under the surgeon's knife, and fall into an agony of despair at the sentence of death. But the Bengalee, who would see his country overrun, his house laid in ashes, his children murdered or dishonoured, without having the spirit to strike one blow, has yet been known to endure torture with the firmness of Mucius, and to mount the scaffold with the steady step and even pulse of Algernon Sidney.

In Nuncomar, the national character was strongly and with exaggeration personified. The Company's servants had repeatedly detected him in the most criminal intrigues. On one occasion he brought a false charge against another Hindoo, and tried to substantiate it by producing forged documents. On another occasion

it was discovered that, while professing the strongest attachment to the English, he was engaged in several conspiracies against them, and in particular that he was the medium of a correspondence between the court of Delhi and the French authorities in the Carnatic. For these and similar practices he had been long detained in confinement. But his talents and influence had not only procured his liberation, but had obtained for him a certain degree of consideration even among the British rulers of his country.

Clive was extremely unwilling to place a Mussulman at the head of the administration of Bengal. On the other hand, he could not bring himself to confer immense power on a man to whom every sort of villainy had repeatedly been brought home. Therefore, though the nabob, over whom Nuncomar had by intrigue acquired great influence, begged that the artful Hindoo might be intrusted with the government, Clive, after some hesitation, decided honestly and wisely in favour of Mahommed Reza Khan. When Hastings became Governor, Mahommed Reza Khan had held power seven years. An infant son of Meer Jaffer was now nabob, and the guardianship of the young prince's person had been confided to the minister.

Nuncomar, stimulated at once by cupidity and malice, had been constantly attempting to hurt the reputation of his successful rival. This was not difficult. The revenues of Bengal, under the administration established by Clive, did not yield such a surplus as had been anticipated by the Company, for, at that time the most absurd notions were entertained in England respecting the wealth of India. Palaces of porphyry, hung with the richest brocade, heaps of pearls and diamonds, vaults from which pagodas and gold mohurs were measured out by the bushel, filled the imagination even of men of business. Nobody seemed to be aware of what nevertheless was most undoubtedly the truth, that India was a poorer country than countries which in Europe are reckoned poor, than Ireland, for example, or than Portugal. It was confidently believed by Lords of the Treasury and members for the city that Bengal would not only defray its own charges, but would afford an increased dividend to the proprietors of India stock, and large relief to the English finances. These absurd expectations were disappointed, and the Directors, naturally enough, chose to attribute the disappointment rather to the mismanagement of Mahommed Reza Khan than to their own ignorance of the country intrusted to their

care They were confirmed in their error by the agents of Nuncomar, for Nuncomar had agents even in Leadenhall Street. Soon after Hastings reached Calcutta, he received a letter addressed by the Court of Directors, not to the council generally, but to himself in particular. He was directed to remove Mahommed Reza Khan, to arrest him, together with all his family and all his partisans, and to institute a strict inquiry into the whole administration of the province. It was added that the Governor would do well to avail himself of the assistance of Nuncomar in the investigation. The vices of Nuncomar were acknowledged. But even from his vices, it was said, much advantage might at such a conjuncture be derived, and, though he could not safely be trusted, it might still be proper to encourage him by hopes of reward.

The Governor bore no good will to Nuncomar. Many years before, they had known each other at Moorsshedabad, and then a quarrel had arisen between them which all the authority of their superiors could hardly compose. Widely as they differed in most points, they resembled each other in this, that both were men of unforgiving natures. To Mahommed Reza Khan, on the other hand, Hastings had no feelings of hostility. Nevertheless he proceeded to execute the instructions of the Company with an alacrity which he never showed, except when instructions were in perfect conformity with his own views. He had, wisely as we think, determined to get rid of the system of double government in Bengal. The orders of the Directors furnished him with the means of effecting his purpose, and dispensed him from the necessity of discussing the matter with his Council. He took his measures with his usual vigour and dexterity. At midnight, the palace of Mahommed Reza Khan at Moorsshedabad was surrounded by a battalion of sepoy. The minister was roused from his slumbers and informed that he was a prisoner. With the Mussulman gravity, he bent his head and submitted himself to the will of God. He fell not alone. A chief named Schitab Roy had been intrusted with the government of Bahar. His valour and his attachment to the English had more than once been signally proved. On that memorable day on which the people of Patna saw from their walls the whole army of the Mogul scattered by the little band of Captain Knox, the voice of the British conquerors assigned the palm of gallantry to the brave Asiatic. "I never," said Knox, when he introduced Schitab Roy, covered with blood and dust, to the

English functionaries assembled in the factory "I never saw a native fight so before." Sehitab Roy was involved in the ruin of Mahommed Reza Khan, was removed from office, and was placed under arrest. The members of the Council received no intimation of these measures till the prisoners were on their road to Calcutta.

The inquiry into the conduct of the minister was postponed on different pretences. He was detained in an easy confinement during many months. In the mean time, the great revolution which Hastings had planned was carried into effect. The office of minister was abolished. The internal administration was transferred to the servants of the Company. A system, a very imperfect system, it is true, of civil and criminal justice, under English superintendence, was established. The nabob was no longer to have even an ostensible share in the government, but he was still to receive a considerable annual allowance, and to be surrounded with the state of sovereignty. As he was an infant, it was necessary to provide guardians for his person and property. His person was intrusted to a lady of his father's harem, known by the name of the Mummy Begum. The office of treasurer of the household was bestowed on a son of Nuncomar, named Goordas. Nuncomar's services were wanted, yet he could not safely be trusted with power, and Hastings thought it a master-stroke of policy to reward the able and unprincipled parent by promoting the inoffensive child.

The revolution completed, the double government dissolved, the Company installed in the full sovereignty of Bengal, Hastings had no motive to treat the late ministers with rigour. Their trial had been put off on various pretexts till the new organization was complete. They were then brought before a committee, over which the Governor presided. Sehitab Roy was speedily acquitted with honour. A formal apology was made to him for the restraint to which he had been subjected. All the Eastern marks of respect were bestowed on him. He was clothed in a robe of state, presented with jewels and with a richly harness'd elephant, and sent back to his government at Patna. But his health had suffered from confinement, his high spirit had been cruelly wounded, and soon after his liberation he died of a broken heart.

The innocence of Mahommed Reza Khan was not so clearly established. But the Governor was not disposed to deal harshly. After a long hearing, in which Nuncomar appeared as the accuser,

and displayed both the art and the inveterate rancour which distinguished him, Hastings pronounced that the charge had not been made out, and ordered the fallen minister to be set at liberty.

Nuncomar had purposed to destroy the Mussulman administration, and to rise on its ruin. Both his malevolence and his cupidity had been disappointed. Hastings had made him a tool, had used him for the purpose of accomplishing the transfer of the government from Moorsheedabad to Calcutta, from native to European hands. The rival, the enemy, so long envied, so implacably persecuted, had been dismissed unhurt. The situation so long and ardently desired had been abolished. It was natural that the Governor should be from that time an object of the most intense hatred to the vindictive Brahmin. As yet, however, it was necessary to suppress such feelings. The time was coming when that long animosity was to end in a desperate and deadly struggle.

In the mean time, Hastings was compelled to turn his attention to foreign affairs. The object of his diplomacy was at this time simply to get money. The finances of his government were in an embarrassed state, and this embarrassment he was determined to relieve by some means, fair or foul. The principle which directed all his dealings with his neighbours is fully expressed by the old motto of one of the great predatory families of Teviotdale, 'Thou shalt want ere I want.' He seems to have laid it down, as a fundamental proposition which could not be disputed, that, when he had not as many lacs of rupees as the public service required, he was to take them from any body who had. One thing, indeed, is to be said in excuse for him. The pressure applied to him by his employers at home, was such as only the highest virtue could have withstood, such as left him no choice except to commit great wrongs, or to resign his high post, and with that post all his hopes of fortune and distinction. The Directors, it is true, never enjoined or applauded any crime. Far from it. Whoever examines their letters written at that time will find there many just and humane sentiments, many excellent precepts, in short, an admirable code of political ethics. But every exhortation is modified or nullified by a demand for money. "Govern leniently, and send more money, practise strict justice and moderation towards neighbouring powers, and send more money," this is in truth the sum of almost all the instructions that Hastings ever received from home. Now these instructions, being interpreted, mean simply, "Be the

father and the oppressor of the people, be just and unjust, moderate and rapacious" The Directors dealt with India, as the church, in the good old times, dealt with a heretic. They delivered the victim over to the executioners, with an earnest request that all possible tenderness might be shown. We by no means accuse or suspect those who framed these despatches of hypocrisy. It is probable that, writing fifteen thousand miles from the place where their orders were to be carried into effect, they never perceived the gross inconsistency of which they were guilty. But the inconsistency was at once manifest to their vicegerent at Calcutta, who, with an empty treasury, with an unpaid army, with his own salary often in arrear, with deficient crops, with government tenants daily running away, was called upon to remit home another half million without fail. Hastings saw that it was absolutely necessary for him to disregard either the moral discourses or the pecuniary requisitions of his employers. Being forced to disobey them in something, he had to consider what kind of disobedience they would most readily pardon, and he correctly judged that the wisest course would be to neglect the sermons and to find the rupees.

A mind so fertile as his, and so little restrained by conscientious scruples, speedily discovered several modes of relieving the financial embarrassments of the government. The allowance of the Nabob of Bengal was reduced at a stroke from three hundred and twenty thousand pounds a year to half that sum. The Company had bound itself to pay near three hundred thousand pounds a year to the Great Mogul, as a mark of homage for the provinces which he had intrusted to their care, and they had ceded to him the districts of Corah and Allahabad. On the plea that the Mogul was not really independent, but merely a tool in the hands of others, Hastings determined to retract these concessions. He accordingly declared that the English would pay no more tribute, and sent troops to occupy Allahabad and Corah. The situation of these places was such, that there would be little advantage and great expense in retaining them. Hastings, who wanted money and not territory, determined to sell them. A purchaser was not wanting. The rich province of Oude had, in the general dissolution of the Mogul Empire, fallen to the share of the great Mussulman house by which it is still governed. About twenty years ago, this house, by the permission of the British government, assumed the royal



title, but, in the time of Warren Hastings, such an assumption would have been considered by the Mahomedans of India as a monstrous impiety. The Prince of Oude, though he held the power, did not venture to use the style of sovereignty. To the appellation of Nabob or Viceroy, he added that of Vizier of the monarchy of Hindostan, just as in the last century the Electors of Saxony and Brandenburg, though independent of the Emperor, and often in arms against him, were proud to style themselves his Grand Chamberlain and Grand Marshal. Sujah Dowlah, then Nabob Vizier, was on excellent terms with the English. He had a large treasure. Allahabad and Corah were so situated that they might be of use to him and could be of none to the Company. The buyer and seller soon came to an understanding, and the provinces which had been torn from the Mogul were made over to the government of Oude for about half a million sterling.

But there was another matter still more important to be settled by the Vizier and the Governor. The fate of a brave people was to be decided. It was decided in a manner which has left a lasting stain on the fame of Hastings and of England

The people of Central Asia had always been to the inhabitants of India what the warriors of the German forests were to the subjects of the decaying monarchy of Rome. The dark, slender, and timid Hindoo shrank from a conflict with the strong muscle and resolute spirit of the fair race, which dwelt beyond the passes. There is reason to believe that, at a period anterior to the dawn of regular history, the people who spoke the rich and flexible Sanscrit came from regions lying far beyond the Hyphasis and the Hytaspes, and imposed their yoke on the children of the soil. It is certain that, during the last ten centuries, a succession of invaders descended from the west on Hindostan, nor was the course of conquest ever turned back towards the setting sun, till that memorable campaign in which the cross of Saint George was planted on the walls of Ghizni.

The Emperors of Hindostan themselves came from the other side of the great mountain ridge; and it had always been their practice to recruit their army from the hardy and valiant race from which their own illustrious house sprang. Among the military adventurers who were allured to the Mogul standards from the neighbourhood of Cabul and Candahar, were conspicuous several gallant bands, known by the name of the Rohillas. Their services had

been rewarded with large tracts of land, best of the spear if we may use an expression drawn from an unlogous state of things, in that fertile plain through which the Rungunga flows from the snowy heights of Kinnon to join the Ganges. In the general confusion which followed the death of Aurungzebe, the warlike colony became virtually independent. The Rohillas were distinguished from the other inhabitants of India by a peculiarly fair complexion. They were more honourably distinguished by courage in war, and by skill in the arts of peace. While unarchly reigned from Lahore to Cape Comorin, their little territory enjoyed the blessings of repose under the guardianship of valour. Agriculture and commerce flourished among them; nor were they negligent of rhetoric and poetry. Many persons now living have heard aged men tell with regret of the golden days when the Afghan princes ruled in the vale of Rohilkund.

Sujah Dowlah had set his heart on adding this rich district to his own principality. Right or shew of right, he had absolutely none. His claim was in no respect better founded than that of Catherine to Poland, or that of the Bonaparte family to Spain. The Rohillas held their country by exactly the same title by which he held his, and had governed their country far better than his had ever been governed. Nor were they a people whom it was perfectly safe to attack. Their land was indeed an open plain destitute of natural defences, but their veins were full of the high blood of Afghanistan. As soldiers, they had not the steadiness which is seldom found except in company with strict discipline; but their impetuous valour had been proved on many fields of battle. It was said that their chiefs, when united by common peril, could bring eighty thousand men into the field. Sujah Dowlah had himself seen them fight, and wisely shrink from a conflict with them. There was in India one army and only one against which even those proud Cimmerian tribes could not stand. It had been abundantly proved that neither tenfold odds, nor the martial ardour of the boldest Asmatie nations, could avail aught against English science and resolution. Was it possible to induce the Governor of Bengal to let out to lure the irresistible energies of the imperial people, the skill against which the ablest chiefs of Hindostan were helpless as infants, the discipline which had so often triumphed over the frantic struggles of fanaticism and despair, the

unconquerable British courage which is never so sedate and stubborn as towards the close of a doubtful and murderous day?

This was what the Nabob Vizier asked, and what Hastings granted. A bargain was soon struck. Each of the negotiators had what the other wanted. Hastings was in need of funds to carry on the government of Bengal, and to send remittances to London, and Sujah Dowlah had an ample revenue. Sujah Dowlah was bent on subjugating the Rohillas, and Hastings had at his disposal the only force by which the Rohillas could be subjugated. It was agreed that an English army should be lent to the Nabob Vizier, and that, for the loan, he should pay four hundred thousand pounds sterling, besides defraying all the charge of the troops while employed in his service.

"I really cannot see," says Mr Gleig, "upon what grounds, either of political or moral justice, this proposition deserves to be stigmatized as infamous." If we understand the meaning of words, it is infamous to commit a wicked action for hire, and it is wicked to engage in war without provocation. In this particular war, scarcely one aggravating circumstance was wanting. The object of the Rohilla war was thus, to deprive a large population, who had never done us the least harm, of a good government, and to place them, against their will, under an execrably bad one. Nay, even this is not all. England now descended far below the level even of those petty German princes who, about the same time, sold us troops to fight the Americans. The hussar-mongers of Hesse and Anspach had at least the assurance that the expeditions on which their soldiers were to be employed would be conducted in conformity with the humane rules of civilised warfare. Was the Rohilla war likely to be so conducted? Did the Governor stipulate that it should be so conducted? He well knew what Indian warfare was. He well knew that the power which he covenanted to put into Sujah Dowlah's hands would, in all probability, be atrociously abused, and he required no guarantee, no promise that it should not be so abused. He did not even reserve to himself the right of withdrawing his aid in case of abuse, however gross. We are almost ashamed to notice Major Scott's plea, that Hastings was justified in letting out English troops to slaughter the Rohillas, because the Rohillas were not of Indian race, but a colony from a distant country. What were the English themselves? Was it for them

to proclaim a crusade for the expulsion of all intruders from the countries watered by the Ganges? Did it lie in their mouths to contend that a foreign settler who establishes an empire in India is a *caput lupinum*? What would they have said if any other power had, on such a ground, attacked Madras or Calcutta, without the slightest provocation? Such a defence was wanting to make the infamy of the transaction complete. The atrocity of the crime, and the hypocrisy of the apology, are worthy of each other

One of the three brigades of which the Bengal army consisted was sent under Colonel Champion to join Sujah Dowlah's forces. The Rohillas expostulated, entreated, offered a large ransom, but in vain. They then resolved to defend themselves to the last. A bloody battle was fought. "The enemy," says Colonel Champion, "gave proof of a good share of military knowledge, and it is impossible to describe a more obstinate firmness of resolution than they displayed." The dastardly sovereign of Oude fled from the field. The English were left unsupported, but their fire and their charge were irresistible. It was not, however, till the most distinguished chiefs had fallen, fighting bravely at the head of their troops, that the Rohilla ranks gave way. Then the Nabob Vizier and his rabble made their appearance, and hastened to plunder the camp of the valiant enemies, whom they had never dared to look in the face. The soldiers of the Company, trained in an exact discipline, kept unbroken order, while the tents were pillaged by these worthless allies. But many voices were heard to exclaim, "We have had all the fighting, and those rogues are to have all the profit."

Then the horrors of Indian war were let loose on the fair valleys and cities of Rohileund. The whole country was in a blaze. More than a hundred thousand people fled from their homes to pestilential jungles, preferring famine, and fever, and the haunts of tigers, to the tyranny of him, to whom an English and a Christian government had, for shameful lucre, sold their substance, and their blood, and the honour of their wives and daughters. Colonel Champion remonstrated with the Nabob Vizier, and sent strong representations to Fort William, but the Governor had made no conditions as to the mode in which the war was to be carried on. He had troubled himself about nothing but his forty lacs, and, though he might disapprove of Sujah Dowlah's wanton barbarity, he did not think himself entitled to interfere, except by

offering advice This delicacy excites the admiration of the biographer. "Mr Hastings," he says, "could not himself dictate to the Nabob, nor permit the commander of the Company's troops to dictate how the war was to be carried on" No, to be sure Mr Hastings had only to put down by main force the brave struggles of innocent men fighting for their liberty Their military resistance crushed, his duties ended, and he had then only to fold his arms and look on, while their villages were burned, their children butchered, and their women violated Will Mr Gleig seriously maintain this opinion? Is any rule more plain than this, that whoever voluntarily gives to another irresistible power over human beings is bound to take order that such power shall not be barbarously abused? But we beg pardon of our readers for arguing a point so clear

We hasten to the end of this sad and disgraceful story. The war ceased The finest population in India was subjected to a greedy, cowardly, cruel tyrant Commerce and agriculture languished The rich province which had tempted the cupidity of Sujah Dowlah became the most miserable part even of his miserable dominions Yet is the injured nation not extinct At long intervals gleams of its ancient spirit have flashed forth, and even at this day, valour, and self-respect, and a chivalrous feeling rare among Asiatics, and a bitter remembrance of the great crime of England, distinguish that noble Afghan race. To this day they are regarded as the best of all sepoys at the cold steel, and it was very recently remarked, by one who had enjoyed great opportunities of observation, that the only natives of India to whom the word "gentleman" can with perfect propriety be applied, are to be found among the Rohillas

Whatever we may think of the morality of Hastings, it cannot be denied that the financial results of his policy did honour to his talents. In less than two years after he assumed the government, he had, without imposing any additional burdens on the people subject to his authority, added about four hundred and fifty thousand pounds to the annual income of the Company, besides procuring about a million in ready money He had also relieved the finances of Bengal from military expenditure, amounting to near a quarter of a million a year, and had thrown that charge on the Nabob of Oude. There can be no doubt that this was a result which, if it had been obtained by honest means, would have en-

titled him to the warmest gratitude of his country, and which, by whatever means obtained, proved that he possessed great talents for administration

In the mean time, Parliament had been engaged in long and grave discussions on Asiatic affairs. The ministry of Lord North, in the session of 1773, introduced a measure which made a considerable change in the constitution of the Indian government. This law, known by the name of the Regulating Act, provided that the presidency of Bengal should exercise a control over the other possessions of the Company, that the chief of that presidency should be styled Governor-General, that he should be assisted by four Councillors, and that a supreme court of judicature, consisting of a chief justice and three inferior judges, should be established at Calcutta. This court was made independent of the Governor-General and Council, and was intrusted with a civil and criminal jurisdiction of immense and, at the same time, of undefined extent.

The Governor-General and Councillors were named in the act, and were to hold their situations for five years. Hastings was to be the first Governor-General. One of the four new Councillors, Mr Barwell, an experienced servant of the Company, was then in India. The other three, General Clavering, Mr Monson, and Mr Francis, were sent out from England.

The ablest of the new Councillors was, beyond all doubt, Philip Francis. His acknowledged compositions prove that he possessed considerable eloquence and information. Several years passed in the public offices had formed him to habits of business. His enemies have never denied that he had a fearless and manly spirit, and his friends, we are afraid, must acknowledge that his estimate of himself was extravagantly high, that his temper was irritable, that his deportment was often rude and petulant, and that his hatred was of intense bitterness and long duration.

It is scarcely possible to mention this eminent man without adverting for a moment to the question which his name at once suggests to every mind. Was he the author of the Letters of Junius? Our own firm belief is that he was. The evidence is, we think, such as would support a verdict in a civil, nay, in a criminal proceeding. The handwriting of Junius is the very peculiar handwriting of Francis, slightly disguised. As to the position, pursuits, and connexions of Junius, the follow- the

most important facts which can be considered as clearly proved: first, that he was acquainted with the technical forms of the secretary of state's office, secondly, that he was intimately acquainted with the business of the war office, thirdly, that he, during the year 1770, attended debates in the House of Lords, and took notes of speeches, particularly of the speeches of Lord Chatham, fourthly, that he bitterly resented the appointment of Mr. Chamier to the place of deputy secretary-at-war, fifthly, that he was bound by some strong tie to the first Lord Holland. Now, Francis passed some years in the secretary of state's office. He was subsequently chief clerk of the war-office. He repeatedly mentioned that he had himself, in 1770, heard speeches of Lord Chatham, and some of these speeches were actually printed from his notes. He resigned his clerkship at the war-office from resentment at the appointment of Mr. Chamier. It was by Lord Holland that he was first introduced into the public service. Now, here are five marks, all of which ought to be found in Junius. They are all five found in Francis. We do not believe that more than two of them can be found in any other person whatever. If this argument does not settle the question, there is an end of all reasoning on circumstantial evidence.

The internal evidence seems to us to point the same way. The style of Francis bears a strong resemblance to that of Junius, nor are we disposed to admit, what is generally taken for granted, that the acknowledged compositions of Francis are very decidedly inferior to the anonymous letters. The argument from inferiority, at all events, is one which may be urged with at least equal force against every claimant that has ever been mentioned, with the single exception of Burke, and it would be a waste of time to prove that Burke was not Junius. And what conclusion, after all, can be drawn from mere inferiority? Every writer must produce his best work, and the interval between his best work and his second best work may be very wide indeed. Nobody will say that the best letters of Junius are more decidedly superior to the acknowledged works of Francis than three or four of Corneille's tragedies to the rest, than three or four of Ben Jonson's comedies to the rest, than the Pilgrim's Progress to the other works of Bunyan, than Don Quixote to the other works of Cervantes. Nay, it is certain that Junius, whoever he may have been, was a most unequal writer. To go no further than the

letters which bear the signature of Junius, the letter to the king, and the letters to Horne Tooke, have little in common, except the asperity, and asperity was an ingredient seldom wanting either in the writings or in the speeches of Francis.

Indeed one of the strongest reasons for believing that Francis was Junius is the moral resemblance between the two men. It is not difficult from the letters which, under various signatures, are known to have been written by Junius and from his dealings with Woodfall and others, to form a tolerably correct notion of his character. He was clearly a man not destitute of real patriotism and magnanimity, a man whose vices were not of a sordid kind. But he must also have been a man in the highest degree arrogant and insolent, a man prone to malevolence, and prone to the error of mistaking his malevolence for public virtue. "Doeest thou well to be angry?" was the question asked in old time of the Hebrew prophet. And he answered, "I do well." Thus was evidently the temper of Junius, and to this cause we attribute the savage cruelty which disgraces several of his letters. No man is so merciless as he who, under a strong self-delusion, confounds his antipathies with his duties. It may be added that Junius, though allied with the democratic party by common enmities, was the very opposite of a democratic politician. While attacking individuals with a ferocity which perpetually violated all the laws of literary warfare, he regarded the most defective parts of old institutions with respect amounting to pedantry, pleaded the cause of Old Sirmion with fervour, and contemptuously told the capitalists of Manchester and Leeds that, if they wanted votes, they might buy land and become freeholders of Lancashire and Yorkshire. All this, we believe might stand, with scarcely any change, for a character of Philip Francis.

It is not strange that the great anonymous writer should have been willing at that time to leave the country which had been so powerfully stirred by his eloquence. Every thing had gone against him. That party which he clearly preferred to every other, the party of George Grenville, had been scattered by the death of its chief, and Lord Suffolk had led the greater part of it over to the ministerial benches. The ferment produced by the Middlesex election had gone down. Every faction must have been alike an object of aversion to Junius. His opinions on domestic affairs separated him from the ministry, his opinions on colonial affairs



from the opposition. Under such circumstances, he had thrown down his pen in misanthropical despair. His farewell letter to Woodfall bears date the nineteenth of January 1773. In that letter, he declared that he must be an idiot to write again, that he had meant well by the cause and the public, that both were given up, that there were not ten men who would act steadily together on any question. "But it is all alike," he added, "vile and contemptible. You have never flinched that I know of, and I shall always rejoice to hear of your prosperity." These were the last words of Junius. In a year from that time, Philip Francis was on his voyage to Bengal.

With the three new Councillors came out the judges of the Supreme Court. The chief justice was Sir Elijah Impey. He was an old acquaintance of Hastings, and it is probable that the Governor-General, if he had searched through all the inns of court, could not have found an equally serviceable tool. But the members of Council were by no means in an obsequious mood. Hastings greatly disliked the new form of government, and had no very high opinion of his coadjutors. They had heard of this, and were disposed to be suspicious and punctilious. When men are in such a frame of mind, any trifle is sufficient to give occasion for dispute. The members of Council expected a salute of twenty-one guns from the batteries of Fort William. Hastings allowed them only seventeen. They landed in ill-humour. The first civilities were exchanged with cold reserve. On the morrow commenced that long quarrel which, after distracting British India, was renewed in England, and in which all the most eminent statesmen and orators of the age took active part on one or the other side.

Hastings was supported by Barwell. They had not always been friends. But the arrival of the new members of Council from England naturally had the effect of uniting the old servants of the Company. Clavering, Monson, and Francis formed the majority. They instantly wrested the government out of the hands of Hastings, condemned, certainly not without justice, his late dealings with the Nabob Vizier, recalled the English agent from Oude, and sent thither a creature of their own, ordered the brigade which had conquered the unhappy Rohillas to return to the Company's territories, and instituted a severe inquiry into the conduct of the war. Next, in spite of the Governor-General's

remonstrances, they proceeded to exercise, in the most indiscreet manner, their new authority over the subordinate presidencies, threw all the affairs of Bombay into confusion, and interfered, with an incredible union of rashness and feebleness, in the intestine disputes of the Mahratta government. At the same time, they fell on the internal administration of Bengal, and attacked the whole fiscal and judicial system, a system which was undoubtedly defective, but which it was very improbable that gentlemen fresh from England would be competent to amend. The effect of their reforms was that all protection to life and property was withdrawn, and that gangs of robbers plundered and slaughtered with impunity in the very suburbs of Calcutta. Hastings continued to live in the Government-house, and to draw the salary of Governor-General. He continued even to take the lead at the council-board in the transaction of ordinary business, for his opponents could not but feel that he knew much of which they were ignorant, and that he decided, both surely and speedily, many questions which to them would have been hopelessly puzzling. But the higher powers of government and the most valuable patronage had been taken from him.

The natives soon found this out. They considered him as a fallen man, and they acted after their kind. Some of our readers may have seen, in India, a cloud of crows pecking a sick vulture to death, no bad type of what happens in that country, as often is fortune deserts one who has been great and dreaded. In an instant, all the sycophants who had lately been ready to lie for him, to forge for him, to plunder for him, to poison for him, listen to purchase the favour of his victorious enemies by accusing him. An Indian government has only to let it be understood that it wishes a particular man to be ruined, and, in twenty-four hours, it will be furnished with grave charges, supported by depositions so full and circumstantial that any person unaccustomed to Asiatic mendacity would regard them as decisive. It is well if the signature of the destined victim is not counterfeited at the foot of some illegal compact, and if some treasonable paper is not slipped into a hiding-place in his house. Hastings was now regarded as helpless. The power to make or mar the fortune of every man in Bengal had passed, as it seemed, into the hands of the new Councillors. Immediately charges against the Governor-General began to pour in. They were eagerly welcomed by the majority,

who, to do them justice, were men of too much honour knowingly to countenance false accusations, but who were not sufficiently acquainted with the East to be aware that, in that part of the world, a very little encouragement from power will call forth, in a week, more Oateses, and Bedloes, and Dangerfields, than Westminster Hall sees in a century

It would have been strange indeed if, at such a juncture, Nuncomar had remained quiet. That bad man was stimulated at once by malignity, by avarice, and by ambition. Now was the time to be avenged on his old enemy, to wreak a grudge of seventeen years, to establish himself in the favour of the majority of the Council, to become the greatest native in Bengal. From the time of the arrival of the new Councillors, he had paid the most marked court to them, and had in consequence been excluded, with all indignity, from the Government-house. He now put into the hands of Francis, with great ceremony, a paper containing several charges of the most serious description. By this document Hastings was accused of putting offices up to sale, and of receiving bribes for suffering offenders to escape. In particular, it was alleged that Mahommed Reza Khan had been dismissed with impunity, in consideration of a great sum paid to the Governor-General.

Francis read the paper in Council. A violent altercation followed. Hastings complained in bitter terms of the way in which he was treated, spoke with contempt of Nuncomar and of Nuncomar's accusation, and denied the right of the Council to sit in judgment on the Governor. At the next meeting of the Board, another communication from Nuncomar was produced. He requested that he might be permitted to attend the Council, and that he might be heard in support of his assertions. Another tempestuous debate took place. The Governor-General maintained that the council-room was not a proper place for such an investigation, that from persons who were heated by daily conflict with him he could not expect the fairness of judges, and that he could not, without betraying the dignity of his post, submit to be confronted with such a man as Nuncomar. The majority, however, resolved to go into the charges. Hastings rose, declared the sitting at an end, and left the room, followed by Barwell. The other members kept their seats, voted themselves a council, put Clavering in the chair, and ordered Nuncomar to be called in. Nuncomar not only



safe to drive to despair a man of such resources and of such determination as Hastings Nuncomar, with all his acuteness, did not understand the nature of the institutions under which he lived. He saw that he had with him the majority of the body which made treaties, gave places, raised taxes. The separation between political and judicial functions was a thing of which he had no conception. It had probably never occurred to him that there was in Bengal an authority perfectly independent of the Council, an authority which could protect one whom the Council wished to destroy, and send to the gibbet one whom the Council wished to protect. Yet such was the fact. The Supreme Court was, within the sphere of its own duties, altogether independent of the Government. Hastings, with his usual sagacity, had seen how much advantage he might derive from possessing himself of this stronghold, and he had acted accordingly. The Judges, especially the Chief Justice, were hostile to the majority of the Council. The time had now come for putting this formidable machinery into action.

On a sudden, Calcutta was astounded by the news that Nuncomar had been taken up on a charge of felony, committed, and thrown into the common gaol. The crime imputed to him was that six years before he had forged a bond. The ostensible prosecutor was a native. But it was then, and still is, the opinion of everybody, idiots and biographers excepted, that Hastings was the real mover in the business.

The rage of the majority rose to the highest point. They protested against the proceedings of the Supreme Court, and sent several urgent messages to the Judges, demanding that Nuncomar should be admitted to bail. The Judges returned haughty and resolute answers. All that the Council could do was to heap honours and emoluments on the family of Nuncomar, and this they did. In the mean time the assizes commenced, a true bill was found, and Nuncomar was brought before Sir Elijah Impey and a jury composed of Englishmen. A great quantity of contradictory swearing, and the necessity of having every word of the evidence interpreted, protracted the trial to a most unusual length. At last a verdict of guilty was returned, and the Chief Justice pronounced sentence of death on the prisoner.

That Impey ought to have respited Nuncomar we hold to be perfectly clear. Whether the whole proceeding was not illegal, is a ques-

tion. But it is certain that whatever may have been, according to technical rules of construction, the effect of the statute under which the trial took place, it was most unjust to hang a Hindoo for forgery. The law which made forgery capital in England was passed without the smallest reference to the state of society in India. It was unknown to the natives of India. It had never been put in execution among them, certainly not for want of delinquents. It was in the highest degree shocking to all their notions. They were not accustomed to the distinction which many circumstances, peculiar to our own state of society, have led us to make between forgery and other kinds of cheating. The counterfeiting of a seal was, in their estimation, a common act of swindling, nor had it ever crossed their minds that it was to be punished as severely as gang-robbery or assassination. A just judge would, beyond all doubt, have reserved the case for the consideration of the sovereign. But Impey would not hear of mercy or delay.

The excitement among all classes was great. Francis and Francis's few English adherents described the Governor-General and the Chief Justice as the worst of murderers. Clavering, it was said, swore that, even at the foot of the gallows, Nanneomar should be rescued. The bulk of the European society, though strongly attached to the Governor-General, could not but feel compassion for a man who, with all his crimes, had so long filled so large a space in their sight, who had been great and powerful before the British empire in India began to exist, and to whom, in the old times, governors and members of council, then mere commercial factors, had paid court for protection. The feeling of the Hindoos was infinitely stronger. They were, indeed, not a people to strike one blow for their countryman. But his sentence filled them with sorrow and dismay. Tried even by their low standard of morality, he was a bad man. But, bad as he was, he was the head of their race and religion, a Brahmin of the Brahmins. He had inherited the purest and highest caste. He had practised with the greatest punctuality all those ceremonies to which the superstitious Bengalees ascribe far more importance than to the correct discharge of the social duties. They felt, therefore, as a devout Catholic in the dark ages would have felt, at seeing a prelate of the highest dignity sent to the gallows by a secular tribunal. According to their old national laws, a Brahmin could not be put to death for any crime whatever. And the crime for

which Nuncomar was about to die was regarded by them in much the same light in which the selling of an unsound horse, for a sound price, is regarded by a Yorkshire jockey.

The Mussulmans alone appear to have seen with exultation the fate of the powerful Hindoo, who had attempted to rise by means of the ruin of Mahommed Reza Khan. The Mahomedan historian of those times takes delight in aggravating the charge. He assures us that in Nuncomar's house a casket was found containing counterfeits of the seals of all the richest men of the province. We have never fallen in with any other authority for this story, which in itself is by no means improbable.

The day drew near; and Nuncomar prepared himself to die with that quiet fortitude with which the Bengalee, so effeminately timid in personal conflict, often encounters calamities for which there is no remedy. The sheriff, with the humanity which is seldom wanting in an English gentleman, visited the prisoner on the eve of the execution, and assured him that no indulgence, consistent with the law, should be refused to him. Nuncomar expressed his gratitude with great politeness and unaltered composure. Not a muscle of his face moved. Not a sigh broke from him. He put his finger to his forehead, and calmly said that fate would have its way, and that there was no resisting the pleasure of God. He sent his compliments to Francis, Clavering, and Monson, and charged them to protect Rajah Goordas, who was about to become the head of the Brahmins of Bengal. The sheriff withdrew, greatly agitated by what had passed, and Nuncomar sat composedly down to write notes and examine accounts.

The next morning, before the sun was in his power, an immense concourse assembled round the place where the gallows had been set up. Grief and horror were on every face, yet to the last the multitude could hardly believe that the English really purposed to take the life of the great Brahmin. At length the mournful procession came through the crowd. Nuncomar sat up in his palanquin, and looked round him with unaltered serenity. He had just parted from those who were most nearly connected with him. Their cries and contortions had appalled the European ministers of justice, but had not produced the smallest effect on the iron stoicism of the prisoner. The only anxiety which he expressed was that men of his own priestly caste might be in attendance to take charge of his corpse. He again desired to be remembered to

his friends in the Council, mounted the scaffold with firmness, and gave the signal to the executioner. The moment that the drop fell, a howl of sorrow and despair rose from the innumerable spectators. Hundreds turned away their faces from the polluting sight, fled with loud wailings towards the Hoogley, and plunged into its holy waters, as if to purify themselves from the guilt of having looked on such a crime. These feelings were not confined to Calcutta. The whole province was greatly excited, and the population of Dacca, in particular, gave strong signs of grief and dismay.

Of Impey's conduct it is impossible to speak too severely. We have already said that, in our opinion, he acted unjustly in refusing to respite Nuncomar. No rational man can doubt that he took this course in order to gratify the Governor-General. If we had ever had any doubts on that point, they would have been dispelled by a letter which Mr Gleig has published. Hastings, three or four years later, described Impey as the man "to whose support he was at one time indebted for the safety of his fortune, honour, and reputation." These strong words can refer only to the case of Nuncomar, and they must mean that Impey hanged Nuncomar in order to support Hastings. It is, therefore, our deliberate opinion that Impey, sitting as a judge, put a man unjustly to death in order to serve a political purpose.

But we look on the conduct of Hastings in a somewhat different light. He was struggling for fortune, honour, liberty, all that makes life valuable. He was beset by rancorous and unprincipled enemies. From his colleagues he could expect no justice. He cannot be blamed for wishing to crush his accusers. He was indeed bound to use only legitimate means for that end. But it was not strange that he should have thought any means legitimate which were pronounced legitimate by the sages of the law, by men whose peculiar duty it was to deal justly between adversaries, and whose education might be supposed to have peculiarly qualified them for the discharge of that duty. Nobody demands from a party the unbending equity of a judge. The reason that judges are appointed is, that even a good man cannot be trusted to decide a cause in which he is himself concerned. Not a day passes on which an honest prosecutor does not ask for what none but a dishonest tribunal would grant. It is too much to expect that any man, when his dearest interests are at stake, and his strongest





of Hastings in a minority than that of Francis in a majority, and that he who was so venturesome as to join in running down the Governor-General might chance, in the phrase of the Eastern poet, to find a tiger while hunting the jungle for a deer. The voices of a thousand informers were silenced in an instant. From that time, whatever difficulties Hastings might have to encounter, he was never molested by accusations from natives of India.

It is a remarkable circumstance that one of the letters of Hastings to Dr. Johnson bears date a very few hours after the death of Nannimar. While the whole settlement was in commotion, while a mighty and ancient priesthood were weeping over the remains of their chief, the conqueror in that deadly grapple sat down, with characteristic self-possession, to write about the *Tour to the Hebrides*, *Jones's Persian Grammar*, and the history, traditions, arts, and natural productions of India.

In the mean time, intelligence of the Rohilla war, and of the first disputes between Hastings and his colleagues, had reached London. The Directors took part with the majority, and sent out a letter filled with severe reflections on the conduct of Hastings. They condemned, in strong but just terms, the iniquity of undertaking offensive wars merely for the sake of pecuniary advantage. But they utterly forgot that, if Hastings had by illicit means obtained pecuniary advantages, he had done so, not for his own benefit, but in order to meet their demands. To enjoin honesty, and to insist on having what could not be honestly got, was then the constant practice of the Company. As Lady Macbeth says of her husband, they "would not play false, and yet would wrongly win."

The Regulating Act, by which Hastings had been appointed Governor-General for five years, empowered the Crown to remove him on an address from the Company. Lord North was desirous to procure such an address. The three members of Council who had been sent out from England were men of his own choice. General Clavering, in particular, was supported by a large parliamentary connexion, such as no cabinet could be inclined to disoblige. The wish of the minister was to displace Hastings, and to put Clavering at the head of the government. In the Court of Directors parties were very nearly balanced. Eleven voted against Hastings, ten for him. The Court of Proprietors was then convened. The great side-room presented a singular ap-

pearance. Letters had been sent by the Secretary of the Treasury, exhorting all the supporters of government who held India stock to be in attendance. Lord Sandwich marshalled the friends of the administration with his usual dexterity and alertness. Fifty peers and privy counsellors, seldom seen so far eastward, were counted in the crowd. The debate lasted till midnight. The opponents of Hastings had a small superiority on the division, but a ballot was demanded, and the result was that the Governor-General triumphed by a majority of above a hundred votes over the combined efforts of the Directors and the Cabinet. The ministers were greatly exasperated by this defeat. Even Lord North lost his temper, no ordinary occurrence with him, and threatened to convoke parliament before Christmas, and to bring in a bill for depriving the Company of all political power, and for restricting it to its old business of trading in silks and teas.

Colonel Maelcane, who through all this conflict had zealously supported the cause of Hastings, now thought that his employer was in imminent danger of being turned out, branded with parliamentary censure, perhaps prosecuted. The opinion of the crown lawyers had already been taken respecting some parts of the Governor-General's conduct. It seemed to be high time to think of securing an honourable retreat. Under these circumstances, Maelcane thought himself justified in producing the resignation with which he had been intrusted. The instrument was not in very accurate form, but the Directors were too eager to be scrupulous. They accepted the resignation, fixed on Mr Wheler, one of their own body, to succeed Hastings, and sent out orders that General Clavering, as senior member of Council, should exercise the functions of Governor-General till Mr Wheler should arrive.

But, while these things were passing in England, a great change had taken place in Bengal. Monson was no more. Only four members of the government were left. Clavering and Francis were on one side, Barwell and the Governor-General on the other, and the Governor-General had the casting vote. Hastings, who had been during two years destitute of all power and patronage, became at once absolute. He instantly proceeded to retaliate on his adversaries. Their measures were reversed, their creatures were displaced. A new valuation of the lands of Bengal, for the purposes of taxation, was ordered, and it was provided that the whole inquiry should be conducted by the Governor-General, and

that all the letters relating to it should run in his name. He began, at the same time, to revolve vast plans of conquest and dominion, plans which he lived to see realised, though not by himself. His project was to form subsidiary alliances with the native princes, particularly with those of Oude and Berni, and thus to make Britain the paramount power in India. While he was meditating these great designs, arrived the intelligence that he had ceased to be Governor-General, that his resignation had been accepted, that Wheeler was coming out immediately, and that, till Wheeler arrived, the chair was to be filled by Clavering.

If Hastings still been in a minority, he would probably have retired without a struggle, but he was now the real master of British India, and he was not disposed to quit his high place. He asserted that he had never given any instructions which could warrant the steps taken at home. What his instructions had been, he owned he had forgotten. If he had kept a copy of them he had mislaid it. But he was certain that he had repeatedly declared to the Directors that he would not resign. He could not see how the court, possessed of that declaration from himself, could receive his resignation from the doubtful hands of an agent. If the resignation were invalid, all the proceedings which were founded on that resignation were null, and Hastings was still Governor-General.

He afterwards affirmed that, though his agents had not acted in conformity with his instructions, he would nevertheless have held himself bound by their acts, if Clavering had not attempted to seize the supreme power by violence. Whether this assertion were or were not true, it cannot be doubted that the imprudence of Clavering gave Hastings an advantage. The General sent for the keys of the fort and of the treasury, took possession of the records, and held a council at which Francis attended. Hastings took the chair in another apartment, and Barwell sat with him. Each of the two parties had a plausible show of right. There was no authority entitled to their obedience within fifteen thousand miles. It seemed that there remained no way of settling the dispute except an appeal to arms, and from such an appeal Hastings, confident of his influence over his countrymen in India, was not inclined to shrink. He directed the officers of the garrison at Fort William and of all the neighbouring stations to obey no orders but his. At the same time, with admirable judgment, he offered to submit the case

to the Supreme Court, and to abide by its decision. By making this proposition he risked nothing, yet it was a proposition which his opponents could hardly reject. Nobody could be treated as a criminal for obeying what the judges should solemnly pronounce to be the lawful government. The boldest man would shrink from taking arms in defence of what the judges should pronounce to be usurpation. Clavering and Francis, after some delay, unwillingly consented to abide by the award of the court. The court pronounced that the resignation was invalid, and that therefore Hastings was still Governor-General under the Regulating Act, and the defeated members of the Council, finding that the sense of the whole settlement was against them, acquiesced in the decision.

About this time arrived the news that, after a suit which had lasted several years, the Franconian courts had decreed a divorce between Imhoff and his wife. The Baron left Calcutta, carrying with him the means of buying an estate in Saxony. The lady became Mrs Hastings. The event was celebrated by great festivities, and all the most conspicuous persons at Calcutta, without distinction of parties, were invited to the Government-house. Clavering, as the Mahomedan chronicler tells the story, was sick in mind and body, and excused himself from joining the splendid assembly. But Hastings, whom, as it should seem, success in ambition and in love had put into high good-humour, would take no denial. He went himself to the General's house, and at length brought his vanquished rival in triumph to the gay circle which surrounded the bride. The exertion was too much for a frame broken by mortification as well as by disease. Clavering died a few days later.

Wheler, who came out expecting to be Governor-General, and was forced to content himself with a seat at the council-board, generally voted with Francis. But the Governor-General, with Barwell's help and his own casting vote, was still the master. Some change took place at this time in the feeling both of the Court of Directors and of the Ministers of the Crown. All designs against Hastings were dropped; and, when his original term of five years expired, he was quietly reappointed. The truth is, that the fearful dangers to which the public interests in every quarter were now exposed, made both Lord North and the Company unwilling to part with a Governor whose talents, ex-

perience and resolution, enmity itself was compelled to acknowledge.

The crisis was indeed formidable. That great and victorious empire, on the throne of which George the Third had taken his seat eighteen years before, with brighter hopes than had attended the accession of any of the long line of English sovereigns, had, by the most senseless misgovernment, been brought to the verge of ruin. In America millions of Englishmen were at war with the country from which their blood, their language, their religion, and their institutions were derived, and to which, but a short time before, they had been as strongly attached as the inhabitants of Norfolk and Leicestershire. The great powers of Europe, humbled to the dust by the vigour and genius which had guided the councils of George the Second, now rejoiced in the prospect of a signal revenge. The time was approaching when our island, while struggling to keep down the United States of America, and pressed with a still nearer danger by the too just discontents of Ireland, was to be assailed by France, Spain, and Holland, and to be threatened by the armed neutrality of the Baltic, when even our maritime supremacy was to be in jeopardy, when hostile fleets were to command the Straits of Calpe and the Mexican Sea, when the British flag was to be scarcely able to protect the British Channel. Great as were the faults of Hastings, it was happy for our country that at that conjuncture, the most terrible through which she has ever passed, he was the ruler of her Indian dominions.

An attack by sea on Bengal was little to be apprehended. The danger was that the European enemies of England might form an alliance with some native power, might furnish that power with troops, arms, and ammunition, and might thus assail our possessions on the side of the land. It was chiefly from the Mahrattas that Hastings anticipated danger. The original seat of that singular people was the wild range of hills which runs along the western coast of India. In the reign of Aurungzebe the inhabitants of those regions, led by the great Sevajee, began to descend on the possessions of their wealthier and less warlike neighbours. The energy, ferocity, and cunning of the Mahrattas, soon made them the most conspicuous among the new powers which were generated by the corruption of the decaying monarchy. At first they were only robbers. They soon rose to the dignity of

conquerors Half the provinces of the empire were turned into Mahratta principalities Freebooters, sprung from low castes, and accustomed to menial employments, became mighty Rajahs The Bonslas, at the head of a band of plunderers, occupied the vast region of Berar The Guicowar, which is, being interpreted, the Herdsman, founded that dynasty which still reigns in Guzerat The houses of Scindia and Holkar waxed great in Malwa One adventurous captain made his nest on the impregnable rock of Gooti Another became the lord of the thousand villages which are scattered among the green rice-fields of Tanjore

That was the time, throughout India, of double government The form and the power were every where separated. The Mussulman nabobs who had become sovereign princes, the Vizier in Oude, and the Nizam at Hyderabad, still called themselves the viceroys of the house of Tamerlane In the same manner the Mahratta states, though really independent of each other, pretended to be members of one empire They all acknowledged, by words and ceremonies, the supremacy of the heir of Sevajee, a *roi fainéant* who chewed bang and toyed with dancing girls in a state prison at Sattara, and of his Peshwa or mayor of the palace, a great hereditary magistrate, who kept a court with kingly state at Poonah, and whose authority was obeyed in the spacious provinces of Aurungabad and Bejapoor.

Some months before war was declared in Europe the government of Bengal was alarmed by the news that a French adventurer, who passed for a man of quality, had arrived at Poonah It was said that he had been received there with great distinction, that he had delivered to the Peshwa letters and presents from Lewis the Sixteenth, and that a treaty, hostile to England, had been concluded between France and the Mahrattas

Hastings immediately resolved to strike the first blow The title of the Peshwa was not undisputed A portion of the Mahratta nation was favourable to a pretender The Governor-General determined to espouse this pretender's interest, to move an army across the peninsula of India, and to form a close alliance with the chief of the house of Bonsla, who ruled Berar, and who, in power and dignity, was inferior to none of the Mahratta princes

The army had marched, and the negotiations with Berar were in progress, when a letter from the English consul at Cairo brought the news that war had been proclaimed both in London and Paris

All the measures which the crisis required were adopted by Hastings without a moment's delay. The French factories in Bengal were seized. Orders were sent to Madras that Pondicherry should instantly be occupied. Near Calcutta, works were thrown up which were thought to render the approach of a hostile force impossible. A maritime establishment was formed for the defence of the river. Nine new battalions of sepoys were raised, and a corps of native artillery was formed out of the hardy Lascars of the Bay of Bengal. Having made these arrangements, the Governor-General with calm confidence pronounced his presidency secure from all attack, unless the Mahrattas should march against it in conjunction with the French.

The expedition which Hastings had sent westward was not so speedily or completely successful as most of his undertakings. The commanding officer procrastinated. The authorities at Bombay blundered. But the Governor-General persevered. A new commander repaired the errors of his predecessor. Several brilliant actions spread the military renown of the English through regions where no European flag had ever been seen. It is probable that, if a new and more formidable danger had not compelled Hastings to change his whole policy, his plans respecting the Mahratta empire would have been carried into complete effect.

The authorities in England had wisely sent out to Bengal, as commander of the forces and member of the Council, one of the most distinguished soldiers of that time. Sir Eyre Coote had, many years before, been conspicuous among the founders of the British empire in the East. At the council of war which preceded the battle of Plassey, he earnestly recommended, in opposition to the majority, that daring course which, after some hesitation, was adopted, and which was crowned with such splendid success. He subsequently commanded in the south of India against the brave and unfortunate Lally, gained the decisive battle of Wandewash over the French and their native allies, took Pondicherry, and made the English power supreme in the Carnatic. Since those great exploits near twenty years had elapsed. Coote had no longer the bodily activity which he had shown in earlier days; nor was the vigour of his mind altogether unimpaired. He was capricious and fretful, and required much coaxing to keep him in good-humour. It must, we fear, be added that <sup>his</sup> love of money had grown upon him, and that he thought mo his allow-



ances, and less about his duties, than might have been expected from so eminent a member of so noble a profession. Still he was perhaps the ablest officer that was then to be found in the British army. Among the native soldiers his name was great and his influence unrivalled. Nor is he yet forgotten by them. Now and then a white-bearded old sepoy may still be found, who loves to talk of Porto Novo and Pollilore. It is but a short time since one of those aged men came to present a memorial to an English officer, who holds one of the highest employments in India. A print of Coote hung in the room. The veteran recognised at once that face and figure which he had not seen for more than half a century, and, forgetting his salam to the living, halted, drew himself up, lifted his hand, and with solemn reverence paid his military obeisance to the dead.

Coote, though he did not, like Barwell, vote constantly with the Governor-General, was by no means inclined to join in systematic opposition, and on most questions concurred with Hastings, who did his best, by assiduous courtship, and by readily granting the most exorbitant allowances, to gratify the strongest passions of the old soldier.

It seemed likely at this time that a general reconciliation would put an end to the quarrels which had, during some years, weakened and disgraced the government of Bengal. The dangers of the empire might well induce men of patriotic feeling, — and of patriotic feeling neither Hastings nor Francis was destitute, — to forget private enmities, and to cooperate heartily for the general good. Coote had never been concerned in faction. Wheeler was thoroughly tired of it. Barwell had made an ample fortune, and, though he had promised that he would not leave Calcutta while his help was needed in Council, was most desirous to return to England, and exerted himself to promote an arrangement which would set him at liberty.

A compact was made, by which Francis agreed to desist from opposition, and Hastings engaged that the friends of Francis should be admitted to a fair share of the honours and emoluments of the service. During a few months after this treaty there was apparent harmony at the council-board.

Harmony, indeed, was never more necessary, for at this moment internal calamities, more formidable than war itself, menaced Bengal. The authors of the Regulating Act of 1773 had established

two independent powers, the one judicial, the other political and, with a carelessness scandalously common in English legislation, had omitted to define the limits of either. The judges took advantage of the indistinctness, and attempted to draw to themselves supreme authority, not only within Calcutta, but through the whole of the great territory subject to the Presidency of Fort William. There are few Englishmen who will not admit that the English law, in spite of modern improvements, is neither so cheap nor so speedy as might be wished. Still, it is a system which has grown up among us. In some points it has been fashioned to suit our feelings; in others it has gradually fashioned our feelings to suit itself. Even to its worst evils we are accustomed, and therefore, though we may complain of them, they do not strike us with the horror and dismay which would be produced by a new grievance of smaller severity. In India the case is widely different. English law, transplanted to that country, has all the vices from which we suffer here; it has them all in a far higher degree and it has other vices, compared with which the worst vices from which

dignity. Oaths were required in every stage of every suit; and the feeling of a Quaker about an oath is hardly stronger than that of a respectable native. That the apartments of a woman of quality should be entered by strange men, or that her face should be seen by them, are, in the East, intolerable outrages, outrages which are more dreaded than death, and which can be expiated only by the shedding of blood. To these outrages the most distinguished families of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa, were now exposed. Imagine what the state of our own country would be, if a jurisprudence were on a sudden introduced among us, which should be to us what our jurisprudence was to our Asiatic subjects. Imagine what the state of our country would be, if it were enacted that any man, by merely swearing that a debt was due to him, should acquire a right to insult the persons of men of the most honorable and sacred callings and of women of the most shrinking delicacy, to horsewhip a general officer, to put a bishop in the stocks, to treat ladies in the way which called forth the blow of Wat Tyler. Something like this was the effect of the attempt which the Supreme Court made to extend its jurisdiction over the whole of the Company's territory.

A reign of terror began, of terror heightened by mystery, for even that which was endured was less horrible than that which was anticipated. No man knew what was next to be expected from this strange tribunal. It came from beyond the black water, as the people of India, with mysterious horror, call the sea. It consisted of judges not one of whom was familiar with the usages, of the millions over whom they claimed boundless authority. Its records were kept in unknown characters, its sentences were pronounced in unknown sounds. It had already collected round itself an army of the worst part of the native population, informers, and false witnesses, and common barrators, and agents of chicane, and above all, a banditti of bailiffs' followers, compared with whom the retainers of the worst English spunging-houses, in the worst times, might be considered as upright and tender-hearted. Many natives, highly considered among their countrymen, were seized, hurried up to Calcutta, flung into the common goal, not for any crime even imputed, not for any debt that had been proved, but merely as a precaution till their cause should come to trial. There were instances in which men of the most venerable dignity, persecuted without a cause by extortioners, died of rage and shame in the gripe of the

vile alguazils of Impey The harems of noble Mahomedans, sanctuaries respected in the East by governments which respected nothing else, were burst open by gangs of bailiffs The Mussulmans, braver and less accustomed to submission than the Hindoos, sometimes stood on their defence, and there were instances in which they shed their blood in the doorway, while defending, sword in hand, the sacred apartments of their women Nay, it seemed as if even the faint-hearted Bengalee, who had crouched at the feet of Surajah Dowlah, who had been mute during the administration of Vansittart, would at length find courage in despair. No Mah-ratta invasion had ever spread through the province such dismay as this inroad of English lawyers All the injustice of former oppressors, Asiatic and European, appeared as a blessing when compared with the justice of the Supreme Court

Every class of the population, English and native, with the exception of the ravenous pettifoggers who fattened on the misery and terror of an immense community, cried out loudly against this fearful oppression. But the judges were immovable If a bailiff was resisted, they ordered the soldiers to be called out If a servant of the Company, in conformity with the orders of the government, withstood the miserable catchpoles who, with Impey's writs in their hands, exceeded the insolence and rapacity of gang-robbers, he was flung into prison for a contempt The ~~last~~ <sup>last</sup> of sixty years, the virtue and wisdom of many eminent ~~magistrates~~ <sup>magistrates</sup> who have during that time administered justice in the Supreme Court, have not effaced from the minds of the people of Bengal the recollection of those evil days

served with writs, calling on them to appear before the King's justices, and to answer for their public acts. This was too much Hastings, with just scorn, refused to obey the call, set at liberty the persons wrongfully detained by the Court, and took measures for resisting the outrageous proceedings of the sheriffs' officers, if necessary, by the sword. But he had in view another device which might prevent the necessity of an appeal to arms. He was seldom at a loss for an expedient, and he knew Impey well. The expedient, in this case, was a very simple one, neither more nor less than a bribe. Impey was, by act of parliament, a judge, independent of the government of Bengal, and entitled to a salary of eight thousand a-year. Hastings proposed to make him also a judge in the Company's service, removable at the pleasure of the government of Bengal, and to give him, in that capacity, about eight thousand a-year more. It was understood that, in consideration of this new salary, Impey would desist from urging the high pretensions of his court. If he did urge these pretensions, the government could, at a moment's notice, eject him from the new place which had been created for him. The bargain was struck, Bengal was saved, an appeal to force was averted, and the Chief Justice was rich, quiet, and infamous.

Of Impey's conduct it is unnecessary to speak. It was of a piece with almost every part of his conduct that comes under the notice of history. No other such judge has dishonoured the English ermine, since Jefferies drank himself to death in the Tower. But we cannot agree with those who have blamed Hastings for this transaction. The case stood thus. The negligent manner in which the Regulating Act had been framed put it in the power of the Chief Justice to throw a great country into the most dreadful confusion. He was determined to use his power to the utmost, unless he was paid to be still, and Hastings consented to pay him. The necessity was to be deplored. It is also to be deplored that pirates should be able to exact ransom, by threatening to make their captives walk the plank. But to ransom a captive from pirates has always been held a humane and Christian act, and it would be absurd to charge the payer of the ransom with corrupting the virtue of the corsair. This, we seriously think, is a not unfair illustration of the relative position of Impey, Hastings, and the people of India. Whether it was right in Impey to demand or to accept a price for powers which, if they really

belonged to him, he could not abdicate, which, if they did not belong to him, he ought never to have usurped, and which in neither case he could honestly sell, is one question. It is quite another question, whether Hastings was not right to give any sum, however large, to any man however worthless, rather than either surrender millions of human beings to pillage, or rescue them by civil war.

Francis strongly opposed this arrangement. It may, indeed, be suspected that personal aversion to Impey was as strong a motive with Francis as regard for the welfare of the province. To a mind burning with resentment, it might seem better to leave Bengal to the oppressors than to redeem it by enriching them. It is not improbable, on the other hand, that Hastings may have been the more willing to resort to an expedient agreeable to the Chief Justice, because that high functionary had already been so servicable—and might, when existing discussions were composed, be so servicable again.

But it was not on this point alone that Francis was now opposed to Hastings. The peace between them proved to be only a short and hollow truce, during which their mutual aversion was constantly becoming stronger. At length an explosion took place. Hastings publicly charged Francis with having deceived him, and with having induced Barwell to quit the service by insincere promises. Then came a dispute, such as frequently arises even between honourable men, when they may make important agreements by mere verbal communication. An impartial historian will probably be of opinion that they had misunderstood each other, but their minds were so much embittered that they imputed to each other nothing less than deliberate villany. "I do not," said Hastings, in a minute recorded on the Consultations of the Government, "I do not trust to Mr. Francis's promises of candour, convinced that he is incapable of it. I judge of his public conduct by his private, which I have found to be void of truth and honour." After the Council had risen, Francis put a challenge into the Governor-General's hand. It was instantly accepted. They met, and fired. Francis was shot through the body. He was carried to a neighbouring house, where it appeared that the wound, though severe, was not mortal. Hastings inquired repeatedly after his enemy's health, and proposed to call on him, but Francis coldly declined the visit. He had a proper sense, he

said, of the Governor-General's politeness, but could not consent to any private interview. They could meet only at the council-board

In a very short time it was made signally manifest to how great a danger the Governor-General had, on this occasion, exposed his country. A crisis arrived with which he, and he alone, was competent to deal. It is not too much to say that, if he had been taken from the head of affairs, the years 1780 and 1781 would have been as fatal to our power in Asia as to our power in America.

The Mahrattas had been the chief objects of apprehension to Hastings. The measures which he had adopted for the purpose of breaking their power, had at first been frustrated by the errors of those whom he was compelled to employ, but his perseverance and ability seemed likely to be crowned with success, when a far more formidable danger showed itself in a distant quarter.

About thirty years before this time, a Mahomedan soldier had begun to distinguish himself in the wars of Southern India. His education had been neglected, his extraction was humble. His father had been a petty officer of revenue, his grandfather a wandering dervise. But though thus meanly descended, though ignorant even of the alphabet, the adventurer had no sooner been placed at the head of a body of troops than he approved himself a man born for conquest and command. Among the crowd of chiefs who were struggling for a share of India, none could compare with him in the qualities of the captain and the statesman. He became a general, he became a sovereign. Out of the fragments of old principalities, which had gone to pieces in the general wreck, he formed for himself a great, compact, and vigorous empire. That empire he ruled with the ability, severity, and vigilance of Lewis the Eleventh. Licentious in his pleasures, implacable in his revenge, he had yet enlargement of mind enough to perceive how much the prosperity of subjects adds to the strength of governments. He was an oppressor, but he had at least the merit of protecting his people against all oppression except his own. He was now in extreme old age, but his intellect was as clear, and his spirit as high, as in the prime of manhood. Such was the great Hyder Ali, the founder of the Mahomedan kingdom of Mysore, and the most formidable enemy with whom the English conquerors of India have ever had to contend.

Had Hastings been governor of Madras, Hyder would have been either made a friend, or vigorously encountered as an enemy. Unhappily the English authorities in the south provoked their powerful neighbour's hostility, without being prepared to repel it. On a sudden, an army of ninety thousand men, far superior in discipline and efficiency to any other native force that could be found in India, came pouring through those wild passes which, worn by mountain torrents, and dark with jungle, lead down from the table-land of Mysore to the plains of the Carnatic. This great army was accompanied by a hundred pieces of cannon, and its movements were guided by many French officers, trained in the best military schools of Europe.

Hyder was every where triumphant. The Sepoys in many British garrisons flung down their arms. Some forts were surrendered by treachery, and some by despair. In a few days the whole open country north of the Coleroon had submitted. The English inhabitants of Madras could already see by night, from the top of Mount St Thomas, the eastern sky reddened by a vast semicircle of blazing villages. The white villas, to which our countrymen retire after the daily labours of government and of trade, when the cool evening breeze springs up from the bay, were now left without inhabitants, for bands of the fierce horsemen of Mysore had already been seen prowling among the tulip-trees, and near the gay verandas. Even the town was not thought secure, and the British merchants and public functionaries made haste to crowd themselves behind the cannon of Fort St George.

There were the means, indeed, of assembling an army which might have defended the presidency, and even driven the invader back to his mountains. Sir Hector Munro was at the head of one considerable force, Bailhe was advancing with another. United, they might have presented a formidable front even to such an enemy as Hyder. But the English commanders, neglecting those fundamental rules of the military art of which the propriety is obvious even to men who had never received a military education, deferred their junction, and were separately attacked. Bailhe's detachment was destroyed. Munro was forced to abandon his baggage, to fling his guns into the tanks, and to save himself by a retreat which might be called a flight. In three weeks from the commencement of the war, the British empire in Southern India had been brought to the verge of ruin. Only a few fortified places



remained to us. The glory of our arms had departed. It was known that a great French expedition might soon be expected on the coast of Coromandel. England, beset by enemies on every side, was in no condition to protect such remote dependencies.

Then it was that the fertile genius and serene courage of Hastings achieved their most signal triumph. A swift ship, flying before the south-west monsoon, brought the evil tidings in few days to Calcutta. In twenty-four hours the Governor-General had framed a complete plan of policy adapted to the altered state of affairs. The struggle with Hyder was a struggle for life and death. All minor objects must be sacrificed to the preservation of the Carnatic. The disputes with the Mahrattas must be accommodated. A large military force and a supply of money must be instantly sent to Madras. But even these measures would be insufficient, unless the war, hitherto so grossly mismanaged, were placed under the direction of a vigorous mind. It was no time for trifling. Hastings determined to resort to an extreme exercise of power, to suspend the incapable governor of Fort St George, to send Sir Eyre Coote to oppose Hyder, and to intrust that distinguished general with the whole administration of the war.

In spite of the sullen opposition of Francis, who had now recovered from his wound, and had returned to the Council, the Governor-General's wise and firm policy was approved by the majority of the board. The reinforcements were sent off with great expedition, and reached Madras before the French armament arrived in the Indian seas. Coote, broken by age and disease, was no longer the Coote of Wandewash, but he was still a resolute and skilful commander. The progress of Hyder was arrested; and in a few months the great victory of Porto Novo retrieved the honour of the English arms.

In the meantime Francis had returned to England, and Hastings was now left perfectly unfettered. Wheeler had gradually been relaxing in his opposition, and, after the departure of his vehement and implacable colleague, co-operated heartily with the Governor-General, whose influence over the British in India, always great, had, by the vigour and success of his recent measures, been considerably increased.

But, though the difficulties arising from factions within the Council were at an end, another class of difficulties had become

more pressing than ever. The financial embarrassment was extreme. Hastings had to find the means, not only of carrying on the government of Bengal, but of maintaining a most costly war against both Indian and European enemies in the Carnatic, and of making remittances to England. A few years before this time he had obtained relief by plundering the Mogul and enslaving the Rohillas, nor were the resources of his fruitful mind by any means exhausted.

His first design was on Benares, a city which in wealth, population, dignity, and sanctity, was among the foremost of Asia. It was commonly believed that half a million of human beings was crowded into that labyrinth of lofty alleys, rich with shrines, and minarets, and balconies, and carved oriel, to which the sacred apes clung by hundreds. The traveller could scarcely make his way through the press of holy mendicants and not less holy bulls. The broad and stately flights of steps which descended from these swarming haunts to the bathing-places along the Ganges were worn every day by the footsteps of an innumerable multitude of worshippers. The schools and temples drew crowds of pious Hindoos from every province where the Brahminical faith was known. Hundreds of devotees came thither every month to die: for it was believed that a peculiarly happy fate awaited the man who should pass from the sacred city into the sacred river. Nor was superstition the only motive which allured strangers to that great metropolis. Commerce had as many pilgrims as religion. All along the shores of the venerable stream lay great fleets of vessels laden with rich merchandize. From the looms of Benares went forth the most delicate silks that adorned the balls of St. James's and of Versailles, and in the bazars, the muslins of Bengal and the sabres of Oude were mingled with the jewels of Golconda and the shawls of Cashmere. This rich capital, and the surrounding tract, had long been under the immediate rule of a Hindoo prince, who rendered homage to the Mogul emperors. During the great anarchy of India, the lords of Benares became independent of the court of Delhi, but were compelled to submit to the authority of the Nabob of Oude. Oppressed by this formidable neighbour, they invoked the protection of the English. The English protection was given, and at length the Nabob Vizier, by a solemn treaty, ceded all his rights over Benares to the Company. From that time the Rajah was the vassal of the

government of Bengal, acknowledged its supremacy, and engaged to send an annual tribute to Fort William. This tribute Cheyte Sing, the reigning prince, had paid with strict punctuality.

About the precise nature of the legal relation between the Company and the Rajah of Benares, there has been much warm and acute controversy. On the one side, it has been maintained that Cheyte Sing was merely a great subject on whom the superior power had a right to call for aid in the necessities of the empire. On the other side, it has been contended that he was an independent prince, that the only claim which the Company had upon him was for a fixed tribute, and that, while the fixed tribute was regularly paid, as it assuredly was, the English had no more right to exact any further contribution from him than to demand subsidies from Holland or Denmark. Nothing is easier than to find precedents and analogies in favour of either view.

Our own impression is that neither view is correct. It was too much the habit of English politicians to take it for granted that there was in India a known and definite constitution by which questions of this kind were to be decided. The truth is that, during the interval which elapsed between the fall of the house of Tamerlane and the establishment of the British ascendancy, there was no such constitution. The old order of things had passed away, the new order of things was not yet formed. All was transition, confusion, obscurity. Every body kept his head as he best might, and scrambled for whatever he could get. There have been similar seasons in Europe. The time of the dissolution of the Carlovingian empire is an instance. Who would think of seriously discussing the question, what extent of pecuniary aid and of obedience Hugh Capet had a constitutional right to demand from the Duke of Brittany or the Duke of Normandy? The words "constitutional right" had, in that state of society, no meaning. If Hugh Capet laid hands on all the possessions of the Duke of Normandy, this might be unjust and immoral, but it would not be illegal, in the sense in which the ordinances of Charles the Tenth were illegal. If, on the other hand, the Duke of Normandy made war on Hugh Capet, this might be unjust and immoral, but it would not be illegal, in the sense in which the expedition of Prince Louis Bonaparte was illegal.

Very similar to this was the state of India sixty years ago. Of the existing governments not a single one could lay claim to

legitimacy, or could plead any other title than recent occupation. There was scarcely a province in which the real sovereignty and the nominal sovereignty were not disjoined. Titles and forms were still retained which implied that the heir of Tamerlane was an absolute ruler, and that the Nabobs of the provinces were his lieutenants. In reality, he was a captive. The Nabobs were in some places independent princes. In other places, as in Bengal and the Carnatic, they had, like their master, become mere phantoms, and the Company was supreme. Among the Mahrattas, again, the heir of Sevajee still kept the title of Rajah, but he was a prisoner, and his prime minister, the Peshwa, had become the hereditary chief of the state. The Peshwa, in his turn, was fast sinking into the same degraded situation into which he had reduced the Rajah. It was, we believe, impossible to find, from the Himalayas to Mysore, a single government which was at once a government *de facto* and a government *de jure*, which possessed the physical means of making itself feared by its neighbours and subjects, and which had at the same time the authority derived from law and long prescription.

Hastings clearly discerned, what was hidden from most of his contemporaries, that such a state of things gave immense advantages to a ruler of great talents and few scruples. In every international question that could arise, he had his option between the *de facto* ground and the *de jure* ground, and the probability was that one of those grounds would sustain any claim that it might be convenient for him to make, and enable him to resist any claim made by others. In every controversy, accordingly, he resorted to the plea which suited his immediate purpose, without troubling himself in the least about consistency, and thus he scarcely ever failed to find what, to persons of short memories and scanty information, seemed to be a justification for what he wanted to do. Sometimes the Nabob of Bengal is a shadow, sometimes a monarch. Sometimes the Vizier is a mere deputy, sometimes an independent potentate. If it is expedient for the Company to show some legal title to the revenues of Bengal, the grant under the seal of the Mogul is brought forward as an instrument of the highest authority. When the Mogul asks for the rents which were reserved to him by that very grant, he is told that he is a mere pageant, that the English power rests on a very different foundation from a charter given by him, that he is welcome to play at

royalty as long as he likes, but that he must expect no tribute from the real masters of India

It is true that it was in the power of others, as well as of Hastings, to practise this legerdemain, but in the controversies of governments, sophistry is of little use unless it be backed by power. There is a principle which Hastings was fond of asserting in the strongest terms, and on which he acted with undeviating steadiness. It is a principle which, we must own, though it may be grossly abused, can hardly be disputed in the present state of public law. It is this, that where an ambiguous question arises between two governments, there is, if they cannot agree, no appeal except to force, and that the opinion of the stronger must prevail. Almost every question was ambiguous in India. The English government was the strongest in India. The consequences are obvious. The English government might do exactly what it chose.

The English government now chose to wring money out of Cheyte Sing. It had formerly been convenient to treat him as a sovereign prince; it was now convenient to treat him as a subject. Dexterity inferior to that of Hastings could easily find, in the general chaos of laws and customs, arguments for either course. Hastings wanted a great supply. It was known that Cheyte Sing had a large revenue, and it was suspected that he had accumulated a treasure. Nor was he a favourite at Calcutta. He had, when the Governor-General was in great difficulties, courted the favour of Francis and Clavering. Hastings who, less perhaps from evil passions than from policy, seldom left an injury unpunished, was not sorry that the fate of Cheyte Sing should teach neighbouring princes the same lesson which the fate of Nuncomar had already impressed on the inhabitants of Bengal.

In 1778, on the first breaking out of the war with France, Cheyte Sing was called upon to pay, in addition to his fixed tribute, an extraordinary contribution of fifty thousand pounds. In 1779, an equal sum was exacted. In 1780, the demand was renewed. Cheyte Sing, in the hope of obtaining some indulgence, secretly offered the Governor-General a bribe of twenty thousand pounds. Hastings took the money, and his enemies have maintained that he took it intending to keep it. He certainly concealed the transaction, for a time, both from the Council in Bengal and from the Directors at home, nor did he ever give any satisfactory

reason for the concealment. Public spirit, or the fear of detection, at last determined him to withstand the temptation. He paid over the bribe to the Company's treasury, and insisted that the Rajah should instantly comply with the demands of the English government. The Rajah, after the fashion of his countrymen, shuffled, solicited and pleaded poverty. The grasp of Hastings was not to be so eluded. He added to the requisition another ten thousand pounds as a fine for delay, and sent troops to exact the money.

The money was paid. But this was not enough. The late events in the south of India had increased the financial embarrassments of the Company. Hastings was determined to plunder Chyte Sing, and, for that end, to fasten a quarrel on him. Accordingly, the Rajah was now required to keep a body of cavalry for the service of the British government. He objected and evaded. This was exactly what the Governor-General wanted. He had now a pretext for treating the wealthiest of his vassals as a criminal. "I resolved,"—these are the words of Hastings himself,—“to draw from his guilt the means of relief of the Company's distresses, to make him pay largely for his pardon, or to exact a severe vengeance for past delinquency.” The plan was simply this, to demand larger and larger contributions till the Rajah should be driven to remonstrate, then to call his remonstrance a crime, and to punish him by confiscating all his possessions.

Chyte Sing was in the greatest dismay. He offered two hundred thousand pounds to propitiate the British government. But Hastings replied that nothing less than half a million would be accepted. Now, he began to think of selling Benares to Oude, as he had formerly sold Allahabad and Rohilkund. The matter was one which could not be well managed at a distance, and Hastings resolved to visit Benares.

Chyte Sing received his liege lord with every mark of reverence, came near sixty miles, with his guards, to meet and escort the illustrious visitor, and expressed his deep concern at the displeasure of the English. He even took off his turban, and laid it in the lap of Hastings, a gesture which in India marks the most profound submission and devotion. Hastings behaved with cold and repulsive severity. Having arrived at Benares, he sent to the Rajah a paper containing the demands of the government of Bengal. The Rajah, in reply, attempted to clear himself from the ac-

cusations brought against him. Hastings, who wanted money and not excuses, was not to be put off by the ordinary artifices of Eastern negotiation. He instantly ordered the Rajah to be arrested and placed under the custody of two companies of sepoy.

In taking these strong measures, Hastings scarcely showed his usual judgment. It is possible that, having had little opportunity of personally observing any part of the population of India, except the Bengalees, he was not fully aware of the difference between their character and that of the tribes which inhabit the upper provinces. He was now in a land far more favourable to the vigour of the human frame than the Delta of the Ganges, in a land fruitful of soldiers, who have been found worthy to follow English battalions to the charge and into the breach. The Rajah was popular among his subjects. His administration had been mild, and the prosperity of the district which he governed presented a striking contrast to the depressed state of Bahar under our rule, and a still more striking contrast to the misery of the provinces which were cursed by the tyranny of the Nabob Vizier. The national and religious prejudices with which the English were regarded throughout India were peculiarly intense in the metropolis of the Brahminical superstition. It can therefore scarcely be doubted that the Governor-General, before he outraged the dignity of Cheyte Sing by an arrest, ought to have assembled a force capable of bearing down all opposition. This had not been done. The handful of sepoy who attended Hastings would probably have been sufficient to overawe Moorshedabad, or the Black Town of Calcutta. But they were unequal to a conflict with the hardy rabble of Benares. The streets surrounding the palace were filled by an immense multitude, of whom a large proportion, as is usual in Upper India, wore arms. The tumult became a fight, and the fight a massacre. The English officers defended themselves with desperate courage against overwhelming numbers, and fell, as became them, sword in hand. The sepoy were butchered. The gates were forced. The captive prince, neglected by his gaolers during the confusion, discovered an outlet which opened on the precipitous bank of the Ganges, let himself down to the water by a string made of the turbans of his attendants, found a boat, and escaped to the opposite shore.

If Hastings had, by indiscreet violence, brought himself into a difficult and perilous situation, it is only just to acknowledge that he extricated himself with even more than his usual ability and

presence of mind He had only fifty men with him. The building in which he had taken up his residence was on every side blockaded by the insurgents But his fortitude remained unshaken. The Rajah from the other side of the river sent apologies and liberal offers. They were not even answered Some subtle and enterprising men were found who undertook to pass through the throng of enemies, and to convey the intelligence of the late events to the English cantonments It is the fashion of the natives of India to wear large earrings of gold When they travel, the rings are laid aside, lest the precious metal should tempt some gang of robbers, and, in place of the ring, a quill or a roll of paper is inserted in the orifice to prevent it from closing Hastings placed in the ears of his messengers letters rolled up in the smallest compass. Some of these letters were addressed to the commanders of English troops One was written to assure his wife of his safety One was to the envoy whom he had sent to negotiate with the Mahrattas Instructions for the negotiation were needed, and the Governor-General framed them in that situation of extreme danger, with as much composure as if he had been writing in his palace at Calcutta

Things, however, were not yet at the worst An English officer of more spirit than judgment, eager to distinguish himself, made a premature attack on the insurgents beyond the river. His troops were entangled in narrow streets, and assailed by a furious population He fell, with many of his men, and the survivors were forced to retire

This event produced the effect which has never failed to follow every check, however slight, sustained in India by the English arms For hundreds of miles round, the whole country was in commotion The entire population of the district of Benares took arms The fields were abandoned by the husbandmen, who thronged to defend their prince. The infection spread to Oude The oppressed people of that province rose up against the Nabob Vizier, refused to pay their imposts, and put the revenue officers to flight Even Bahar was ripe for revolt The hopes of Cheyte Sing began to rise Instead of imploring mercy in the humble style of a vassal, he began to talk the language of a conqueror, and threatened, it was said, to sweep the white usurpers out of the land But the English troops were now assembling fast The officers, and even the private men, regarded the Governor-General with enthusiastic attachment, and flew to his aid with an alacrity



which, as he boasted, had never been shown on any other occasion. Major Popham, a brave and skilful soldier, who had highly distinguished himself in the Mahratta war, and in whom the Governor-General reposed the greatest confidence, took the command. The tumultuary army of the Rajah was put to rout. His fastnesses were stormed. In a few hours, above thirty thousand men left his standard, and returned to their ordinary avocations. The unhappy prince fled from his country for ever. His fair domain was added to the British dominions. One of his relations indeed was appointed rajah, but the Rajah of Benares was henceforth to be, like the Nabob of Bengal, a mere pensioner.

By this revolution, an addition of two hundred thousand pounds a year was made to the revenues of the Company. But the immediate relief was not as great as had been expected. The treasure laid up by Cheyte Sing had been popularly estimated at a million sterling. It turned out to be about a fourth part of that sum, and, such as it was, it was seized by the army, and divided as prize-money.

Disappointed in his expectations from Benares, Hastings was more violent than he would otherwise have been, in his dealings with Oude. Sujah Dowlah had long been dead. His son and successor, Asaph-ul-Dowlah, was one of the weakest and most vicious even of Eastern princes. His life was divided between torpid repose and the most odious forms of sensuality. In his court there was boundless waste, throughout his dominions wretchedness and disorder. He had been, under the skilful management of the English government, gradually sinking from the rank of an independent prince to that of a vassal of the Company. It was only by the help of a British brigade that he could be secure from the aggressions of neighbours who despised his weakness, and from the vengeance of subjects who detested his tyranny. A brigade was furnished, and he engaged to defray the charge of paying and maintaining it. From that time his independence was at an end. Hastings was not a man to lose the advantage which he had thus gained. The Nabob soon began to complain of the burden which he had undertaken to bear. His revenues, he said, were falling off, his servants were unpaid, he could no longer support the expense of the arrangement which he had sanctioned. Hastings would not listen to these representations. The Vizier, he said, had invited the government of Bengal to send him troops,



Dwelling; while Asaph-ul-Dowlah held his court in the stately Lucknow, which he had built for himself on the shores of the Goomti, and had adorned with noble mosques and colleges.

Asaph-ul-Dowlah had already extorted considerable sums from his mother. She had at length appealed to the English, and the English had interfered. A solemn compact had been made, by which she consented to give her son some pecuniary assistance, and he in his turn promised never to commit any further invasion of her rights. This compact was formally guaranteed by the government of Bengal. But times had changed, money was wanted, and the power which had given the guarantee was not ashamed to instigate the spoiler to excesses such that even he shrank from them.

It was necessary to find some pretext for a confiscation inconsistent, not merely with plighted faith, not merely with the ordinary rules of humanity and justice, but also with that great law of filial piety which, even in the wildest tribes of savages, even in those more degraded communities which wither under the influence of a corrupt half-civilisation, retains a certain authority over the human mind. A pretext was the last thing that Hastings was likely to want. The insurrection at Benares had produced disturbances in Oude. These disturbances it was convenient to impute to the Princesses. Evidence for the imputation there was scarcely any, unless reports wandering from one mouth to another, and gaining something by every transmission, may be called evidence. The accused were furnished with no charge, they were permitted to make no defence, for the Governor-General wisely considered that, if he tried them, he might not be able to find a ground for plundering them. It was agreed between him and the Nabob Vizier that the noble ladies should, by a sweeping act of confiscation, be stripped of their domains and treasures for the benefit of the Company, and that the sums thus obtained should be accepted by the government of Bengal in satisfaction of its claims on the government of Oude.

While Asaph-ul-Dowlah was at Chunar, he was completely subjugated by the clear and commanding intellect of the English statesman. But, when they had separated, the Vizier began to reflect with uneasiness on the engagements into which he had entered. His mother and grandmother protested and implored. His heart, deeply corrupted by absolute power and licentious

pleasures, yet not naturally unfeeling, failed him in this crisis. Even the English resident at Lucknow, though hitherto devoted to Hastings, shrank from extreme measures. But the Governor-General was inexorable. He wrote to the resident in terms of the greatest severity, and declared that, if the spoliation which had been agreed upon were not instantly carried into effect, he would himself go to Lucknow, and do that from which feebler minds recoil with dismay. The resident, thus menaced, waited on his Highness, and insisted that the treaty of Chunai should be carried into full and immediate effect. Asaph-ul-Dowlah yielded, making at the same time a solemn protestation that he yielded to compulsion. The hands were resumed, but the treasure was not so easily obtained. It was necessary to use violence. A body of the Company's troops marched to Fyzabad, and forced the gates of the palace. The Princesses were confined to their own apartments. But still they refused to submit. Some more stringent mode of coercion was to be found. A mode was found of which, even at this distance of time, we cannot speak without shame and sorrow.

There were at Fyzabad two ancient men, belonging to that unhappy class which a practice, of immemorial antiquity in the East, has excluded from the pleasures of love and from the hope of posterity. It has always been held in Asiatic courts that beings thus estranged from sympathy with their kind are those whom princes may most safely trust. Sujah Dowlah had been of this opinion. He had given his entire confidence to the two eunuchs, and after his death they remained at the head of the household of his widow.

These men were, by the orders of the British government, seized, imprisoned, ironed, starved almost to death, in order to extort money from the Princesses. After they had been two months in confinement, their health gave way. They implored permission to take a little exercise in the garden of their prison. The officer who was in charge of them stated that, if they were allowed this indulgence, there was not the smallest chance of their escaping, and that their irons really added nothing to the security of the custody in which they were kept. He did not understand the plan of his superiors. Their object in these inflictions was not security but torture, and all mitigation was refused. Yet this was not the worst. It was resolved by an English government

that these two infirm old men should be delivered to the tormentors. For that purpose they were removed to Lucknow. What horrors their dungeon there witnessed can only be guessed. But there remains on the records of Parliament, this letter, written by a British resident to a British soldier

"Sir, the Nabob having determined to inflict corporal punishment upon the prisoners under your guard, this is to desire that his officers, when they shall come, may have free access to the prisoners, and be permitted to do with them as they shall see proper."

While these barbarities were perpetrated at Lucknow, the Princesses were still under duress at Fyzabad. Food was allowed to enter their apartments only in such scanty quantities that their female attendants were in danger of perishing with hunger. Month after month this cruelty continued, till at length, after twelve hundred thousand pounds had been wrung out of the Princesses, Hastings began to think that he had really got to the bottom of their coffers, and that no rigour could extort more. Then at length the wretched men who were detained at Lucknow regained their liberty. When their irons were knocked off, and the doors of their prison opened, their quivering lips, the tears which ran down their cheeks, and the thanksgivings which they poured forth to the common Father of Mussulmans and Christians, melted even the stout hearts of the English warriors who stood by.

But we must not forget to do justice to Sir Elijah Impey's conduct on this occasion. It was not indeed easy for him to intrude himself into a business so entirely alien from all his official duties. But there was something inexpressibly alluring, we must suppose, in the peculiar rankness of the infamy which was then to be got at Lucknow. He hurried thither as fast as relays of palanquin-bearers could carry him. A crowd of people came before him with affidavits against the Begums, ready drawn in their hands. Those affidavits he did not read. Some of them, indeed, he could not read, for they were in the dialects of Northern India, and no interpreter was employed. He administered the oath to the deponents with all possible expedition, and asked not a single question, not even whether they had perused the statements to which they swore. This work performed, he got again into his palanquin, and posted back to Calcutta, to be in time for the opening of term. The cause was one which, by his own confession,

lay altogether out of his jurisdiction Under the charter of justice, he had no more right to inquire into crimes committed by Asiatics in Oude than the Lord President of the Court of Session of Scotland to hold an assize at Exeter He had no right to try the Begums, nor did he pretend to try them With what object, then, did he undertake so long a journey? Evidently in order that he might give, in an irregular manner, that sanction which in a regular manner he could not give, to the crimes of those who had recently hired him, and in order that a confused mass of testimony which he did not sift, which he did not even read, might acquire an authority not properly belonging to it, from the signature of the highest judicial functionary in India

The time was approaching, however, when he was to be stripped of that robe which has never, since the Revolution, been disgraced so foully as by him The state of India had for some time occupied much of the attention of the British Parliament Towards the close of the American war, two committees of the Commons sat on Eastern affairs In one Edmund Burke took the lead The other was under the presidency of the able and versatile Henry Dundas, then Lord Advocate of Scotland Great as are the changes which, during the last sixty years, have taken place in our Asiatic dominions, the reports which those committees laid on the table of the House will still be found most interesting and instructive

There was as yet no connexion between the Company and either of the great parties in the state The ministers had no motive to defend Indian abuses On the contrary, it was for their interest to show, if possible, that the government and patronage of our Oriental empire might, with advantage, be transferred to themselves The votes therefore, which, in consequence of the reports made by the two committees, were passed by the Commons, breathed the spirit of stern and indignant justice The severest epithets were applied to several of the measures of Hastings, especially to the Rohilla war, and it was resolved, on the motion of Mr Dundas, that the Company ought to recall a Governor-General who had brought such calamities on the Indian people, and such dishonour on the British name An act was passed for limiting the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court The bargain which Hastings had made with the Chief Justice was condemned in the strongest terms, and an address was presented to the

king, praying that Impey might be summoned home to answer for his misdeeds.

Impey was recalled by a letter from the Secretary of State. But the proprietors of India Stock resolutely refused to dismiss Hastings from their service, and passed a resolution affirming, what was undeniably true, that they were intrusted by law with the right of naming and removing their Governor-General, and that they were not bound to obey the directions of a single branch of the legislature with respect to such nomination or removal.

Thus supported by his employers, Hastings remained at the head of the government of Bengal till the spring of 1785. His administration, so eventful and stormy, closed in almost perfect quiet. In the Council there was no regular opposition to his measures. Peace was restored to India. The Mahratta war had ceased. Hyder was no more. A treaty had been concluded with his son, Tippoo, and the Carnatic had been evacuated by the armies of Mysore. Since the termination of the Persian war, England had no European enemy or rival in the eastern seas.

On a general review of the long administration of Hastings, it is impossible to deny that, against the great crimes by which it is blemished, we have to set off great public services. England had passed through a perilous crisis. She still, indeed, maintained her place in the foremost rank of European powers, and the manner in which she had defended herself against fearful odds had inspired surrounding nations with a high opinion both of her spirit and of her strength. Nevertheless, in every part of the world, except one, she had been a loser. Not only had she been compelled to acknowledge the independence of thirteen colonies peopled by her children, and to conciliate the Irish by giving up the right of legislating for them, but, in the Mediterranean, in the Gulf of Mexico, on the coast of Africa, on the continent of America, she had been compelled to cede the fruits of her victories in former wars. Spain regained Minorca and Florida; France regained Senegal, Goree, and several West Indian Islands. The only quarter of the world in which Britain had lost nothing was the quarter in which her interests had been committed to the care of Hastings. In spite of the utmost exertions both of European and Asiatic enemies, the power of our country in the East had been greatly augmented. Benares was subjected, the Nabob





had first to form himself, and then to form his instruments, and this not in a single department, but in all the departments of the administration.

It must be added that, while engaged in this most arduous task, he was constantly trammelled by orders from home, and frequently borne down by a majority in council. The preservation of an *Empire* from a formidable combination of foreign enemies, the construction of a government in all its parts, were accomplished by him, while every ship brought out bales of censure from his employers, and while the records of every consultation were filled with acrimonious minutes by his colleagues. We believe that there never was a public man whose temper was so severely tried, not Marlborough, when thwarted by the Dutch Deputies, not Wellington, when he had to deal at once with the Portuguese Regency, the Spanish Juntas, and Mr Percival. But the temper of Hastings was equal to almost any trial. It was not sweet, but it was calm. Quick and vigorous as his intellect was, the patience with which he endured the most cruel vexations, till a remedy could be found, resembled the patience of stupidity. He seems to have been capable of resentment, bitter and long-enduring, yet his resentment so seldom hurried him into any blunder, that it may be doubted whether what appeared to be revenge was any thing but policy.

The effect of this singular equanimity was that he always had the full command of all the resources of one of the most fertile minds that ever existed. Accordingly no complication of perils and embarrassments could perplex him. For every *difficulty* he had a contrivance ready, and, whatever may be thought of the justice and humanity of some of his contrivances, it is certain that they seldom failed to serve the purpose for which they were designed.

Together with this extraordinary talent for devising expedients, Hastings possessed, in a very high degree, another talent scarcely less necessary to a man in his situation, we mean the talent for conducting political controversy. It is as necessary to an English statesman in the East that he should be able to write, as it is to a minister in this country that he should be able to speak. It is chiefly by the oratory of a public man here that the nation judges of his powers. It is from the letters and reports of a public man in India that the dispensers of patronage form their estimate of

him In each case, the talent which receives peculiar encouragement is developed, perhaps at the expense of the other powers In this country, we sometimes hear men speak above their abilities It is not very unusual to find gentlemen in the Indian service who write above their abilities The English politician is a little too much of a debater, the Indian politician a little too much of an essayist.

Of the numerous servants of the Company who have distinguished themselves as framers of minutes and despatches, Hastings stands at the head He was indeed the person who gave to the official writing of the Indian governments the character which it still retains He was matched against no common antagonist But even Francis was forced to acknowledge, with sullen and resentful candour, that there was no contending against the pen of Hastings And, in truth, the Governor-General's power of making out a case, of perplexing what it was inconvenient that people should understand, and of setting in the clearest point of view whatever would bear the light, was incomparable His style must be praised with some reservation It was in general forcible, pure, and polished, but it was sometimes, though not often, turgid, and, on one or two occasions, even bombastic Perhaps the fondness of Hastings for Persian literature may have tended to corrupt his taste

And, since we have referred to his literary tastes, it would be most unjust not to praise the judicious encouragement which, as a ruler, he gave to liberal studies and curious researches His patronage was extended, with prudent generosity, to voyages, travels, experiments, publications He did little, it is true, towards introducing into India the learning of the West To make the young natives of Bengal familiar with Milton and Adam Smith, to substitute the geography, astronomy, and surgery of Europe for the dotages of the Brahminical superstition, or for the imperfect science of ancient Greece transfused through Arabian expositions, this was a scheme reserved to crown the benevolent administration of a far more virtuous ruler Still it is impossible to refuse high commendation to a man who, taken from a ledger to govern an empire, overwhelmed by public business, surrounded by people as busy as himself, and separated by thousands of leagues from almost all literary society, gave, both by his example and by his munificence, a great impulse to learning In Persian and Arabic literature he

was deeply skilled With the Sanscrit he was not himself acquainted; but those who first brought that language to the knowledge of European students owed much to his encouragement. It was under his protection that the Asiatic Society commenced its honourable career. That distinguished body selected him to be its first president; but, with excellent taste and feeling, he declined the honour in favour of Sir William Jones. But the chief advantage which the students of Oriental letters derived from his patronage remains to be mentioned The Pundits of Bengal had always looked with great jealousy on the attempts of foreigners to pry into those mysteries which were locked up in the sacred dialect The Brahminical religion had been persecuted by the Mahomedans What the Hindoos knew of the spirit of the Portuguese government might warrant them in apprehending persecution from Christians That apprehension, the wisdom and moderation of Hastings removed He was the first foreign ruler who succeeded in gaining the confidence of the hereditary priests of India, and who induced them to lay open to English scholars the secrets of the old Brahminical theology and jurisprudence

It is indeed impossible to deny that, in the great art of inspiring large masses of human beings with confidence and attachment, no ruler ever surpassed Hastings If he had made himself popular with the English by giving up the Bengalees to extortion and oppression, or if, on the other hand, he had conciliated the Bengalees and alienated the English, there would have been no cause for wonder What is peculiar to him is that, being the chief of a small band of strangers who exercised boundless power over a great indigenous population, he made himself beloved both by the subject many and by the dominant few The affection felt for him by the civil service was singularly ardent and constant Through all his disasters and perils, his brethren stood by him with steadfast loyalty The army, at the same time, loved him as armies have seldom loved any but the greatest chiefs who have led them to victory. Even in his disputes with distinguished military men, he could always count on the support of the military profession While such was his empire over the hearts of his countrymen, he enjoyed among the natives a popularity, such as other governors have perhaps better merited, but such as no other governor has been able to attain. He spoke their vernacular dialects with facility and precision. He was intimately acquainted with their

feelings and usages. On one or two occasions, for great ends, he deliberately acted in defiance of their opinion, but on such occasions he gained more in their respect than he lost in their love. In general, he carefully avoided all that could shock their national or religious prejudices. His administration was indeed in many respects faulty, but the Bengalee standard of good government was not high. Under the Nabobs, the hurricane of Mahatta cavalry had passed annually over the rich alluvial plain. But even the Mahratta shrank from a conflict with the mighty children of the sea, and the immense rice harvests of the Lower Ganges were safely gathered in, under the protection of the English sword. The first English conquerors had been more rapacious and merciless even than the Mahattas, but that generation had passed away. Defective as was the police, heavy as were the public burdens, it is probable that the oldest man in Bengal could not recollect a season of equal security and prosperity. For the first time within living memory, the province was placed under a government strong enough to prevent others from robbing, and not inclined to play the robber itself. These things inspired good-will. At the same time, the constant success of Hastings and the manner in which he extricated himself from every difficulty made him an object of superstitious admiration, and the more than regal splendour which he sometimes displayed dazzled a people who have much in common with children. Even now, after the lapse of more than fifty years, the natives of India still talk of him as the greatest of the English, and nurses sing children to sleep with a jingling ballad about the fleet horses and richly caparisoned elephants of Sahib Warren Hostein.

The gravest offence of which Hastings was guilty did not affect his popularity with the people of Bengal. for those offences were committed against neighbouring states. Those offences, as our readers must have perceived, we are not disposed to moderate; yet in order that the censure may be as justly apportioned to the transgression it is fit that the motive of the criminal should be taken into consideration. The motive which prompted the worst acts of Hastings was misdirected and unregulated ambition. The rules of justice, the sentiments of humanity, the sacred faith of treaties, were in his view as nothing when opposed to the immediate interest of the state. This is no justification. Nor to the principle either of moderation or of justice.

tical with morality, namely, far-sighted policy. Nevertheless the common sense of mankind, which in questions of this sort seldom goes far wrong, will always recognise a distinction between crimes which originate in an inordinate zeal for the commonwealth, and crimes which originate in selfish cupidity. To the benefit of this distinction Hastings is fairly entitled. There is, we conceive, no reason to suspect that the Rohilla war, the revolution of Benares, or the spoliation of the Princesses of Oude, added a rupee to his fortune. We will not affirm that, in all pecuniary dealings, he showed that punctilious integrity, that dread of the faintest appearance of evil, which is now the glory of the Indian civil service. But when the school in which he had been trained and the temptations to which he was exposed are considered, we are more inclined to praise him for his general uprightness with respect to money, than rigidly to blame him for a few transactions which would now be called indelicate and irregular, but which even now would hardly be designated as corrupt. A rapacious man he certainly was not. Had he been so, he would infallibly have returned to his country the richest subject in Europe. We speak within compass, when we say that, without applying any extraordinary pressure he might easily have obtained from the zemindars of the Company's provinces and from neighbouring princes, in the course of thirteen years, more than three millions sterling, and might have outshone the splendour of Carlton House and of the *Palais Royal*. He brought home a fortune such as a Governor-General, fond of state, and careless of thrift, might easily, during so long a tenure of office, save out of his legal salary. Mrs Hastings, we are afraid, was less scrupulous. It was generally believed that she accepted presents with great alacrity, and that she thus formed, without the connivance of her husband, a private hoard amounting to several lacs of rupees. We are the more inclined to give credit to this story, because Mr. Gleig, who cannot but have heard it, does not, as far as we have observed, notice or contradict it.

The influence of Mrs Hastings over her husband was indeed such that she might easily have obtained much larger sums than she was ever accused of receiving. At length her health began to give way, and the Governor-General, much against his will, was compelled to send her to England. He seems to have loved her with that love which is peculiar to men of strong minds, to men whose affection is not easily won or widely diffused. The talk of

Calcutta ran for some time on the luxurious manner in which he fitted up the round-house of an Indiaman for her accommodation, on the profusion of sandal-wood and carved ivory which adorned her cabin, and on the thousands of rupces which had been expended in order to procure for her the society of an agreeable female companion during the voyage. We may remark here that the letters of Hastings to his wife are exceedingly characteristic. They are tender, and full of indications of esteem and confidence, but, at the same time, a little more ceremonious than is usual in so intimate a relation. The solemn courtesy with which he compliments "his elegant Marian" reminds us now and then of the dignified air with which Sir Charles Grandison bowed over Miss Byron's hand in the cedar parlour.

After some months, Hastings prepared to follow his wife to England. When it was announced that he was about to quit his office, the feeling of the society which he had so long governed manifested itself by many signs. Addresses poured in from Europeans and Asiatics, from civil functionaries, soldiers, and traders. On the day on which he delivered up the keys of office, a crowd of friends and admirers formed a lane to the quay where he embarked. Several barges escorted him far down the river, and some attached friends refused to quit him till the low coast of Bengal was fading from the view, and till the pilot was leaving the ship.

Of his voyage little is known, except that he amused himself with books and with his pen, and that, among the compositions by which he beguiled the tediousness of that long leisure, was a pleasing imitation of Horace's *Otiurn Divos rogat*. This little poem was inscribed to Mr Shore, afterwards Lord Teignmouth, a man of whose integrity, humanity, and honour, it is impossible to speak too highly, but who, like some other excellent members of the civil service, extended to the conduct of his friend Hastings an indulgence of which his own conduct never stood in need.

The voyage was, for those times, very speedy. Hastings was little more than four months on the sea. In June, 1785, he landed at Plymouth, posted to London, appeared at Court, paid his respects in Leadenhall Street, and then retired with his wife to Cheltenham.

He was greatly pleased with his reception. The King treated him with marked distinction. The Queen, who had already in-

curred much censure on account of the favour which, in spite of the ordinary severity of her virtue, she had shown to the "elegant Marian," was not less gracious to Hastings. The Directors received him in a solemn sitting, and their chairman read to him a vote of thanks which they had passed without one dissentient voice. "I find myself," said Hastings, in a letter written about a quarter of a year after his arrival in England, "I find myself everywhere, and universally, treated with evidences, apparent even to my own observation, that I possess the good opinion of my country."

The confident and exulting tone of his correspondence about this time is the more remarkable, because he had already received ample notice of the attack which was in preparation. Within a week after he landed at Plymouth, Burke gave notice in the House of Commons of a motion seriously affecting a gentleman lately returned from India. The session, however, was then so far advanced, that it was impossible to enter on so extensive and important a subject.

Hastings, it is clear, was not sensible of the danger of his position. Indeed that sagacity, that judgment, that readiness in devising expedients, which had distinguished him in the East, seemed now to have forsaken him, not that his abilities were at all impaired, not that he was not still the same man who had triumphed over Francis and Nuncomar, who had made the Chief Justice and the Nabob Vizier his tools, who had deposed Chyte Sing, and repelled Hyder Ali. But an oak, as Mr Grattan finely said, should not be transplanted at fifty. A man who, having left England when a boy, returns to it after thirty or forty years passed in India, will find, be his talents what they may, that he has much both to learn and to unlearn before he can take a place among English statesmen. The working of a representative system, the war of parties, the arts of debate, the influence of the press, are startling novelties to him. Surrounded on every side by new machines and new tactics, he is as much bewildered as Hannibal would have been at Waterloo, or Themistocles at Trafalgar. His very acuteness deludes him. His very vigour causes him to stumble. The more correct his maxims, when applied to the state of society to which he is accustomed, the more certain they are to lead him astray. This was strikingly the case with Hastings. In India he had a bad hand, but he was master of the game, and

he won every stake. In England he held excellent cards, if he had known how to play them, and it was chiefly by his own errors that he was brought to the verge of ruin.

Of all his errors the most serious was perhaps the choice of a champion. Clive, in similar circumstances, had made a singularly happy selection. He put himself into the hands of Wedderburn, afterwards Lord Loughborough, one of the few great advocates who have also been great in the House of Commons. To the defence of Clive, therefore, nothing was wanting, neither learning nor knowledge of the world, neither forensic acuteness nor that eloquence which charms political assemblies. Hastings intrusted his interests to a very different person, a major in the Bengal army, named Scott. This gentleman had been sent over from India some time before as the agent of the Governor-General. It was rumoured that his services were rewarded with Oriental munificence, and we believe that he received much more than Hastings could conveniently spare. The Major obtained a seat in Parliament, and was there regarded as the organ of his employer. It was evidently impossible that a gentleman so situated could speak with the authority which belongs to an independent position. Nor had the agent of Hastings the talents necessary for obtaining the ear of an assembly which, accustomed to listen to great orators, had naturally become fastidious. He was always on his legs, he was very tedious, and he had only one topic, the merits and wrongs of Hastings. Every body who knows the House of Commons will easily guess what followed. The Major was soon considered as the greatest bore of his time. His exertions were not confined to Parliament. There was hardly a day on which the newspapers did not contain some puff upon Hastings, signed *Asiaticus* or *Bengalensis*, but known to be written by the indefatigable Scott, and hardly a month in which some bulky pamphlet on the same subject, and from the same pen, did not pass to the trunkmakers and the pastrycooks. As to this gentleman's capacity for conducting a delicate question through Parliament, our readers will want no evidence beyond that which they will find in letters preserved in these volumes. We will give a single specimen of his temper and judgment. He designated the greatest man then living as "that reptile Mr Burke."

In spite, however, of this unfortunate choice, the general result of affairs was favourable to Hastings. The King was



The Company and its servants were zealous in his cause. Among public men he had many ardent friends. Such were Lord Mansfield, who had outlived the vigour of his body, but not that of his mind, and Lord Lansdowne, who, though unconnected with any party, retained the importance which belongs to great talents and knowledge. The ministers were generally believed to be favourable to the late Governor-General. They owed their power to the clamour which had been raised against Mr Fox's East India Bill. The authors of that bill, when accused of invading vested rights, and of setting up powers unknown to the constitution, had defended themselves by pointing to the crimes of Hastings, and by arguing that abuses so extraordinary justified extraordinary measures. Those who, by opposing that bill, had raised themselves to the head of affairs, would naturally be inclined to extenuate the evils which had been made the plea for administering so violent a remedy, and such, in fact, was their general disposition. The Lord Chancellor Thurlow, in particular, whose great place and force of intellect gave him a weight in the government inferior only to that of Mr Pitt, espoused the cause of Hastings with indecorous violence. Mr. Pitt, though he had censured many parts of the Indian system, had studiously abstained from saying a word against the late chief of the Indian government. To Major Scott, indeed, the young minister had in private extolled Hastings as a great, a wonderful man, who had the highest claims on the government. There was only one objection to granting all that so eminent a servant of the public could ask. The resolution of censure still remained on the journals of the House of Commons. That resolution was, indeed, unjust, but, till it was rescinded, could the minister advise the King to bestow any mark of approbation on the person censured? If Major Scott is to be trusted, Mr Pitt declared that this was the only reason which prevented the advisers of the Crown from conferring a peerage on the late Governor-General. Mr Dundas was the only important member of the administration who was deeply committed to a different view of the subject. He had moved the resolution which created the difficulty, but even from him little was to be apprehended. Since he had presided over the committee on Eastern affairs, great changes had taken place. He was surrounded by new allies, he had fixed his hopes on new objects, and whatever may have been his good qualities,—and he had many,—flattery itself never reckoned rigid consistency in the number.

From the ministry, therefore, Hastings had every reason to expect support and the ministry was very powerful. The opposition was loud and vehement against him. But the opposition, though formidable from the wealth and influence of some of its members, and from the admirable talents and eloquence of others, was outnumbered in parliament, and odious throughout the country. Nor, as far as we can judge, was the opposition generally desirous to engage in so serious an undertaking as the impeachment of an Indian Governor. Such an impeachment must last for years. It must impose on the chiefs of the party an immense load of labour. Yet it could scarcely, in any manner, affect the event of the great political game. The followers of the coalition were therefore more inclined to revile Hastings than to prosecute him. They lost no opportunity of coupling his name with the names of the most hateful tyrants of whom history makes mention. The wits of Brooks's named their keenest sarcasms both at his public and at his domestic life. Some fine diamonds which he had presented, as it was rumoured, to the royal family, and a certain richly carved ivory bed which the Queen had done him the honour to accept from him, were favourite subjects of ridicule. One lively poet proposed, that the great acts of the fair Marian's present husband should be immortalized by the pencil of his predecessor, and that Imhoff should be employed to embellish the House of Commons with paintings of the bleeding Rohillas, of Nuncomar swinging, of Chetty Sing letting himself down to the Ganges. Another, in an exquisitely humorous parody of Virgil's third eclogue, propounded the question, what that mineral could be of which the rays had power to make the most austere of princesses the friend of a wanton. A third described, with gay malevolence, the gorgeous appearance of Mrs Hastings at St James's, the galaxy of jewels, torn from Indian Begums, which adorned her head dress, her necklace gleaming with future votes, and the depending questions that stole from her ears. Satirical attacks of this description, and perhaps more for a vote of censure, would have satisfied the great body of the opposition. But there were two men whose indignation it was to be so appressed, Philip Francis and Edmund Burke.

Francis had recently entered the House of Commons, and had already established a character there for industry and laboured indeed under one most unfortunate circumstance. But he occasionally expressed himself thus:

worthy of the greatest orators. Before he had been many days in parliament, he incurred the bitter dislike of Pitt, who constantly treated him with as much asperity as the laws of debate would allow. Neither lapse of years nor change of scene had mitigated the enmities which Francis had brought back from the East. After his usual fashion, he mistook his malevolence for virtue, nursed it, as preachers tell us that we ought to nurse our good dispositions, and paraded it, on all occasions, with Pharisaical ostentation.

The zeal of Burke was still fiercer, but it was far purer. Men unable to understand the elevation of his mind have tried to find out some discreditable motive for the vehemence and pertinacity which he showed on this occasion. But they have altogether failed. The idle story that he had some private slight to revenge has long been given up, even by the advocates of Hastings. Mr Gleig supposes that Burke was actuated by party spirit, that he retained a bitter remembrance of the fall of the coalition, that he attributed that fall to the exertions of the East India interest, and that he considered Hastings as the head and the representative of that interest. This explanation seems to be sufficiently refuted by a reference to dates. The hostility of Burke to Hastings commenced long before the coalition, and lasted long after Burke had become a strenuous supporter of those by whom the coalition had been defeated. It began when Burke and Fox, closely allied together, were attacking the influence of the crown, and calling for peace with the American republic. It continued till Burke, alienated from Fox, and loaded with the favours of the crown, died, preaching a crusade against the French republic. We surely cannot attribute to the events of 1784 an enmity which began in 1781, and which retained undiminished force long after persons far more deeply implicated than Hastings in the events of 1784 had been cordially forgiven. And why should we look for any other explanation of Burke's conduct than that which we find on the surface? The plain truth is that Hastings had committed some great crimes, and that the thought of those crimes made the blood of Burke boil in his veins. For Burke was a man in whom compassion for suffering, and hatred of injustice and tyranny, were as strong as in Las Casas or Clarkson. And although in him, as in Las Casas and in Clarkson, these noble feelings were alloyed with the infirmity which belongs to human nature, he is, like them, entitled to this great praise, that

he devoted years of intense labour to the service of a people with whom he had neither blood nor language, neither religion nor manners in common, and from whom no requital, no thanks, no applause could be expected

His knowledge of India was such as few, even of those Europeans who have passed many years in that country, have attained, and such as certainly was never attained by any public man who had not quitted Europe. He had studied the history, the laws, and the usages of the East with an industry, such as is seldom found united to so much genius and so much sensibility. Others have perhaps been equally laborious, and have collected an equal mass of materials. But the manner in which Burke brought his higher powers of intellect to work on statements of facts, and on tables of figures, was peculiar to himself. In every part of those huge bales of Indian information which repelled almost all other readers, his mind, at once philosophical and poetical, found something to instruct or to delight. His reason analysed and digested those vast and shapeless masses, his imagination animated and coloured them. Out of darkness and dulness, and confusion, he formed a multitude of ingenious theories and vivid pictures. He had, in the highest degree, that noble faculty whereby man is able to live in the past and in the future, in the distant and in the unreal. India and its inhabitants were not to him, as to most Englishmen, mere names and abstractions, but a real country and a real people. The burning sun, the strange vegetation of the palm and the cocoar tree, the rice-field, the tank, the huge trees, older than the Mogul empire, under which the village crowds assemble, the thatched roof of the peasant's hut, the rich tracery of the mosque where the imam prays with his face to Mecca, the drums, and banners, and gaudy idols, the devotee swinging in the air, the graceful maiden, with the pitcher on her head, descending the steps to the river-side, the black faces, the long beards, the yellow streaks of sect, the turbans and the flowing robes, the spears and the silver maces, the elephants with their canopies of state, the gorgeous palanquin of the prince, and the close litter of the noble lady, all these things were to him as the objects amidst which his own life had been passed, as the objects which lay on the road between Beaconsfield and St. James's Street. All India was present to the eye of his mind, from the halls where sultors laid gold and perfumes at the feet of sovereigns to the wild moor where the gypsy camp was pitched, from

the bazar, humming like a bee-hive with the crowd of buyers and sellers, to the jungle where the lonely courier shakes his bunch of iron rings to scare away the hyænas. He had just as lively an idea of the insurrection at Benares as of Lord George Gordon's riots, and of the execution of Nuncomar as of the execution of Dr. Dodd. Oppression in Bengal was to him the same thing as oppression in the streets of London.

He saw that Hastings had been guilty of some most unjustifiable acts. All that followed was natural and necessary in a mind like Burke's. His imagination and his passions, once excited, hurried him beyond the bounds of justice and good sense. His reason, powerful as it was, became the slave of feelings which it should have controlled. His indignation, virtuous in its origin, acquired too much of the character of personal aversion. He could see no mitigating circumstance, no redeeming merit. His temper, which, though generous and affectionate, had always been irritable, had now been made almost savage by bodily infirmities and mental vexations. Conscious of great powers and great virtues, he found himself, in age and poverty, a mark for the hatred of a perfidious court and a deluded people. In Parhamment his eloquence was out of date. A young generation, which knew him not, had filled the House. Whenever he rose to speak, his voice was drowned by the unseemly interruption of lads who were in their cradles when his orations on the Stamp Act called forth the applause of the great Earl of Chatham. These things had produced on his proud and sensitive spirit an effect at which we cannot wonder. He could no longer discuss any question with calmness, or make allowance for honest differences of opinion. Those who think that he was more violent and acrimonious in debates about India than on other occasions are ill informed respecting the last years of his life. In the discussions on the Commercial Treaty with the Court of Versailles, on the Regency, on the French Revolution, he showed even more virulence than in conducting the impeachment. Indeed it may be remarked that the very persons who called him a mischievous maniac, for condemning in burning words the Rohilla war and the spoliation of the Begums, exalted him into a prophet as soon as he began to declaim, with greater vehemence, and not with greater reason, against the taking of the Bastille and the insults offered to Marie Antoinette. To us he appears to have been neither a maniac in the former case, nor a prophet in the latter,

but in both cases a great and good man, led into extravagance by a sensibility which domineered over all his faculties

It may be doubted whether the personal antipathy of Francis, or the nobler indignation of Burke, would have led their party to adopt extreme measures against Hastings, if his own conduct had been judicious. He should have felt that, great as his public services had been, he was not faultless, and should have been content to make his escape, without aspiring to the honours of a triumph. He and his agent took a different view. They were impatient for the rewards which, as they conceived, were deferred only till Burke's attack should be over. They accordingly resolved to force on a decisive action with an enemy for whom, if they had been wise, they would have made a bridge of gold. On the first day of the session of 1786, Major Scott reminded Burke of the notice given in the preceding year, and asked whether it was seriously intended to bring any charge against the late Governor-General. This challenge left no course open to the Opposition, except to come forward as accusers, or to acknowledge themselves calumniators. The administration of Hastings had not been so blameless, nor was the great party of Fox and North so feeble, that it could be prudent to venture on so bold a defiance. The leaders of the Opposition instantly returned the only answer which they could with honour return, and the whole party was irrevocably pledged to a prosecution.

Burke began his operations by applying for Papers. Some of the documents for which he asked were refused by the ministers, who, in the debate, held language such as strongly confirmed the prevailing opinion, that they intended to support Hastings. In April, the charges were laid on the table. They had been drawn by Burke with great ability, though in a form too much resembling that of a pamphlet. Hastings was furnished with a copy of the accusation, and it was intimated to him that he might, if he thought fit, be heard in his own defence at the bar of the Commons.

Here again Hastings was pursued by the same fatality which had attended him ever since the day when he set foot on English ground. It seemed to be decreed that this man, so politic and so successful in the East, should commit nothing but blunders in Europe. Any judicious adviser would have told him that the best thing which he could do would be to make an eloquent, forcible, and affecting oration at the bar of the House, but that, if he

could not trust himself to speak, and found it necessary to read, he ought to be as concise as possible. Audiences accustomed to extemporaneous debating of the highest excellence are always impatient of long written compositions. Hastings, however, sat down as he would have done at the Government-house in Bengal, and prepared a paper of immense length. That paper, if recorded on the consultations of an Indian administration, would have been justly praised as a very able minute. But it was now out of place. It fell flat, as the best written defence must have fallen flat, on an assembly accustomed to the animated and strenuous conflicts of Pitt and Fox. The members, as soon as their curiosity about the face and demeanour of so eminent a stranger was satisfied, walked away to dinner, and left Hastings to tell his story till midnight to the clerks and the Serjeant-at-arms.

All preliminary steps having been duly taken, Burke, in the beginning of June, brought forward the charge relating to the Rohilla war. He acted discreetly in placing this accusation in the van, for Dundas had formerly moved, and the House had adopted, a resolution condemning, in the most severe terms, the policy followed by Hastings with regard to Rohilcund. Dundas had little, or rather nothing, to say in defence of his own consistency, but he put a bold face on the matter, and opposed the motion. Among other things, he declared that, though he still thought the Rohilla war unjustifiable, he considered the services which Hastings had subsequently rendered to the state as sufficient to atone even for so great an offence. Pitt did not speak, but voted with Dundas, and Hastings was absolved by a hundred and nineteen votes against sixty-seven.

Hastings was now confident of victory. It seemed, indeed, that he had reason to be so. The Rohilla war was, of all his measures, that which his accusers might with greatest advantage assail. It had been condemned by the Court of Directors. It had been condemned by the House of Commons. It had been condemned by Mr Dundas, who had since become the chief minister of the Crown for Indian affairs. Yet Burke, having chosen this strong ground, had been completely defeated on it. That, having failed here, he should succeed on any point, was generally thought impossible. It was rumoured at the clubs and coffee-houses that one or perhaps two more charges would be brought forward, that if, on those charges, the sense of the House of Commons should be

against impeachment, the Opposition would let the matter drop, that Hastings would be immediately raised to the peerage, decorated with the star of the Bath, sworn of the privy council, and invited to lend the assistance of his talents and experience to the India board. Lord Thurlow, indeed, some months before, had spoken with contempt of the scruples which prevented Pitt from calling Hastings to the House of Lords, and had even said that, if the Chancellor of the Exchequer was afraid of the Commons, there was nothing to prevent the Keeper of the Great Seal from taking the royal pleasure about a patent of peerage. The very title was chosen. Hastings was to be Lord Daylesford. For, through all changes of scene and changes of fortune, remained unchanged his attachment to the spot which had witnessed the greatness and the fall of his family, and which had borne so great a part in the first dreams of his young ambition.

But in a very few days these fair prospects were overcast. On the thirteenth of June, Mr. Fox brought forward, with great ability and eloquence, the charge respecting the treatment of Cheyte Sing. Francis followed on the same side. The friends of Hastings were in high spirits when Pitt rose. With his usual abundance and felicity of language, the Minister gave his opinion on the case. He maintained that the Governor-General was justified in calling on the Rajah of Benares for pecuniary assistance, and in imposing a fine when that assistance was contumaciously withheld. He also thought that the conduct of the Governor-General during the insurrection had been distinguished by ability and presence of mind. He censured, with great bitterness, the conduct of Francis, both in India and in Parliament, as most dishonest and malignant. The necessary inference from Pitt's arguments seemed to be that Hastings ought to be honourably acquitted, and both the friends and the opponents of the Minister expected from him a declaration to that effect. To the astonishment of all parties, he concluded by saying that, though he thought it right in Hastings to fine Cheyte Sing for contumacy, yet the amount of the fine was too great for the occasion. On this ground, and on this ground alone, did Mr. Pitt, applauding every other part of the conduct of Hastings with regard to Benares, declare that he should vote in favour of Mr. Fox's motion.

The House was thunderstruck, and it well might be so. For the wrong done to Cheyte Sing, even had it been as flagitious as



Fox and Francis contended, was a trifle when compared with the horrors which had been inflicted on Rohilcund. But if Mr. Pitt's view of the case of Cheyte Sing were correct, there was no ground for an impeachment, or even for a vote of censure. If the offence of Hastings was really no more than this, that, having a right to impose a mulct, the amount of which mulct was not defined, but was left to be settled by his discretion, he had, not for his own advantage, but for that of the state, demanded too much, was this an offence which required a criminal proceeding of the highest solemnity, a criminal proceeding, to which, during sixty years, no public functionary had been subjected? We can see, we think, in what way a man of sense and integrity might have been induced to take any course respecting Hastings, except the course which Mr Pitt took. Such a man might have thought a great example necessary, for the preventing of injustice, and for the vindicating of the national honour, and might, on that ground, have voted for impeachment both on the Rohilla charge, and on the Benares charge. Such a man might have thought that the offences of Hastings had been atoned for by great services, and might, on that ground, have voted against the impeachment, on both charges. With great diffidence, we give it as our opinion that the most correct course would, on the whole, have been to impeach on the Rohilla charge, and to acquit on the Benares charge. Had the Benares charge appeared to us in the same light in which it appeared to Mr Pitt, we should, without hesitation, have voted for acquittal on that charge. The one course which it is inconceivable that any man of a tenth part of Mr Pitt's abilities can have honestly taken was the course which he took. He acquitted Hastings on the Rohilla charge. He softened down the Benares charge till it became no charge at all, and then he pronounced that it contained matter for impeachment.

Nor must it be forgotten that the principal reason assigned by the ministry for not impeaching Hastings on account of the Rohilla war was this, that the delinquencies of the early part of his administration had been atoned for by the excellence of the later part. Was it not most extraordinary that men who had held this language could afterwards vote that the later part of his administration furnished matter for no less than twenty articles of impeachment? They first represented the conduct of Hastings in 1780 and 1781 as so highly meritorious that, like works of super-

erogation in the Catholic theology, it ought to be efficacious for the cancelling of former offences, and they then prosecuted him for his conduct in 1780 and 1781

The general astonishment was the greater, because, only twenty-four hours before, the members on whom the minister could depend had received the usual notes from the Treasury, begging them to be in their places and to vote against Mr. Fox's motion. It was asserted by Mr. Hastings, that, early on the morning of the very day on which the debate took place, Dundas called on Pitt, woke him, and was closeted with him many hours. The result of this conference was a determination to give up the late Governor-General to the vengeance of the Opposition. It was impossible even for the most powerful minister to carry all his followers with him in so strange a course. Several persons high in office, the Attorney-General, Mr. Grenville, and Lord Mulgrave, divided against Mr. Pitt. But the devoted adherents who stood by the head of the government without asking questions, were sufficiently numerous to turn the scale. A hundred and nineteen members voted for Mr. Fox's motion, seventy-nine against it. Dundas silently followed Pitt.

That good and great man, the late William Wilberforce, often related the events of this remarkable night. He described the amazement of the House, and the bitter reflections which were muttered against the Prime Minister by some of the habitual supporters of government. Pitt himself appeared to feel that his conduct required some explanation. He left the treasury bench, sat for some time next to Mr. Wilberforce, and very earnestly declared that he had found it impossible, as a man of conscience, to stand any longer by Hastings. The business, he said, was too bad. Mr. Wilberforce, we are bound to add, fully believed that his friend was sincere, and that the suspicions to which this mysterious affair gave rise were altogether unfounded.

Those suspicions, indeed, were such as it is painful to mention. The friends of Hastings, most of whom, it is to be observed, generally supported the administration, affirmed that the motive of Pitt and Dundas was jealousy. Hastings was personally a favourite with the King. He was the idol of the East India Company and of its servants. If he were absolved by the Commons, seated among the Lords, admitted to the Board of Control, closely allied with the strong-minded and imperious Thurlow, was it not

almost certain that he would soon draw to himself the entire management of Eastern affairs? Was it not possible that he might become a formidable rival in the cabinet? It had probably got abroad that very singular communications had taken place between Thurlow and Major Scott, and that, if the First Lord of the Treasury was afraid to recommend Hastings for a peerage, the Chancellor was ready to take the responsibility of that step on himself. Of all ministers, Pitt was the least likely to submit with patience to such an encroachment on his functions. If the Commons impeached Hastings, all danger was at an end. The proceeding, however it might terminate, would probably last some years. In the meantime, the accused person would be excluded from honours and public employments, and could scarcely venture even to pay his duty at court. Such were the motives attributed by a great part of the public to the young minister, whose ruling passion was generally believed to be avarice of power.

The prorogation soon interrupted the discussions respecting Hastings. In the following year, those discussions were resumed. The charge touching the spoliation of the Begums was brought forward by Sheridan, in a speech which was so imperfectly reported that it may be said to be wholly lost, but which was, without doubt, the most elaborately brilliant of all the productions of his ingenious mind. The impression which it produced was such as has never been equalled. He sat down, not merely amidst cheering, but amidst the loud clapping of hands, in which the Lords below the bar and the strangers in the gallery joined. The excitement of the House was such that no other speaker could obtain a hearing, and the debate was adjourned. The ferment spread fast through the town. Within four and twenty hours, Sheridan was offered a thousand pounds for the copyright of the speech, if he would himself correct it for the press. The impression made by this remarkable display of eloquence on severe and experienced critics, whose discernment may be supposed to have been quickened by emulation, was deep and permanent. Mr Windham, twenty years later, said that the speech deserved all its fame, and was, in spite of some faults of taste, such as were seldom wanting either in the literary or in the parliamentary performances of Sheridan, the finest that had been delivered within the memory of man. Mr. Fox, about the same time, being asked by the late Lord Holland what was the best speech ever made in the House of Commons,



It seems difficult to refute these arguments. But the inveterate hatred borne by Francis to Hastings had excited general disgust. The House decided that Francis should not be a manager. Pitt voted with the majority, Dundas with the minority.

In the mean time, the preparations for the trial had proceeded rapidly, and on the 13th of February, 1788, the sittings of the Court commenced. There have been spectacles more dazzling to the eye, more gorgeous with jewellery and cloth of gold, more attractive to grown-up children, than that which was then exhibited at Westminster, but, perhaps, there never was a spectacle so well calculated to strike a highly cultivated, a reflecting, an imaginative mind. All the various kinds of interest which belong to the near and to the distant, to the present and to the past, were collected on one spot, and in one hour. All the talents and all the accomplishments which are developed by liberty and civilisation were now displayed, with every advantage that could be derived both from co-operation and from contrast. Every step in the proceedings carried the mind either backward, through many troubled centuries, to the days when the foundations of our constitution were laid, or far away, over boundless seas and deserts, to dusky nations living under strange stars, worshipping strange gods, and writing strange characters from right to left. The High Court of Parliament was to sit, according to forms handed down from the days of the Plantagenets, on an Englishman accused of exercising tyranny over the lord of the holy city of Benares, and over the ladies of the princely house of Oude.

The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings, the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon and the just absolution of Somers, the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment, the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by the heralds under Garter King-at-arms. The judges in their vestments of state attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three fourths of the Upper House as the Upper

House then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior Baron present led the way, George Eliott, Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defence of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the King. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing. The grey old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated round the Queen the fair-haired young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the Ambassadors of great Kings and Commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when, before a senate which still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labours in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition, a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation, but still precious, massive, and splendid. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted his faith. There too was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the Saint Cecilia whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay. There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticized, and exchanged repartees, under the rich peacock-hangings of Mrs Montague. And there the ladies whose lips, more persuasive than those of himself,

had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone round Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire

The Serjeants made proclamation Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself, that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue. He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect, a high and intellectual forehead, a brow pensive, but not gloomy, a mouth of inflexible decision, a face pale and worn, but serene, on which was written, as legibly as under the picture in the council-chamber at Calcutta, *Mens æqua in arduis*, such was the aspect with which the great Proconsul presented himself to his judges

His counsel accompanied him, men all of whom were afterwards raised by their talents and learning to the highest posts in their profession, the bold and strong-minded Law, afterwards Chief Justice of the King's Bench, the more humane and eloquent Dallas, afterwards Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and Plomer who, near twenty years later, successfully conducted in the same high court the defence of Lord Melville, and subsequently became Vice-chancellor and Master of the Rolls.

But neither the culprit nor his advocates attracted so much notice as the accusers. In the midst of the blaze of red drapery, a space had been fitted up with green benches and tables for the Commons. The managers, with Burke at their head, appeared in full dress. The collectors of gossip did not fail to remark that even Fox, generally so regardless of his appearance, had paid to the illustrious tribunal the compliment of wearing a bag and sword. Pitt had refused to be one of the conductors of the impeachment; and his commanding, copious, and sonorous eloquence was wanting to that great muster of various talents. Age and blindness had unfitted Lord North for the duties of a public prosecutor, and his friends were left without the help of his excellent sense, his tact, and his urbanity. But, in spite of the absence of these two distinguished members of the Lower House, the box in which the





Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of Eastern society, as vivid as that which existed in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law. The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration from the stern and hostile Chancellor, and, for a moment, seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out, smelling-bottles were handed round, hysterical sobs and screams were heard: and Mrs Sheridan was carried out in a fit. At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded, "Therefore," said he, "bath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanours. I impeach him in the name of the Commons' House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honour he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all!"

When the deep murmur of various emotions had subsided, Mr Fox rose to address the Lords respecting the course of proceeding to be followed. The wish of the accusers was that the Court would bring to a close the investigation of the first charge before the second was opened. The wish of Hastings and of his counsel was that the managers should open all the charges, and produce all the evidence for the prosecution, before the defence began. The Lords retired to their own House to consider the question. The Chancellor took the side of Hastings. Lord Loughborough, who was now in opposition, supported the demand of the managers. The division showed which way the inclination of the tribunal leaned. A majority of near three to one decided in favour of the course for which Hastings contended.

When the Court sat again, Mr Fox, assisted by Mr Grey, opened the charge respecting Cheyte Sing, and several days were

spent in reading papers and hearing witnesses. The next article was that relating to the Princesses of Oude. The conduct of this part of the case was entrusted to Sheridan. The curiosity of the public to hear him was unbounded. His sparkling and highly finished declamation lasted two days; but the Hall was crowded to suffocation during the whole time. It was said that fifty guineas had been paid for a single ticket. Sheridan, when he concluded, contrived, with a knowledge of stage effect which his father might have envied, to sink back, as if exhausted, into the arms of Burke, who hugged him with the energy of generous admiration.

June was now far advanced. The session could not last much longer, and the progress which had been made in the impeachment was not very satisfactory. There were twenty charges. On two only of these had even the case for the prosecution been heard, and it was now a year since Hastings had been admitted to bail.

The interest taken by the public in the trial was great when the Court began to sit, and rose to the height when Sheridan spoke on the charge relating to the Begums. From that time the excitement went down fast. The spectacle had lost the attraction of novelty. The great displays of rhetoric were over. What was behind was not of a nature to entice men of letters from their books in the morning, or to tempt ladies who had left the masquerade at two to be out of bed before eight. There remained examinations and cross-examinations. There remained statements of accounts. There remained the reading of papers, filled with words unintelligible to English ears, with lacs and crores, zemindars and annals, sunnuds and perwannahs, jaghires and muzzurs. There remained bickerings, not always carried on with the best taste or with the best temper, between the managers of the impeachment and the counsel for the defence, particularly between Mr Burke and Mr Law. There remained the endless marches and countermarches of the Peers between their House and the Hall for as often as a point of law was to be discussed, their Lordships retired to discuss it apart, and the consequence was, as a Peer wittily said, that the judges walked and the trial stood still.

It is to be added that, in the spring of 1788, when the trial commenced, no important question, either of domestic or foreign policy, occupied the public mind. The proceeding in Westminster Hall, therefore, naturally attracted most of the attention of Par-

liament and of the country. It was the one great event of that season. But in the following year the King's illness, the debates on the Regency, the expectation of a change of ministry, completely diverted public attention from Indian affairs, and within a fortnight after George the Third had returned thanks in St. Paul's for his recovery, the States-General of France met at Versailles. In the midst of the agitation produced by these events, the impeachment was for a time almost forgotten.

The trial in the Hall went on languidly. In the session of 1788, when the proceedings had the interest of novelty, and when the Peers had little other business before them, only thirty-five days were given to the impeachment. In 1789, the Regency Bill occupied the Upper House till the session was far advanced. When the King recovered the circuits were beginning. The judges left town, the Lords waited for the return of the oracles of jurisprudence, and the consequence was that during the whole year only seventeen days were given to the case of Hastings. It was clear that the matter would be protracted to a length unprecedented in the annals of criminal law.

In truth, it is impossible to deny that impeachment, though it is a fine ceremony, and though it may have been useful in the seventeenth century, is not a proceeding from which much good can now be expected. Whatever confidence may be placed in the decision of the Peers on an appeal arising out of ordinary litigation, it is certain that no man has the least confidence in their impartiality, when a great public functionary, charged with a great state crime, is brought to their bar. They are all politicians. There is hardly one among them whose vote on an impeachment may not be confidently predicted before a witness has been examined, and, even if it were possible to rely on their justice, they would still be quite unfit to try such a cause as that of Hastings. They sit only during half the year. They have to transact much legislative and much judicial business. The law-lords, whose advice is required to guide the unearned majority, are employed daily in administering justice elsewhere. It is impossible, therefore, that during a busy session, the Upper House should give more than a few days to an impeachment. To expect that their Lordships would give up partridge-shooting, in order to bring the greatest delinquent to speedy justice, or to relieve accused innocence by speedy acquittal, would be unreasonable indeed. A well constituted

tribunal, sitting regularly six days in the week, and nine hours in the day, would have brought the trial of Hastings to a close in less than three months. The Lords had not finished their work in seven years.

The result ceased to be matter of doubt from the time when the Lords resolved that they would be guided by the rules of evidence which are received in the inferior courts of the realm. Those rules it is well known exclude much information which would be quite sufficient to determine the conduct of any reasonable man in the most important transactions of private life. These rules at every degree, save scores of culprits whom judges, jury, and spectators firmly believe to be guilty. But when the rules were rigidly applied to offences committed many years before, at the distance of many thousands of miles, conviction was, of course, out of the question. We do not blame the accused and his counsel for availing themselves of every legal advantage in order to obtain an acquittal. But it is clear that an acquittal so obtained cannot be pleaded in bar of the judgment of history.

Several attempts were made by the friends of Hastings to put a stop to the trial. In 1789 they proposed a vote of censure upon Burke, for some violent language which he had used respecting the death of Nancomar and the connexion between Hastings and Impey. Burke was then unpopular in the last degree both with the House and with the country. The asperity and indecency of some expressions which he had used during the debates on the Regency had annoyed even his warmest friends. The vote of censure was carried, and those who had moved it hoped that the managers would resign in disgust. Burke was deeply hurt. But his zeal for what he considered as the cause of justice and mercy triumphed over his personal feelings. He received the censure of the House with dignity and coolness, and declared that no personal mortification or humiliation should induce him to flinch from the sacred duty which he had undertaken.

In the following year the Parliament was dissolved, and the friends of Hastings entertained a hope that the new House of Commons might not be disposed to go on with the impeachment. They began by maintaining that the whole proceeding was terminated by the dissolution. Defeated on this point, they made a direct motion that the impeachment should be dropped, but they were defeated by the combined forces of the Government and the

Opposition It was, however, resolved that, for the sake of expedition, many of the articles should be withdrawn In truth, had not some such measure been adopted, the trial would have lasted till the defendant was in his grave

At length, in the spring of 1795, the decision was pronounced, near eight years after Hastings had been brought by the Serjeant-at-arms of the Commons to the bar of the Lords On the last day of this great procedure the public curiosity, long suspended, seemed to be revived Anxiety about the judgment there could be none, for it had been fully ascertained that there was a great majority for the defendant Nevertheless many wished to see the pageant, and the Hall was as much crowded as on the first day But those who, having been present on the first day, now bore a part in the proceedings of the last, were few, and most of those few were altered men

As Hastings himself said, the arraignment had taken place before one generation, and the judgment was pronounced by another The spectator could not look at the woolsack, or at the red benches of the Peers, or at the green benches of the Commons, without seeing something that reminded him of the instability of all human things, of the instability of power and fame and life, of the more lamentable instability of friendship The great seal was borne before Lord Loughborough, who, when the trial commenced, was a fierce opponent of Mr Pitt's government, and who was now a member of that government, while Thurlow, who presided in the court when it first sat, estranged from all his old allies, sat scowling among the junior barons Of about a hundred and sixty nobles who walked in the procession on the first day, sixty had been laid in their family vaults. Still more affecting must have been the sight of the managers' box What had become of that fair fellowship, so closely bound together by public and private ties, so resplendent with every talent and accomplishment? It had been scattered by calamities more bitter than the bitterness of death The great chiefs were still living, and still in the full vigour of their genius But their friendship was at an end It had been violently and publicly dissolved, with tears and stormy reproaches If those men, once so dear to each other, were now compelled to meet for the purpose of managing the impeachment, they met as strangers whom public business had brought together, and behaved to each other with cold and distant civility Burlingame



Each of them was, of course, in his own little circle, regarded as an oracle on an Indian question, and they were, with scarcely one exception, the zealous advocates of Hastings. It is to be added, that the numerous addresses to the late Governor-General, which his friends in Bengal obtained from the natives and transmitted to England, made a considerable impression. To these addresses we attach little or no importance. That Hastings was beloved by the people whom he governed is true, but the eulogies of pundits, zemindars, Mahomedan doctors, do not prove it to be true. For an English collector or judge would have found it easy to induce any native who could write to sign a panegyric on the most odious ruler that ever was in India. It was said that at Benares, the very place at which the acts set forth in the first article of impeachment had been committed, the natives had erected a temple to Hastings, and this story excited a strong sensation in England. Burke's observations on the apotheosis were admirable. He saw no reason for astonishment, he said, in the incident which had been represented as so striking. He knew something of the mythology of the Brahmins. He knew that as they worshipped some gods from love, so they worshipped others from fear. He knew that they erected shrines, not only to the benignant deities of light and plenty, but also to the fiends who preside over small-pox and murder, nor did he at all dispute the claim of Mr. Hastings to be admitted into such a Pantheon. This reply has always struck us as one of the finest that ever was made in Parliament. It is a grave and forcible argument, decorated by the most brilliant wit and fancy.

Hastings was, however, safe. But in every thing except character, he would have been far better off if, when first impeached, he had at once pleaded guilty, and paid a fine of fifty thousand pounds. He was a ruined man. The legal expenses of his defence had been enormous. The expenses which did not appear in his attorney's bill were perhaps larger still. Great sums had been paid to Major Scott. Great sums had been laid out in bribing newspapers, rewarding pamphleteers, and circulating tracts. Burke, so early as 1790, declared in the House of Commons that twenty thousand pounds had been employed in corrupting the press. It is certain that no controversial weapon, from the gravest reasoning to the coarsest ribaldry, was left unemployed. Logan defended the accused Governor with great ability in prose. For the lovers

of verse, the speeches of the managers were burlesqued in Simpkins letters. It is, we are afraid, indisputable that Hastings stooped so low as to court the aid of that malignant and filthy baboon John Williams, who called himself Anthony Pasquin. It was necessary to subsidise such allies largely. The private hoards of Mrs Hastings had disappeared. It is said that the banker to whom they had been intrusted had failed. Still if Hastings had practised strict economy, he would, after all his losses, have had a moderate competence, but in the management of his private affairs he was imprudent. The dearest wish of his heart had always been to regain Daylesford. At length, in the very year in which his trial commenced, the wish was accomplished, and the domain, alienated more than seventy years before, returned to the descendant of its old lords. But the manor house was a ruin, and the grounds round it had, during many years, been utterly neglected. Hastings proceeded to build, to plant, to form a sheet of water, to excavate a grotto, and, before he was dismissed from the bar of the House of Lords, he had expended more than forty thousand pounds in adorning his seat.

The general feeling both of the Directors and of the proprietors of the East India Company was that he had great claims on them, that his services to them had been eminent, and that his misfortunes had been the effect of his zeal for their interest. His friends in Leadenhall Street proposed to reimburse him the costs of his trial, and to settle on him an annuity of five thousand pounds a year. But the consent of the Board of Control was necessary, and at the head of the Board of Control was Mr Dundas, who had himself been a party to the impeachment, who had, on that account, been reviled with great bitterness by the adherents of Hastings, and who, therefore, was not in a very complying mood. He refused to consent to what the Directors suggested. The Directors remonstrated. A long controversy followed. Hastings, in the mean time, was reduced to such distress, that he could hardly pay his weekly bills. At length a compromise was made. An annuity for life of four thousand pounds was settled on Hastings, and in order to enable him to meet pressing demands, he was to receive ten years' annuity in advance. The Company was also permitted to lend him fifty thousand pounds, to be repaid by instalments without interest. This relief, though given in the most absurd manner, was sufficient to enable the retired Governor to live in



comfort, and even in luxury, if he had been a skilful manager. But he was careless and profuse, and was more than once under the necessity of applying to the Company for assistance, which was liberally given.

He had security and affluence, but not the power and dignity which, when he landed from India, he had reason to expect. He had then looked forward to a coronet, a red riband, a seat at the Council Board, an office at Whitehall. He was then only fifty-two, and might hope for many years of bodily and mental vigour. The case was widely different when he left the bar of the Lord. He was now too old a man to turn his mind to a new class of studies and duties. He had no chance of receiving any mark of royal favour while Mr Pitt remained in power, and, when Mr Pitt retired, Hastings was approaching his seventieth year.

Once, and only once, after his acquittal, he interfered in politics, and that interference was not much to his honour. In 1801 he exerted himself strenuously to prevent Mr Addington, against whom Fox and Pitt had combined, from resigning the Treasury. It is difficult to believe that a man so able and energetic as Hastings can have thought that, when Bonaparte was at Boulogne with a great army, the defence of our island could safely be intrusted to a ministry which did not contain a single person whom flattery could describe as a great statesman. It is also certain that, on the important question which had raised Mr Addington to power, and on which he differed from both Fox and Pitt, Hastings, as might have been expected, agreed with Fox and Pitt, and was decidedly opposed to Addington. Religious intolerance has never been the vice of the Indian service, and certainly was not the vice of Hastings. But Mr. Addington had treated him with marked favour. Fox had been a principal manager of the impeachment. To Pitt it was owing that there had been an impeachment, and Hastings, we fear, was on this occasion guided by personal considerations, rather than by a regard to the public interest.

The last twenty-four years of his life were chiefly passed at Daylesford. He amused himself with embellishing his grounds, riding fine Arab horses, fattening prize-cattle, and trying to rear Indian animals and vegetables in England. He sent for seeds of a very fine custard-apple, from the garden of what had once been his own villa, among the green hedgerows of Allipore. He tried

also to naturalise in Worcestershire the delicious leech, almost the only fruit of Bengal which deserves to be regretted even amidst the plenty of Covent Garden. The Mogul emperors, in the time of their greatness, had in vain attempted to introduce into Hindostan the goat of the table-land of Thibet, whose down supplies the looms of Cashmere with the materials of the finest shawls. Hastings tried, with no better fortune, to rear a breed at Dylesford, nor does he seem to have succeeded better with the cattle of Bootan, whose tails are in high esteem as the best fans for brushing away the mosquitoes.

Literature divided his attention with his conservatories and his menagerie. He had always loved books, and they were now necessary to him. Though not a poet, in any high sense of the word, he wrote neat and polished lines with great facility, and was fond of exercising this talent. Indeed, if we must speak out, he seems to have been more of a Trissotin than was to be expected from the powers of his mind, and from the great part which he had played in life. We are assured in these Memoirs that the first thing which he did in the morning was to write a copy of verses. When the family and guests assembled, the poem made its appearance as regularly as the eggs and rolls, and Mr Gleig requires us to believe that, if from any accident Hastings came to the breakfast-table without one of his charming performances in his hand, the omission was felt by all as a grievous disappointment. Tastes differ widely. For ourselves, we must say that, however good the breakfasts at Dylesford may have been,—and we are assured that the tea was of the most aromatic flavour, and that neither tongue nor venison-pasty was wanting,—we should have thought the reckoning high if we had been forced to earn our repast by listening every day to a new madrigal or sonnet composed by our host. We are glad, however, that Mr Gleig has preserved this little feature of character, though we think it by no means a beauty. It is good to be often reminded of the inconsistency of human nature, and to learn to look without wonder or disgust on the weaknesses which are found in the strongest minds. Dionysius in old times, Frederic in the last century, with capacity and vigour equal to the conduct of the greatest affairs, united all the little vanities and affectations of provincial blue-stocking. These great examples may console the admirers of Hastings for



train both at Oxford and in the Guildhall of London, and, though surrounded by a crowd of princes and great warriors, was every where received with marks of respect and admiration. He was presented by the Prince Regent both to Alexander and to Frederic William, and his Royal Highness went so far as to declare in public that honours far higher than a seat in the Privy Council were due, and would soon be paid, to the man who had saved the British dominions in Asia. Hastings now confidently expected a peerage, but from some unexplained cause, he was again disappointed.

He lived about four years longer, in the enjoyment of good spirits, of faculties not impaired to any painful or degrading extent, and of health such as is rarely enjoyed by those who attain such an age. At length, on the twenty-second of August, 1818, in the eighty-sixth year of his age, he met death with the same tranquil and decorous fortitude which he had opposed to all the trials of his various and eventful life.

With all his faults,—and they were neither few nor small—only one cemetery was worthy to contain his remains. In that temple of silence and reconciliation where the enmities of twenty generations he buried, in the Great Abbey which has during many ages afforded a quiet resting-place to those whose minds and bodies have been shattered by the contentions of the Great Hall, the dust of the illustrious accused should have mingled with the dust of the illustrious accusers. This was not to be. Yet the place of interment was not ill chosen. Behind the chancel of the parish church of Daylesford, in earth which already held the bones of many chiefs of the house of Hastings, was laid the coffin of the greatest man who has ever borne that ancient and widely extended name. On that very spot probably, fourscore years before, the little Warren, meanly clad and scantily fed, had played with the children of ploughmen. Even then his young mind had revolved plans which might be called romantic. Yet, however romantic, it is not likely that they had been so strange as the truth. Not only had the poor orphan retrieved the fallen fortunes of his line. Not only had he repurchased the old lands, and rebuilt the old dwelling. He had preserved and extended an empire. He had founded a polity. He had administered government and war with more than the capacity of Richelieu. He had patronised learning

with the judicious liberality of Cosmo. He had been attacked by the most formidable combination of enemies that ever sought the destruction of a single victim; and over that combination, after a struggle of ten years, he had triumphed. He had at length gone down to his grave in the fulness of age, in peace, after so many troubles, in honour, after so much obloquy.

Those who look on his character without favour or malevolence will pronounce that, in the two great elements of all social virtue, in respect for the rights of others, and in sympathy for the sufferings of others, he was deficient. His principles were somewhat lax. His heart was somewhat hard. But though we cannot with truth describe him either as a righteous or as a merciful ruler, we cannot regard without admiration the amplitude and fertility of his intellect, his rare talents for command, for administration, and for controversy, his dauntless courage, his honourable poverty, his fervent zeal for the interests of the state, his noble equanimity, tried by both extremes of fortune, and never disturbed by either

THE END.

# L O R D   C L I V E.

BY

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.



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LONDON  
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# LORD CLIVE.

(JANUARY, 1840)

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*The Life of Robert Lord Clive, collected from the Family Papers, continued by the Earl of Powis. By Major-General Sir JOHN MALCOLM, KCB. 3 vols. 8vo. London 1836*

We have always thought it strange that, while the history of the Spanish empire in America is familiarly known to all the nations of Europe, the great actions of our countrymen in the East should, even among our elves, excite little interest. Every schoolboy knows who imprisoned Montezuma, and who strangled Atahualpa. But we doubt whether one in ten, even among English gentlemen of highly cultivated minds, can tell who won the battle of Buxar, who perpetrated the massacre of Patna, whether Sujah Daulah ruled in Oude or in Travancore, or whether Hollar was a Hindoo or a Mussulman. Yet the victories of Cortes were gained over savages who had no letters, who were ignorant of the use of metals, who had not broken in a single animal to labour, who wielded no better weapons than those which could be made out of sticks, flints, and fish-bones, who regarded a horse-soldier as a monster, half man and half beast, who took a harquebusier for a sorcerer, able to scatter the thunder and lightning of the skies. The people of India, when we subdued them, were ten times as numerous as the Americans whom the Spaniards vanquished, and were at the same time quite as highly civilised as the



victorious Spaniards They had reared cities larger and fairer than Saragossa or Toledo, and buildings more beautiful and costly than the cathedral of Seville. They could show bankers richer than the richest firms of Barcelona or Cadiz, viceroys whose splendour far surpassed that of Ferdinand the Catholic, myriads of cavalry and long trains of artillery which would have astonished the Great Captain. It might have been expected, that every Englishman who takes any interest in any part of history would be curious to know how a handful of his countrymen, separated from their home by an immense ocean, subjugated, in the course of a few years, one of the greatest empires in the world. Yet, unless we greatly err, this subject is, to most readers, not only inspid but positively distasteful

Perhaps the fault lies partly with the historians. Mr. Mill's book, though it has undoubtedly great and rare merit, is not sufficiently animated and picturesque to attract those who read for amusement Orme, inferior to no English historian in style and power of painting, is minute even to tediousness In one volume he allots, on an average, a closely printed quarto page to the events of every forty-eight hours. The consequence is, that his narrative, though one of the most authentic and one of the most finely written in our language, has never been very popular, and is now scarcely ever read.

We fear that the volumes before us will not much attract those readers whom Orme and Mill have repelled The materials placed at the disposal of Sir John Malcolm by the late Lord Powis were indeed of great value But we cannot say that they have been very skilfully worked up It would, however, be unjust to criticize with severity a work which, if the author had lived to complete and revise it, would probably have been improved by condensation and by a better arrangement. We are more disposed to perform the pleasing duty of expressing our gratitude to the noble family to which the public owes so much useful and curious information.

The effect of the book, even when we make the largest allowance for the partiality of those who have furnished and of those who have digested the materials, is, on the whole, greatly to raise the character of Lord Clive. We are far indeed from sympathizing with Sir John Malcolm, whose love passes the love of biographers, and who can see nothing but wisdom and justice in the actions of his idol. But we are at least equally far from concurring in the severe judgment of Mr. Mill, who seems to us to show less discrimination in his account of Clive than in any other part of his valuable work. Clive, like most men who are born with strong passions and tried by strong temptations, committed great faults. But every person who takes a fair and enlightened view of his whole career must admit that our island, so fertile in heroes and statesmen, has scarcely ever produced a man more truly great either in arms or in council.

The Clives had been settled, ever since the twelfth century, on an estate of no great value, near Market-Drayton, in Shropshire. In the reign of George the First, this moderate but ancient inheritance was possessed by Mr. Richard Clive, who seems to have been a plain man of no great tact or capacity. He had been bred to the law, and divided his time between professional business and the avocations of a small proprietor. He married a lady from Manchester, of the name of Gaskill, and became the father of a very numerous family. His eldest son, Robert, the founder of the British empire in India, was born at the old seat of his ancestors on the twenty-ninth of September, 1725.

Some lineaments of the character of the man were early discerned in the child. There remain letters written by his relations when he was in his seventh year, and from these letters it appears that, even at that early age, his strong will and his fiery passions, sustained by a constitutional intrepidity which sometimes seemed hardly compatible with soundness of

mind, had begun to cause great uneasiness to his family. "Fighting," says one of his uncles, "to which he is out of measure addicted, gives his temper such a fierceness and imperiousness, that he flies out on every trifling occasion" The old people of the neighbourhood still remember to have heard from their parents how Bob Clive climbed to the top of the lofty steeple of Market-Drayton, and with what terror the inhabitants saw him seated on a stone spout near the summit. They also relate how he formed all the idle lads of the town into a kind of predatory army, and compelled the shopkeepers to submit to a tribute of apples and halfpence, in consideration of which he guaranteed the security of their windows. He was sent from school to school, making very little progress in his learning, and gaining for himself everywhere the character of an exceedingly naughty boy. One of his masters, it is said, was sagacious enough to prophesy that the idle lad would make a great figure in the world. But the general opinion seems to have been that poor Robert was a dunce, if not a reprobate. His family expected nothing good from such slender parts and such a headstrong temper. It is not strange, therefore, that they gladly accepted for him, when he was in his eighteenth year, a writership in the service of the East India Company, and shipped him off to make a fortune or to die of a fever at *Madras*.

Far different were the prospects of Clive from those of the youths whom the East India College now annually sends to the Presidencies of our Asiatic empire. The Company was then purely a trading corporation. Its territory consisted of a few square miles, for which rent was paid to the native governments. Its troops were scarcely numerous enough to man the batteries of three or four ill constructed forts, which had been erected for the protection of the warehouses. The natives, who composed a considerable part of these little garrisons, had not yet been trained in the discipline of Europe, and were

armed, some with swords and shields, some with bows and arrows. The business of the servant of the Company was not, as now, to conduct the judicial, financial, and diplomatic business of a great country, but to take stock, to make advances to weavers, to ship cargoes, and above all to keep an eye on private traders who dared to infringe the monopoly. The younger clerks were so miserably paid that they could scarcely subsist without incurring debt, the elder enriched themselves by trading on their own account, and those who lived to rise to the top of the service often accumulated considerable fortunes.

Madras, to which Clive had been appointed, was, at this time, perhaps, the first in importance of the Company's settlements. In the preceding century, Fort St George had arisen on a barren spot beaten by a raging surf; and in the neighbourhood a town, inhabited by many thousands of natives, had sprung up, as towns spring up in the East, with the rapidity of the prophet's gourd. There were already in the suburbs many white villas, each surrounded by its garden, whither the wealthy agents of the Company retired, after the labours of the desk and the warehouse, to enjoy the cool breeze which springs up at sunset from the Bay of Bengal. The habits of these mercantile grandees appear to have been more profuse, luxurious, and ostentatious, than those of the high judicial and political functionaries who have succeeded them. But comfort was far less understood. Many devices which now mitigate the heat of the climate, preserve health, and prolong life, were unknown. There was far less intercourse with Europe than at present. The voyage by the Cape, which in our time has often been performed within three months, was then very seldom accomplished in six, and was sometimes protracted to more than a year. Consequently, the Anglo-Indian was then much more estranged from his country, much more addicted to Oriental usages, and much less fitted to mix in society after his return to Europe, than the Anglo-Indian of the present day.

Within the fort and its precinct, the English exercised, by permission of the native government, an extensive authority, such as every great Indian landowner exercised within his own domain. But they had never dreamed of claiming independent power. The surrounding country was ruled by the Nabob of the Carnatic, a deputy of the Viceroy of the Deccan, commonly called the Nizam, who was himself only a deputy of the mighty prince designated by our ancestors as the Great Mogul. Those names, once so august and formidable, still remain. There is still a Nabob of the Carnatic, who lives on a pension allowed to him by the English out of the revenues of the province which his ancestors ruled. There is still a Nizam, whose capital is overawed by a British cantonment, and to whom a British resident gives, under the name of advice, commands which are not to be disputed. There is still a Mogul, who is permitted to play at holding courts and receiving petitions, but who has less power to help or hurt than the youngest civil servant of the Company.

Clive's voyage was unusually tedious even for that age. The ship remained some months at the Brazils, where the young adventurer picked up some knowledge of Portuguese, and spent all his pocket-money. He did not arrive in India till more than a year after he had left England. His situation at Madras was most painful. His funds were exhausted. His pay was small. He had contracted debts. He was wretchedly lodged, no small calamity in a climate which can be made tolerable to an European only by spacious and well placed apartments. He had been furnished with letters of recommendation to a gentleman who might have assisted him; but when he landed at Fort St. George he found that this gentleman had sailed for England. The lad's shy and haughty disposition withheld him from introducing himself to strangers. He was several months in India before he became acquainted with a single family. The climate affected his health and

spirits. His duties were of a kind ill suited to his ardent and daring character. He pined for his home, and in his letters to his relations expressed his feelings in language softer and more pensive than we should have expected either from the waywardness of his boyhood, or from the inflexible sternness of his later years. "I have not enjoyed," says he, "one happy day since I left my native country," and again, "I must confess, at intervals, when I think of my dear native England, it affects me in a very particular manner . . . . If I should be so fortunate as to revisit again my own country, but more especially Manchester, the centre of all my wishes, all that I could hope or desire for would be presented before me in one view."

One solace he found of the most respectable kind. The Governor possessed a good library, and permitted Clive to have access to it. The young man devoted much of his leisure to reading, and acquired at this time almost all the knowledge of books that he ever possessed. As a boy he had been too idle, as a man he soon became too busy, for literary pursuits.

But neither climate nor poverty, neither study nor the sorrows of a home-sick exile, could tame the desperate audacity of his spirit. He behaved to his official superiors as he had behaved to his schoolmasters, and was several times in danger of losing his situation. Twice, while residing in the Writers' Buildings, he attempted to destroy himself, and twice the pistol which he snapped at his own head failed to go off. This circumstance, it is said, affected him as a similar escape affected Wallenstein. After satisfying himself that the pistol was really well loaded, he burst forth into an exclamation that surely he was reserved for something great.

About this time an event which at first seemed likely to destroy all his hopes in life suddenly opened before him a new path to eminence. Europe had been, during some years, distracted by the war of the Austrian suc-      cessor George the

Second was the steady ally of Maria Theresa. The house of Bourbon took the opposite side. Though England was even then the first of maritime powers, she was not, as she has since become, more than a match on the sea for all the nations of the world together, and she found it difficult to maintain a contest against the united navies of France and Spain. In the eastern seas France obtained the ascendancy. Labourdonnais, governor of Mauritius, a man of eminent talents and virtues, conducted an expedition to the continent of India in spite of the opposition of the British fleet, landed, assembled an army, appeared before Madras, and compelled the town and fort to capitulate. The keys were delivered up; the French colours were displayed on Fort St. George; and the contents of the Company's warehouses were seized as prize of war by the conquerors. It was stipulated by the capitulation that the English inhabitants should be prisoners of war on parole, and that the town should remain in the hands of the French till it should be ransomed. Labourdonnais pledged his honour that only a moderate ransom should be required.

But the success of Labourdonnais had awakened the jealousy of his countryman, Dupleix, governor of Pondicherry. Dupleix, moreover, had already begun to revolve gigantic schemes, with which the restoration of Madras to the English was by no means compatible. He declared that Labourdonnais had gone beyond his powers; that conquests made by the French arms on the continent of India were at the disposal of the governor of Pondicherry alone, and that Madras should be raised to the ground. Labourdonnais was compelled to yield. The anger which the breach of the capitulation excited among the English was increased by the ungenerous manner in which Dupleix treated the principal servants of the Company. The Governor and several of the first gentlemen of Fort St. George were carried under a guard to Pondicherry, and conducted through the town in a triumphal procession under the eyes of fifty

thou-and spectators. It was with reason thought that this gross violation of public faith absolved the inhabitants of Madras from the engagements into which they had entered with Labourdonnais. Clive fled from the town by night in the disguise of a Mussulman, and took refuge at Fort St David, one of the small English settlements subordinate to Madras.

The circumstances in which he was now placed naturally led him to adopt a profession better suited to his restless and intrepid spirit than the business of examining packages and casting accounts. He solicited and obtained an ensign's commission in the service of the Company, and at twenty-one entered on his military career. His personal courage, of which he had, while still a writer, given signal proof by a desperate duel with a military bully who was the terror of Fort St David, speedily made him conspicuous even among hundreds of brave men. He soon began to show in his new calling other qualities which had not before been discerned in him, judgment, sagacity, deference to legitimate authority. He distinguished himself highly in several operations against the French, and was particularly noticed by Major Lawrence, who was then considered as the ablest British officer in India.

Clive had been only a few months in the army when intelligence arrived that peace had been concluded between Great Britain and France. Dupleix was in consequence compelled to restore Madras to the English Company, and the young ensign was at liberty to resume his former business. He did indeed return for a short time to his desk. He again quitted it in order to assist Major Lawrence in some petty hostilities with the natives, and then again returned to it. While he was thus wavering between a military and a commercial life, events took place which decided his choice. The politics of India assumed a new aspect. There was peace between the English and French Crowns, but there arose between the English and French Companies trading to the East a war most eventful and



important, a war in which the prize was nothing less than the magnificent inheritance of the house of Tamerlane

The empire which Baber and his Moguls reared in the sixteenth century was long one of the most extensive and splendid in the world. In no European kingdom was so large a population subject to a single prince, or so large a revenue poured into the treasury. The beauty and magnificence of the buildings erected by the sovereigns of Hindostan amazed even travellers who had seen *St Peter's*. The innumerable retinues and gorgeous decorations which surrounded the throne of Delhi dazzled even eyes which were accustomed to the pomp of Versailles. Some of the great viceroys who held their posts by virtue of commissions from the Mogul ruled as many subjects as the King of France or the Emperor of Germany. Even the deputies of these deputies might well rank, as to extent of territory and amount of revenue, with the Grand Duke of Tuscany, or the Elector of Saxony.

There can be little doubt that this great empire, powerful and prosperous as it appears on a superficial view, was yet, even in its best days, far worse governed than the worst governed parts of Europe now are. The administration was tainted with all the vices of Oriental despotism, and with all the vices inseparable from the domination of race over race. The conflicting pretensions of the princes of the royal house produced a long series of crimes and public disasters. Ambitious lieutenants of the sovereign sometimes aspired to independence. Fierce tribes of Hindoos, impatient of a foreign yoke, frequently withheld tribute, repelled the armies of the government from the mountain fastnesses, and poured down in arms on the cultivated plains. In spite, however, of much constant maladministration, in spite of occasional convulsions which shook the whole frame of society, this great monarchy, on the whole, retained, during some generations, an outward appearance of unity, majesty, and energy. But, throughout

the long reign of Aurungzebe, the state, notwithstanding all that the vigour and policy of the prince could effect, was hastening to dissolution. After his death, which took place in the year 1707, the ruin was fearfully rapid. Violent shocks from without co operated with an incurable decay which was fast proceeding within; and in a few years the empire had undergone utter decomposition.

The history of the successors of Theodosius bears no small analogy to that of the successors of Aurungzebe. But perhaps the fall of the Carolingians furnishes the nearest parallel to the fall of the Moguls. Charlemagne was scarcely interred when the imbecility and the disputes of his descendants began to bring contempt on themselves and destruction on their subjects. The wide dominion of the Franks was severed into a thousand pieces. Nothing more than a nominal dignity was left to the abject heirs of an illustrious name, Charles the Bald, and Charles the Fat, and Charles the Simple. Fierce invaders, differing from each other in race, language, and religion, flocked, as if by concert, from the farthest corners of the earth, to plunder provinces which the government could no longer defend. The pirates of the Northern Sea extended their ravages from the Elbe to the Pyrenees, and at length fixed their seat in the rich valley of the Seine. The Hungarian, in whom the trembling monks fancied that they recognised the Gog or Magog of prophecy, carried back the plunder of the cities of Lombardy to the depths of the Pannonian forests. The Siracenan ruled in Sicily, desolated the fertile plains of Campagna, and spread terror even to the walls of Rome. In the midst of these sufferings, a great internal change passed upon the empire. The corruption of death began to ferment into new forms of life. While the great body, as a whole, was torpid and passive, every separate member began to feel with a sense, and to move with an energy all its own. Just here, in the most barren and dreary tract of European history, all

feudal privileges, all modern nobility, take their source. It is to this point that we trace the power of those princes who, nominally vassals, but really independent, long governed, with the titles of dukes, marquesses, and counts, almost every part of the dominions which had obeyed Charlemagne.

Such or nearly such was the change which passed on the Mogul empire during the forty years which followed the death of Aurungzebe. A succession of nominal sovereigns, sunk in indolence and debauchery, sauntered away life in secluded palaces, chewing bang, fondling concubines, and listening to buffoons. A succession of ferocious invaders descended through the western passes, to prey on the defenceless wealth of Hindostan. A Persian conqueror crossed the Indus, marched through the gates of Delhi, and bore away in triumph those treasures of which the magnificence had astounded Roe and Bernier, the Peacock Throne, on which the richest jewels of Golconda had been disposed by the most skilful hands of Europe, and the inestimable Mountain of Light, which, after many strange vicissitudes, lately shone in the bracelet of Runjeet Sing, and is now destined to adorn the hideous idol of Orissa. The Afghan soon followed to complete the work of devastation which the Persian had begun. The warlike tribes of Rajpootana threw off the Mussulman yoke. A band of mercenary soldiers occupied Rohilcund. The Seiks ruled on the Indus. The Jauts spread dismay along the Jumna. The highlands which border on the western sea-coast of India poured forth a yet more formidable race, a race which was long the terror of every native power, and which, after many desperate and doubtful struggles, yielded only to the fortune and genius of England. It was under the reign of Aurungzebe that this wild clan of plunderers first descended from their mountains; and soon after his death, every corner of his wide empire learned to tremble at the mighty name of the Mah-rattas. Many fertile vicerealties were entirely subdued by

them. Their dominions stretched across the peninsula from sea to sea. Mahratta captains reigned at Poonah, at Gualior, in Guzerat, in Berar, and in Tanjore. Nor did they, though they had become great sovereigns, therefore cease to be freebooters. They still retained the predatory habits of their forefathers. Every region which was not subject to their rule was wasted by their incursions. Wherever their kettle-drums were heard, the peasant threw his bag of rice on his shoulder, hid his small savings in his girdle, and fled with his wife and children to the mountains or the jungles, to the milder neighbourhood of the hyena and the tiger. Many provinces redeemed their harvests by the payment of an annual ransom. Even the wretched phantom who still bore the imperial title stooped to pay this ignominious black-mail. The camp-fires of one rapacious leader were seen from the walls of the palace of Delhi. Another, at the head of his innumerable cavalry, descended year after year on the rice-fields of Bengal. Even the European factors trembled for their magazines. Less than a hundred years ago, it was thought necessary to fortify Calcutta against the horsemen of Berar, and the name of the Mahratta ditch still preserves the memory of the danger.

Wherever the viceroys of the Mogul retained authority they became sovereigns. They might still acknowledge in words the superiority of the house of Tamerlane, as a Count of Flanders or a Duke of Burgundy might have acknowledged the superiority of the most helpless traveller among the later Carolingians. They might occasionally send to their titular sovereign a complimentary present, or solicit from him a title of honour. In truth, however, they were no longer lieutenants removable at pleasure, but independent hereditary princes. In this way originated those great Mussulman houses which formerly ruled Bengal and the Carnatic, and those which still, though in a state of vassalage, exercise some of the powers of royalty at Lucknow and Hyderabad.

In what was this confusion to end? Was the strife to continue during centuries? Was it to terminate in the rise of another great monarchy? Was the Mussulman or the Mahratta to be the Lord of India? Was another Baber to descend from the mountains, and to lead the hardy tribes of Cabul and Chorasán against a wealthier and less warlike race? None of these events seemed improbable. But scarcely any man, however sagacious, would have thought it possible that a trading company, separated from India by fifteen thousand miles of sea, and possessing in India only a few acres for purposes of commerce, would, in less than a hundred years, spread its empire from Cape Comorin to the eternal snow of the Himalayas; would compel Mahratta and Mahomedan to forget their mutual feuds in common subjection; would tame down even those wild races which had resisted the most powerful of the Moguls; and, having united under its laws a hundred millions of subjects, would carry its victorious arms far to the east of the Burrampooter, and far to the west of the Hydaspes, dictate terms of peace at the gates of Ava, and seat its vassal on the throne of Candahar.

The man who first saw that it was possible to found an European empire on the ruins of the Mogul monarchy was Dupleix. His restless, capacious, and inventive mind had formed this scheme, at a time when the ablest servants of the English Company were busied only about invoices and bills of lading. Nor had he only proposed to himself the end. He had also a just and distinct view of the means by which it was to be attained. He clearly saw that the greatest force which the princes of India could bring into the field would be no match for a small body of men trained in the discipline, and guided by the tactics, of the West. He saw also that the natives of India might, under European commanders, be formed into armies, such as Saxe or Frederic would be proud to command. He was perfectly aware that the most easy and

convenient way in which an European adventurer could exercise sovereignty in India, was to govern the motions, and to speak through the mouth of some glittering puppet dignified by the title of Nabob or Nizam. The arts both of war and policy, which a few years later were employed with such signal success by the English, were first understood and practised by this ingenious and aspiring Frenchman.

The situation of India was such that scarcely any aggression could be without a pretext, either in old laws or in recent practice. All rights were in a state of utter uncertainty, and the Europeans who took part in the disputes of the natives confounded the confusion, by applying to Asiatic politics the public law of the West and analogies drawn from the feudal system. If it was convenient to treat a Nabob as an independent prince, there was an excellent plea for doing so. He was independent in fact. If it was convenient to treat him as a mere deputy of the Court of Delhi, there was no difficulty, for he was so in theory. If it was convenient to consider his office as an hereditary dignity, or as a dignity held during life only, or as a dignity held only during the good pleasure of the Mogul, arguments and precedents might be found for every one of those views. The party who had the heir of Baber in their hands represented him as the undoubted, the legitimate, the absolute sovereign, whom all subordinate authorities were bound to obey. The party against whom his name was used did not want plausible pretexts for maintaining that the empire was in fact dissolved, and that, though it might be decent to treat the Mogul with respect, as a venerable relic of an order of things which had passed away, it was absurd to regard him as the real master of Hindostan.

In the year 1718, died one of the most powerful of the new masters of India, the great Nizam al Mulk, Viceroy of the Deccan. His authority descended to his son, Nazir Jung. Of the provinces subject to this high functionary, the Carnatic

was the wealthiest and the most extensive. It was governed by an ancient Nabob, whose name the English corrupted into Anaverdy Khan

. But there were pretenders to the government both of the viceroyalty and of the subordinate province. Mirzapha Jung, a grandson of Nizam al Mulk, appeared as the competitor of Nazir Jung Chunda Sahib, son-in-law of a former Nabob of the Carnatic, disputed the title of Anaverdy Khan. In the unsettled state of Indian law it was easy for both Mirzapha Jung and Chunda Sahib to make out something like a claim of right. In a society altogether disorganized, they had no difficulty in finding greedy adventurers to follow their standards. They united their interests, invaded the Carnatic, and applied for assistance to the French, whose fame had been raised by their success against the English in the recent war on the coast of Coromandel

Nothing could have happened more pleasing to the subtle and ambitious Dupleix. To make a Nabob of the Carnatic, to make a Viceroy of the Deccan, to rule under their names the whole of southern India, this was indeed an attractive prospect. He allied himself with the pretenders, and sent four hundred French soldiers, and two thousand sepoys, disciplined after the European fashion, to the assistance of his confederates. A battle was fought. The French distinguished themselves greatly. Anaverdy Khan was defeated and slain. His son, Mahommed Ali, who was afterwards well known in England as the Nabob of Arcot, and who owes to the eloquence of Burke a most unenviable immortality, fled with a scanty remnant of his army to Trichinopoly, and the conquerors became at once masters of almost every part of the Carnatic

This was but the beginning of the greatness of Dupleix. After some months of fighting, negotiation, and intrigue, his ability and good fortune seemed to have prevailed everywhere.

Nazir Jung perished by the hands of his own followers; Mirzapha Jung was master of the Deccan, and the triumph of French arms and French policy was complete. At Pondicherry all was exultation and festivity. Salutes were fired from the batteries, and *Te Deum* sung in the churches. The new Nizam came thither to visit his allies, and the ceremony of his installation was performed there with great pomp. Dupleix, dressed in the garb worn by Mahomedans of the highest rank, entered the town in the same palanquin with the Nizam, and, in the pageant which followed, took precedence of all the court. He was declared Governor of India from the river Kristna to Cape Comorin, a country about as large as France, with authority superior even to that of Chunda Salub. He was intrusted with the command of seven thousand cavalry. It was announced that no mint would be suffered to exist in the Carnatic except that at Pondicherry. A large portion of the treasures which former Viceroys of the Deccan had accumulated found its way into the coffers of the French governor. It was rumoured that he had received two hundred thousand pounds sterling in money, besides many valuable jewels. In fact, there could scarcely be any limit to his gains. He now ruled thirty millions of people with almost absolute power. No honour or emolument could be obtained from the government but by his intervention. No petition, unless signed by him, was perused by the Nizam.

Mirzapha Jung survived his elevation only a few months. But another prince of the same house was raised to the throne by French influence, and ratified all the promises of his predecessor. Dupleix was now the greatest potentate in India. His countrymen boasted that his name was mentioned with awe even in the chambers of the palace of Delhi. The native population looked with amazement on the progress which, in the short space of four years, an European adventurer had made towards dominion in Asia. Nor was the vain-glorious



Frenchman content with the reality of power. He loved to display his greatness with arrogant ostentation before the eyes of his subjects and of his rivals. Near the spot where his policy had obtained its chief triumph, by the fall of Nazir Jung and the elevation of Mirzapha, he determined to erect a column, on the four sides of which four pompous inscriptions, in four languages, should proclaim his glory to all the nations of the East. Medals stamped with emblems of his successes were buried beneath the foundations of this stately pillar, and round it arose a town bearing the haughty name of Dupleix Fathabad, which is, being interpreted, the City of the Victory of Dupleix.

The English had made some feeble and irresolute attempts to stop the rapid and brilliant career of the rival Company, and continued to recognise Mahommed Ali as Nabob of the Carnatic. But the dominions of Mahommed Ali consisted of Trichinopoly alone, and Trichinopoly was now invested by Chunda Salub and his French auxiliaries. To raise the siege seemed impossible. The small force which was then at Madras had no commander. Major Lawrence had returned to England, and not a single officer of established character remained in the settlement. The natives had learned to look with contempt on the mighty nation which was soon to conquer and to rule them. They had seen the French colours flying on Fort St. George, they had seen the chiefs of the English factory led in triumph through the streets of Pondicherry, they had seen the arms and counsels of Dupleix everywhere successful, while the opposition which the authorities of Madras had made to his progress, had served only to expose their own weakness, and to heighten his glory. At this moment, the valour and genius of an obscure English youth suddenly turned the tide of fortune.

Clive was now twenty-five years old. After hesitating for some time between a military and a commercial life, he had at length been placed in a post which partook of both character,

that of commissary to the troops, with the rank of captain. The present emergency called forth all his powers. He represented to his superiors that unless some vigorous effort were made, Trichinopoly would fall, the house of Anaverdy Khan would perish, and the French would become the real masters of the whole peninsula of India. It was absolutely necessary to strike some daring blow. If an attack were made on Arcot, the capital of the Carnatic, and the favourite residence of the Nabobs, it was not impossible that the siege of Trichinopoly would be raised. The heads of the English settlement, now thoroughly alarmed by the success of Duplex, and apprehensive that, in the event of a new war between France and Great Britain, Madras would be instantly taken and destroyed, approved of Clive's plan, and intrusted the execution of it to himself. The young captain was put at the head of two hundred English soldiers, and three hundred sepoy, armed and disciplined after the European fashion. Of the eight officers who commanded this little force under him, only two had ever been in action, and four of the eight were factors of the company, whom Clive's example had induced to offer their services. The weather was stormy, but Clive pushed on, through thunder, lightning, and rain, to the gates of Arcot. The garrison, in a panic, evacuated the fort, and the English entered it without a blow.

But Clive well knew that he should not be suffered to retain undisturbed possession of his conquest. He instantly began to collect provisions, to throw up works, and to make preparations for sustaining a siege. The garrison, which had fled at his approach, had now recovered from its dismay, and, having been swollen by large reinforcements from the neighbourhood to a force of three thousand men, encamped close to the town. At dead of night, Clive marched out of the fort, attacked the camp by surprise, slew great numbers, dispersed the rest, and returned to his quarters without having lost a single man.

The intelligence of these events was soon carried to Chunda Sahib, who, with his French allies, was besieging Trichinopoly. He immediately detached four thousand men from his camp, and sent them to Arcot. They were speedily joined by the remains of the force which Clive had lately scattered. They were further strengthened by two thousand men from Vellore, and by a still more important reinforcement of a hundred and fifty French soldiers whom Dupleix despatched from Pondicherry. The whole of this army, amounting to about ten thousand men, was under the command of Rajah Sahib, son of Chunda Sahib.

Rajah Sahib proceeded to invest the fort of Arcot, which seemed quite incapable of sustaining a siege. The walls were ruinous, the ditches dry, the ramparts too narrow to admit the guns, the battlements too low to protect the soldiers. The little garrison had been greatly reduced by casualties. It now consisted of a hundred and twenty Europeans and two hundred sepoys. Only four officers were left, the stock of provisions was scanty, and the commander, who had to conduct the defence under circumstances so discouraging, was a young man of five and twenty, who had been bred a book-keeper.

During fifty days the siege went on. During fifty days the young captain maintained the defence, with a firmness, vigilance, and ability, which would have done honour to the oldest marshal in Europe. The breach, however, increased day by day. The garrison began to feel the pressure of hunger. Under such circumstances, any troops so scantily provided with officers might have been expected to show signs of insubordination, and the danger was peculiarly great in a force composed of men differing widely from each other in extraction, colour, language, manners, and religion. But the devotion of the little band to its chief surpassed anything that is related of the Tenth Legion of Cæsar, or of the Old Guard of Napoleon. The sepoys came to Clive, not to complain of

their scanty fare, but to propose that all the grain should be given to the Europeans, who required more nourishment than the natives of Asia. The thin gruel, they said, which was strained away from the rice, would suffice for themselves. History contains no more touching instance of military fidelity, or of the influence of a commanding mind.

An attempt made by the government of Madras to relieve the place had failed. But there was hope from another quarter. A body of six thousand Mahrattas, half soldiers, half robbers, under the command of a chief named Morari Row, had been lured to assist Mahommed Ali, but thinking the French power irresistible, and the triumph of Chunda Sahib certain, they had hitherto remained inactive on the frontiers of the Carnatic. The fame of the defence of Arcot roused them from their torpor. Morari Row declared that he had never before believed that Englishmen could fight, but that he would willingly help them since he saw that they had spirit to help themselves. Rajah Sahib learned that the Mahrattas were in motion. It was necessary for him to be expeditious. He first tried negotiation. He offered large bribes to Clive, which were rejected with scorn. He vowed that, if his proposals were not accepted, he would instantly storm the fort, and put every man in it to the sword. Clive told him in reply, with characteristic haughtiness, that his father was an usurper, that his army was a rabble, and that he would do well to think twice before he sent such poltroons into a breach defended by English soldiers.

Rajah Sahib determined to storm the fort. The day was well suited to a bold military enterprise. It was the great Mahomedan festival which is sacred to the memory of Hosein, the son of Ali. The history of Islam contains nothing more touching than the event which gave rise to that solemnity. The mournful legend relates how the chief of the Fatimites, when all his brave followers had perished round him, drank his latest draught of water, and uttered his latest prayer, how

the assassins carried his head in triumph, how the tyrant smote the lifeless lips with his staff, and how a few old men recollected with tears that they had seen those lips pressed to the lips of the Prophet of God. After the lapse of near twelve centuries, the recurrence of this solemn season excites the fiercest and saddest emotions in the bosoms of the devout Moslem of India. They work themselves up to such agonies of rage and lamentation that some, it is said, have given up the ghost from the mere effect of mental excitement. They believe that whoever, during this festival, falls in arms against the infidels, atones by his death for all the sins of his life, and passes at once to the garden of the Houris. It was at this time that Rajah Sahib determined to assault Arcot. Stimulating drugs were employed to aid the effect of religious zeal, and the besiegers, drunk with enthusiasm, drunk with bang, rushed furiously to the attack.

Clive had received secret intelligence of the design, had made his arrangements, and, exhausted by fatigue, had thrown himself on his bed. He was awakened by the alarm, and was instantly at his post. The enemy advanced driving before them elephants whose foreheads were armed with iron plates. It was expected that the gates would yield to the shock of these living battering-rams. But the huge beasts no sooner felt the English musket-balls than they turned round, and rushed furiously away, trampling on the multitude which had urged them forward. A raft was launched on the water which filled one part of the ditch. Clive, perceiving that his gunners at that post did not understand their business, took the management of a piece of artillery himself, and cleared the raft in a few minutes. Where the moat was dry the assailants mounted with great boldness, but they were received with a fire so heavy and so well directed, that it soon quelled the courage even of fanaticism and of intoxication. The rear ranks of the English kept the front ranks supplied with a

constant succession of loaded muskets, and every shot told on the living mass below. After three desperate onsets, the besiegers retired behind the ditch.

The struggle lasted about an hour. Four hundred of the assailant fell. The garrison lost only five or six men. The besieged passed an anxious night, looking for a renewal of the attack. But when day broke, the enemy were no more to be seen. They had retired, leaving to the English several guns and a large quantity of ammunition.

The news was received at Fort St George with transports of joy and pride. Clive was justly regarded as a man equal to any command. Two hundred English soldiers, and seven hundred sepoy, were sent to him, and with this force he instantly commenced offensive operations. He took the fort of Timery, effected a junction with a division of Morari Row's army, and hastened, by forced marches, to attack Rajah Sahib, who was at the head of about five thousand men, of whom three hundred were French. The action was sharp, but Clive gained a complete victory. The military chest of Rajah Sahib fell into the hands of the conquerors. Six hundred sepoys, who had served in the enemy's army, came over to Clive's quarters, and were taken into the British service. Conjeeveram surrendered without a blow. The governor of Arnee deserted Chunda Sahib, and recognised the title of Mahommed Ali.

Had the entire direction of the war been intrusted to Clive, it could probably have been brought to a speedy close. But the timidity and incapacity which appeared in all the movements of the English, except where he was personally present, protracted the struggle. The Mahrattis muttered that his soldiers were of a different race from the British whom they found elsewhere. The effect of this langnor was that in no long time Rajah Sahib, at the head of a considerable army, in which were four hundred French troops, appeared almost under the guns of Fort St George, and laid waste the villas



gifted with no intellectual faculty higher than plain good sense, he fully appreciated the powers of his brilliant coadjutor. Though he had made a methodical study of military tactics, and, like all men regularly bred to a profession, was disposed to look with disdain on interlopers, he had yet liberality enough to acknowledge that Clive was an exception to common rules. "Some people," he wrote, "are pleased to term Captain Clive fortunate and lucky, but, in my opinion, from the knowledge I have of the gentleman, he deserved and might expect from his conduct every thing as it fell out,—a man of an undaunted resolution, of a cool temper, and of a presence of mind which never left him in the greatest danger—born a soldier, for, without a military education of any sort, or much conversing with any of the profession, from his judgment and good sense, he led on an army like an experienced officer and a brave soldier, with a prudence that certainly warranted success."

The French had no commander to oppose to the two friends Dupleix, not inferior in talents for negotiation and intrigue to any European who has borne a part in the revolutions of India, was ill qualified to direct in person military operations. He had not been bred a soldier, and had no inclination to become one. His enemies accused him of personal cowardice, and he defended himself in a strain worthy of Captain Bobadil. He kept away from shot, he said, because silence and tranquillity were propitious to his genius, and he found it difficult to pursue his meditations amidst the noise of fire-arms. He was thus under the necessity of intrusting to others the execution of his great warlike designs, and he bitterly complained that he was ill served. He had indeed been assisted by one officer of eminent merit, the celebrated Bussy. But Bussy had marched northward with the Nizam, and was fully employed in looking after his own interests, and those of France, at the court of that prince. Among the officers who remained with Dupleix, there was not a single man of capacity, and many of



them were boys, at whose ignorance and folly the common soldiers laughed.

The English triumphed every where. The besiegers of Trichinopoly were themselves besieged and compelled to capitulate. Chunda Sahib fell into the hands of the Mahrattas, and was put to death, at the instigation probably of his competitor, Mahommed Ali. The spirit of Dupleix, however, was unconquerable, and his resources inexhaustible. From his employers in Europe he no longer received help or countenance. They condemned his policy. They gave him no pecuniary assistance. They sent him for troops only the sweepings of the galleys. Yet still he persisted, intrigued, bribed, promised, lavished his private fortune, strained his credit, procured new diplomas from Delhi, raised up new enemies to the government of Madras on every side, and found tools even among the allies of the English Company. But all was in vain. Slowly, but steadily, the power of Britain continued to increase, and that of France to decline.

The health of Clive had never been good during his residence in India, and his constitution was now so much impaired that he determined to return to England. Before his departure he undertook a service of considerable difficulty, and performed it with his usual vigour and dexterity. The forts of Covelong and Chingleput were occupied by French garrisons. It was determined to send a force against them. But the only force available for this purpose was of such a description that no officer but Clive would risk his reputation by commanding it. It consisted of five hundred newly levied sepoy, and two hundred recruits who had just landed from England, and who were the worst and lowest wretches that the Company's crimps could pick up in the flash-houses of London. Clive, ill and exhausted as he was, undertook to make an army of this undisciplined rabble, and marched with them to Covelong. A shot from the fort killed one of these extra-

ordinary soldiers; on which all the rest faced about and ran away, and it was with the greatest difficulty that Clive rallied them. On another occasion, the noise of a gun terrified the sentinels so much that one of them was found, some hours later, at the bottom of a well. Clive gradually accustomed them to danger, and, by exposing himself constantly in the most perilous situations, shamed them into courage. He at length succeeded in forming a respectable force out of his unpromising materials. Covelong fell. Clive learned that a strong detachment was marching to relieve it from Chingleput. He took measures to prevent the enemy from learning that they were too late, laid an ambuscade for them on the road, killed a hundred of them with one fire, took three hundred prisoners, pursued the fugitives to the gates of Chingleput, laid siege instantly to that fastness, reputed one of the strongest in India, made a breach, and was on the point of storming when the French commandant capitulated and retired with his men.

Clive returned to Madras victorious, but in a state of health which rendered it impossible for him to remain there long. He married at this time a young lady of the name of Maskeleyne, sister of the eminent mathematician, who long held the post of Astronomer Royal. She is described as handsome and accomplished, and her husband's letters, it is said, contain proofs that he was devotedly attached to her.

Almost immediately after the marriage, Clive embarked with his bride for England. He returned a very different person from the poor slighted boy who had been sent out ten years before to seek his fortune. He was only twenty-seven, yet his country already respected him as one of her first soldiers. There was then general peace in Europe. The Carnatic was the only part of the world where the English and French were in arms against each other. The vast schemes of Duplex had excited no small uneasiness in the city of London,

and the rapid turn of fortune which was chiefly owing to the courage and talents of Clive, had been hailed with great delight. The young captain was known at the India House by the honourable nickname of General Clive, and was greeted by that appellation at the feasts of the Directors. On his arrival in England, he found himself an object of general interest and admiration. The East India Company thanked him for his services in the warmest terms, and bestowed on him a sword set with diamonds. With rare delicacy, he refused to receive this token of gratitude, unless a similar compliment were paid to his friend and commander, Lawrence.

It may easily be supposed that Clive was most cordially welcomed home by his family, who were delighted by his success, though they seem to have been hardly able to comprehend how their naughty idle Bobby had become so great a man. His father had been singularly hard of belief. Not until the news of the defence of Arcot arrived in England, was the old gentleman heard to growl out that, after all, the booby had something in him. His expressions of approbation became stronger and stronger as news arrived of one brilliant exploit after another; and he was at length immoderately fond and proud of his son.

Clive's relations had very substantial reasons for rejoicing at his return. Considerable sums of prize money had fallen to his share; and he had brought home a moderate fortune, part of which he expended in extricating his father from pecuniary difficulties, and in redeeming the family estate. The remainder he appears to have dissipated in the course of about two years. He lived splendidly, dressed gaily, even for those times, kept a carriage and saddle horses, and, not content with these ways of getting rid of his money, resorted to the most speedy and effectual of all modes of evacuation, a contested election followed by a petition.

At the time of the general election of 1754, the government

was in a very singular state. There was scarcely any formal opposition. The Jacobites had been cowed by the issue of the last rebellion. The Tory party had fallen into utter contempt. It had been deserted by all the men of talents who had belonged to it, and had scarcely given a symptom of life during some years. The small faction which had been held together by the influence and promises of Prince Frederic, had been dispersed by his death. Almost every public man of distinguished talents in the kingdom, whatever his early connections might have been, was in office, and called himself a Whig. But this extraordinary appearance of concord was quite delusive. The administration itself was distracted by bitter enmities and conflicting pretensions. The chief object of its members was to depress and supplant each other. The prime minister Newcastle, weak, timid, jealous, and perfidious, was at once detested and despised by some of the most important members of his government, and by none more than by Henry Fox, the Secretary at War. This able, daring, and ambitious man seized every opportunity of crossing the First Lord of the Treasury, from whom he well knew that he had little to dread and little to hope, for Newcastle was through life equally afraid of breaking with men of parts and of promoting them.

Newcastle had set his heart on returning two members for St Michael, one of those wretched Cornish boroughs which were swept away by the Reform Act in 1832. He was opposed by Lord Sandwich, whose influence had long been paramount there, and Fox exerted himself strenuously in Sandwich's behalf. Clive, who had been introduced to Fox, and very kindly received by him, was brought forward on the Sandwich interest, and was returned. But a petition was presented against the return, and was backed by the whole influence of the Duke of Newcastle.

The case was heard, according to the usage of that time,

before a committee of the whole House. Questions respecting elections were then considered merely as party questions. Judicial impartiality was not even affected. Sir Robert Walpole was in the habit of saying openly that, in election battles, there ought to be no quarter. On the present occasion the excitement was great. The matter really at issue was, not whether Clive had been properly or improperly returned, but whether Newcastle or Fox was to be master of the new House of Commons, and consequently first minister. The contest was long and obstinate, and success seemed to lean sometimes to one side and sometimes to the other. Fox put forth all his rare powers of debate, beat half the lawyers in the House at their own weapons, and carried division after division against the whole influence of the Treasury. The committee decided in Clive's favour. But when the resolution was reported to the House, things took a different course. The remnant of the Tory Opposition, contemptible as it was, had yet sufficient weight to turn the scale between the nicely balanced parties of Newcastle and Fox. Newcastle the Tories could only despise. Fox they hated, as the boldest and most subtle politician and the ablest debater among the Whigs, as the steady friend of Walpole, as the devoted adherent of the Duke of Cumberland. After wavering till the last moment, they determined to vote in a body with the Prime Minister's friends. The consequence was that the House, by a small majority, rescinded the decision of the committee, and Clive was unseated.

Ejected from Parliament, and straitened in his means, he naturally began to look again towards India. The Company and the Government were eager to avail themselves of his services. A treaty favourable to England had indeed been concluded in the Carnatic. Duplex had been superseded, and had returned with the wreck of his immense fortune to Europe, where calumny and chicanery soon hunted him to his grave. But many signs indicated that a war between France and

Great Britain was at hand, and it was therefore thought desirable to send an able commander to the Company's settlements in India. The Directors appointed Clive governor of Fort St David. The King gave him the commission of a lieutenant-colonel in the British army, and in 1755 he again sailed for Asia.

The first service on which he was employed after his return to the East was the reduction of the stronghold of Gheriah. This fortress, built on a craggy promontory, and almost surrounded by the ocean, was the den of a pirate named Angria whose barks had long been the terror of the Arabian Gulf. Admiral Watson, who commanded the English squadron in the Eastern seas, burned Angria's fleet, while Clive attacked the fortress by land. The place soon fell, and a booty of a hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling was divided among the conquerors.

After this exploit, Clive proceeded to his government of Fort St David. Before he had been there two months, he received intelligence which called forth all the energy of his bold and active mind.

Of the provinces which had been subject to the house of Tamerlane, the wealthiest was Bengal. No part of India possessed such natural advantages both for agriculture and for commerce. The Ganges, rushing through a hundred channels to the sea, has formed a vast plain of rich mould which, even under the tropical sky, rivals the verdure of an English April. The rice fields yield an increase such as is elsewhere unknown. Spices, sugar, vegetable oils, are produced with marvellous exuberance. The rivers afford an inexhaustible supply of fish. The desolate islands along the sea-coast, overgrown by noxious vegetation, and swarming with deer and tigers, supply the cultivated districts with abundance of salt. The great stream which fertilises the soil is, at the same time, the chief highway of Eastern commerce. On its banks, and on those of its tri-

butary waters, are the wealthiest marts, the most splendid capitals, and the most sacred shrines of India. The tyranny of man had for ages struggled in vain against the overflowing bounty of nature. In spite of the Mussulman despot and of the Mahratta freebooter, Bengal was known through the East as the garden of Eden, as the rich kingdom. Its population multiplied exceedingly. Distant provinces were nourished from the overflowing of its granaries, and the noble ladies of London and Paris were clothed in the delicate produce of its looms. The race by whom this rich tract was peopled, enervated by a soft climate and accustomed to peaceful employments, bore the same relation to other Asiatics which the Asiatics generally bear to the bold and energetic children of Europe. The Castilians have a proverb, that in Valencia the earth is water and the men women, and the description is at least equally applicable to the vast plain of the Lower Ganges. Whatever the Bengalee does he does languidly. His favourite pursuits are sedentary. He shrinks from bodily exertion, and, though voluble in dispute, and singularly pertinacious in the war of chicanery, he seldom engages in a personal conflict, and scarcely ever enlists as a soldier. We doubt whether there be a hundred genuine Bengalees in the whole army of the East India Company. There never, perhaps, existed a people so thoroughly fitted by nature and by habit for a foreign yoke.

The great commercial companies of Europe had long possessed factories in Bengal. The French were settled, as they still are, at Chandernagore on the Hoogley. Higher up the stream the Dutch traders held Chinsurah. Nearer to the sea, the English had built Fort William. A church and ample warehouses rose in the vicinity. A row of spacious houses, belonging to the chief factors of the East India Company, lined the banks of the river, and in the neighbourhood had sprung up a large and busy native town, where some Hindoo mer-

chambers of great opulence had fixed their abode. But the tract now covered by the palaces of Chowringhee contained only a few miserable huts thatched with straw. A jungle, abandoned to water-fowl and alligators, covered the site of the present Citadel and the Course, which is now daily crowded at sunset with the gay equipages of Calcutta. For the ground on which the settlement stood, the English, like other great landholders, paid rent to the government; and they were, like other great landholders, permitted to exercise a certain jurisdiction within their domain.

The great province of Bengal, together with Orissa and Bahar, had long been governed by a viceroy, whom the English called *Aliverdy Khan*, and who, like the other viceroys of the Mogul, had become virtually independent. He died in 1756, and the sovereignty descended to his grandson, a youth under twenty years of age, who bore the name of *Suryah Dowlah*. Oriental despots are perhaps the worst class of human beings, and this unhappy boy, was one of the worst specimens of his class. His understanding was naturally feeble, and his temper naturally unamiable. His education had been such as would have enervated even a vigorous intellect, and perverted even a generous disposition. He was unreasonable, because nobody ever dared to reason with him, and selfish, because he had never been made to feel himself dependent on the good will of others. Early debauchery had unnerved his body and his mind. He indulged immoderately in the use of ardent spirit, which inflamed his weak brain almost to madness. His chosen companions were flatterers sprung from the dregs of the people, and recommended by nothing but buffoonery and servility. It is said that he had arrived at that last stage of human depravity, when cruelty becomes pleasing for its own sake, when the sight of pain as pain, where no advantage is to be gained, no offence punished, no danger averted, is an agreeable excitement. It had early been his



amusement to torture beasts and birds, and, when he grew up, he enjoyed with still keener relish the misery of his fellow-creatures

From a child Surajah Dowlah had hated the English. It was his whim to do so, and his whims were never opposed. He had also formed a very exaggerated notion of the wealth which might be obtained by plundering them, and his feeble and uncultivated mind was incapable of perceiving that the riches of Calcutta, had they been even greater than he imagined, would not compensate him for what he must lose, if the European trade, of which Bengal was a chief seat, should be driven by his violence to some other quarter. Pretexts for a quarrel were readily found. The English, in expectation of a war with France, had begun to fortify their settlement without special permission from the Nabob. A rich native whom he longed to plunder, had taken refuge at Calcutta, and had not been delivered up. On such grounds as these Surajah Dowlah marched with a great army against Fort William.

The servants of the Company at Madras had been forced by Dupleix to become statesmen and soldiers. Those in Bengal were still mere traders, and were terrified and bewildered by the approaching danger. The governor, who had heard much of Surajah Dowlah's cruelty, was frightened out of his wits, jumped into a boat, and took refuge in the nearest ship. The military commandant thought that he could not do better than follow so good an example. The fort was taken after a feeble resistance, and great numbers of the English fell into the hands of the conquerors. The Nabob seated himself with regal pomp in the principal hall of the factory, and ordered Mr Holwell, the first in rank among the prisoners, to be brought before him. His Highness talked about the insolence of the English, and grumbled at the smallness of the treasure which he had found, but promised to spare their lives, and retired to rest.

Then was committed that great crime, memorable for its singular atrocity, memorable for the tremendous retribution by which it was followed. The English captives were left at the mercy of the guards, and the guards determined to secure them for the night in the prison of the garrison, a chamber known by the fearful name of the Black Hole. Even for a single European malefactor, that dungeon would, in such a climate, have been too close and narrow. The space was only twenty feet square. The air-holes were small and obstructed. It was the summer solstice, the season when the fiercest heat of Bengal can scarcely be rendered tolerable to natives of England by lofty halls and by the constant waving of fans. The number of the prisoners was one hundred and forty-six. When they were ordered to enter the cell, they imagined that the soldiers were joking; and, being in high spirits on account of the promise of the Nabob to spare their lives, they laughed and jested at the absurdity of the notion. They soon discovered their mistake. They expostulated, they entreated, but in vain. The guards threatened to cut down all who hesitated. The captives were driven into the cell at the point of the sword, and the door was instantly shut and locked upon them.

Nothing in history or fiction, not even the story which Ugolino told in the sea of everlasting ice, after he had wiped his bloody lips on the scarp of his murderer, approaches the horrors which were recounted by the few survivors of that night. They cried for mercy. They strove to burst the door. Holwell who, even in that extremity, retained some presence of mind, offered large bribes to the gaolers. But the answer was that nothing could be done without the Nabob's orders, that the Nabob was asleep, and that he would be angry if anybody woke him. Then the prisoners went mad with despair. They trampled each other down, fought for the places at the windows, fought for the pittance of water with which the cruel if the murderers mocked their agonies, raved, prayed, b

implored the guards to fire among them. The gaolers in the mean time held lights to the bars, and shouted with laughter at the frantic struggles of their victims. At length the tumult died away in low gaspings and moanings. The day broke. The Nabob had slept off his debauch, and permitted the door to be opened. But it was some time before the soldiers could make a lane for the survivors, by piling up on each side the heaps of corpses on which the burning climate had already begun to do its loathsome work. When at length a passage was made, twenty-three ghastly figures, such as their own mothers would not have known, staggered one by one out of the charnel-house. A pit was instantly dug. The dead bodies, a hundred and twenty-three in number, were flung into it promiscuously and covered up.

But these things which, after the lapse of more than eighty years, cannot be told or read without horror, awakened neither remorse nor pity in the bosom of the savage Nabob. He inflicted no punishment on the murderers. He showed no tenderness to the survivors. Some of them, indeed, from whom nothing was to be got, were suffered to depart, but those from whom it was thought that any thing could be extorted were treated with execrable cruelty. Holwell, unable to walk, was carried before the tyrant, who reproached him, threatened him, and sent him up the country in irons, together with some other gentlemen who were suspected of knowing more than they chose to tell about the treasures of the Company. These persons, still bowed down by the sufferings of that great agony, were lodged in miserable sheds, and fed only with grain and water, till at length the intercessions of the female relations of the Nabob procured their release. One Englishwoman had survived that night. She was placed in the harem of the Prince at Moorshedabad.

Surajah Dowlah, in the mean time, sent letters to his nominal sovereign at Delhi, describing the late conquest in the mo t

pompous language. He placed a garrison in Fort William, forbade Englishmen to dwell in the neighbourhood, and directed that, in memory of his great actions, Calcutta should thenceforward be called Alingore, that is to say, the Port of God.

In August the news of the fall of Calcutta reached Madras, and excited the fiercest and bitterest resentment. The cry of the whole settlement was for vengeance. Within forty-eight hours after the arrival of the intelligence it was determined that an expedition should be sent to the Hoogley, and that Clive should be at the head of the land forces. The naval armament was under the command of Admiral Watson. Nine hundred English infantry, fine troops and full of spirit, and fifteen hundred sepoys, composed the army which sailed to punish a Prince who had more subjects than Lewis the Fifteenth or the Empress Maria Theresa. In October the expedition sailed, but it had to make its way against adverse winds, and did not reach Bengal till December.

The Nabob was revelling in fancied security at Moorsheedabad. He was so profoundly ignorant of the state of foreign countries that he often used to say that there were not ten thousand men in all Europe, and it had never occurred to him as possible, that the English would dare to invade his dominions. But, though undisturbed by any fear of their military power, he began to miss them greatly. His revenues fell off; and his ministers succeeded in making him understand that a ruler may sometimes find it more profitable to protect traders in the open enjoyment of their gains than to put them to the torture for the purpose of discovering hidden chests of gold and jewels. He was already disposed to permit the Company to resume its mercantile operations in his country, when he received the news that an English armament was in the Hoogley. He instantly ordered all his troops to assemble at Moorsheedabad, and marched towards Calcutta.

Clive had commenced operations with his usual vigour. He took Budgebudge, routed the garrison of Fort William, recovered Calcutta, stormed and sacked Hoogley. The Nabob, already disposed to make some concessions to the English, was confirmed in his pacific disposition by these proofs of their power and spirit. He accordingly made overtures to the chiefs of the invading armament, and offered to restore the factory, and to give compensation to those whom he had despoiled.

Clive's profession was war, and he felt that there was something discreditable in an accommodation with Surajah Dowlah. But his power was limited. A committee, chiefly composed of servants of the Company who had fled from Calcutta, had the principal direction of affairs, and these persons were eager to be restored to their posts and compensated for their losses. The government of Madras, apprised that war had commenced in Europe, and apprehensive of an attack from the French, became impatient for the return of the armament. The promises of the Nabob were large, the chances of a contest doubtful, and Clive consented to treat, though he expressed his regret that things should not be concluded in so glorious a manner as he could have wished.

With this negotiation commences a new chapter in the life of Clive. Hitherto he had been merely a soldier carrying into effect, with eminent ability and valour, the plans of others. Henceforth he is to be chiefly regarded as a statesman, and his military movements are to be considered as subordinate to his political designs. That in his new capacity he displayed great ability, and obtained great success, is unquestionable. But it is also unquestionable that the transactions in which he now began to take a part have left a stain on his moral character.

We can by no means agree with Sir John Malcolm, who is obstinately resolved to see nothing but honour and integrity in the conduct of his hero. But we can as little agree with

Mr. Mill, who has gone so far as to say that Clive was a man "to whom deception, when it suited his purpose, never cost a pang" Clive seems to us to have been constitutionally the very opposite of a knave, bold even to temerity, sincere even to indiscretion, hearty in friendship, open in enmity. Neither in his private life, nor in those parts of his public life in which he had to do with his countrymen, do we find any signs of a propensity to cunning. On the contrary, in all the disputes in which he was engaged as an Englishman against Englishmen, from his boxing-matches at school to those stormy altercations at the India House and in Parliament amidst which his later years were passed, his very faults were those of a high and magnanimous spirit. The truth seems to have been that he considered Oriental politics as a game in which nothing was unfair. He knew that the standard of morality among the natives of India differed widely from that established in England. He knew that he had to deal with men destitute of what in Europe is called honour, with men who would give any promise without hesitation, and break any promise without shame, with men who would unscrupulously employ corruption, perjury, forgery, to compass their ends. His letters show that the great difference between Asiatic and European morality was constantly in his thoughts. He seems to have imagined, most erroneously in our opinion, that he could effect nothing against such adversaries, if he was content to be bound by ties from which they were free, if he went on telling truth, and hearing none, if he fulfilled, to his own hurt, all his engagements with confederates who never kept an engagement that was not to their advantage. Accordingly this man, in the other parts of his life an honourable English gentleman and a soldier, was no sooner matched against an Indian intriguer, than he became himself an Indian intriguer, and descended, without scruple, to falsehood, to hypocritical caresses, to the substitution of documents, and to the counterfeiting of hands.

The negotiations between the English and the Nabob were carried on chiefly by two agents, Mr Watts, a servant of the Company, and a Bengalee of the name of Omichund. This Omichund had been one of the wealthiest native merchants resident at Calcutta, and had sustained great losses in consequence of the Nabob's expedition against that place. In the course of his commercial transactions, he had seen much of the English, and was peculiarly qualified to serve as a medium of communication between them and a native court. He possessed great influence with his own race, and had in large measure the Hindoo talents, quick observation, tact, dexterity, perseverance, and the Hindoo vices, servility, greediness, and treachery.

The Nabob behaved with all the faithlessness of an Indian statesman, and with all the levity of a boy whose mind had been enfeebled by power and self-indulgence. He promised, retracted, hesitated, evaded. At one time he advanced with his army in a threatening manner towards Calcutta, but when he saw the resolute front which the English presented, he fell back in alarm, and consented to make peace with them on their own terms. The treaty was no sooner concluded than he formed new designs against them. He intrigued with the French authorities at Chandernagore. He invited Bussy to march from the Deccan to the Hoogley, and to drive the English out of Bengal. All this was well known to Clive and Watson. They determined accordingly to strike a decisive blow, and to attack Chandernagore, before the force there could be strengthened by new arrivals, either from the south of India, or from Europe. Watson directed the expedition by water, Clive by land. The success of the combined movements was rapid and complete. The fort, the garrison, the artillery, the military stores, all fell into the hands of the English. Near five hundred European troops were among the prisoners.

The Nabob had feared and hated the English, even while

he was still able to oppose to them their French rivals. The French were now vanquished, and he began to regard the English with still greater fear and still greater hatred. His weak and unprincipled mind oscillated between servility and insolence. One day he sent a large sum to Calcutta, as part of the compensation due for the wrongs which he had committed. The next day he sent a present of jewels to Bussy, exhorting that distinguished officer to hasten to protect Bengal "against Clive the daring in war, on whom," says his Highness, "may all bad fortune attend." He ordered his army to march against the English. He countermanded his orders. He tore Clive's letters. He then sent answers in the most florid language of compliment. He ordered Watts out of his presence, and threatened to impale him. He again sent for Watts, and begged pardon for the insult. In the mean time, his wretched maladministration, his folly, his dissolute manners, and his love of the lowest company, had disgusted all classes of his subjects, soldiers, traders, civil functionaries, the proud and ostentatious Mahomedans, the timid, supple, and parsimonious Hindoos. A formidable confederacy was formed against him, in which were included Roydullub, the minister of finance, Meer Jaffier, the principal commander of the troops, and Jugget Seit, the richest banker in India. The plot was confided to the English agents, and a communication was opened between the malcontents at Moorshedabad and the committee at Calcutta.

In the committee there was much hesitation, but Clive's voice was given in favour of the conspirators, and his vigour and firmness bore down all opposition. It was determined that the English should lend their powerful assistance to depose Surajah Dowlah, and to place Meer Jaffier on the throne of Bengal. In return, Meer Jaffier promised ample compensation to the Company and its servants, and a liberal donative to the army, the navy, and the committee. The odious vices of Surajah Dowlah, the wrongs which th



lish had suffered at his hands, the dangers to which our trade must have been exposed had he continued to reign, appear to us fully to justify the resolution of deposing him. But nothing can justify the dissimulation which Clive stooped to practise. He wrote to Surajah Dowlah in terms so affectionate that they for a time lulled that weak prince into perfect security. The same courier who carried this "soothing letter," as Clive calls it, to the Nabob, carried to Mr Watts a letter in the following terms: "Tell Meer Jassier to fear nothing. I will join him with five thousand men who never turned their backs. Assure him I will march night and day to his assistance, and stand by him as long as I have a man left."

It was impossible that a plot which had so many ramifications should long remain entirely concealed. Enough reached the ears of the Nabob to arouse his suspicions. But he was soon quieted by the fictions and artifices which the inventive genius of Omichund produced with miraculous readiness. All was going well, the plot was nearly ripe, when Clive learned that Omichund was likely to play false. The artful Bengalee had been promised a liberal compensation for all that he had lost at Calcutta. But this would not satisfy him. His services had been great. He held the thread of the whole intrigue. By one word breathed in the ear of Surajah Dowlah, he could undo all that he had done. The lives of Watts, of Meer Jassier, of all the conspirators, were at his mercy, and he determined to take advantage of his situation and to make his own terms. He demanded three hundred thousand pounds sterling as the price of his secrecy and of his assistance. The committee, incensed by the treachery and appalled by the danger, knew not what course to take. But Clive was more than Omichund's match in Omichund's own arts. The man, he said, was a villain. Any artifice which would defeat such knavery was justifiable. The best course would be to promise what was asked. Omichund would soon be at their mercy; and then

they might punish him by withholding from him, not only the bribe which he now demanded, but also the compensation which all the other sufferers of Calcutta were to receive

His advice was taken. But how was the wary and sagacious Hindoo to be deceived? He had demanded that an article touching his claims should be inserted in the treaty between Meer Jaffier and the English, and he would not be satisfied unless he saw it with his own eyes. Clive had an expedient ready. Two treaties were drawn up, one on white paper, the other on red, the former real, the latter fictitious. In the former Omichund's name was not mentioned, the latter, which was to be shown to him, contained a stipulation in his favour.

But another difficulty arose. Admiral Watson had scruples about signing the red treaty. Omichund's vigilance and acuteness were such that the absence of so important a name would probably awaken his suspicions. But Clive was not a man to do any thing by halves. We almost blush to write it. He forged Admiral Watson's name.

All was now ready for action. Mr Watts fled secretly from Moorshedabad. Clive put his troops in motion, and wrote to the Nabob in a tone very different from that of his previous letters. He set forth all the wrongs which the British had suffered, offered to submit the points in dispute to the arbitration of Meer Jaffier, and concluded by announcing that, as the rains were about to set in, he and his men would do themselves the honour of waiting on his Highness for an answer.

Surajah Dowlah instantly assembled his whole force, and marched to encounter the English. It had been agreed that Meer Jaffier should separate himself from the Nabob, and carry over his division to Clive. But, as the decisive moment approached, the fears of the conspirator overpowered his ambition. Clive had advanced to Cossimbuzar, the Nabob lay with a mighty power a few miles off at Plassey, and . 1

Meer Jaffier delayed to fulfil his engagements, and returned evasive answers to the earnest remonstrances of the English general

Clive was in a painfully anxious situation. He could place no confidence in the sincerity or in the courage of his confederate. and, whatever confidence he might place in his own military talents, and in the valour and discipline of his troops, it was no light thing to engage an army twenty times as numerous as his own. Before him lay a river over which it was easy to advance, but over which, if things went ill, not one of his little band would ever return. On this occasion, for the first and for the last time, his dauntless spirit, during a few hours, shrank from the fearful responsibility of making a decision. He called a council of war. The majority pronounced against fighting, and Clive declared his concurrence with the majority. Long afterwards, he said that he had never called but one council of war, and that, if he had taken the advice of that council, the British would never have been masters of Bengal. But scarcely had the meeting broken up when he was himself again. He retired alone under the shade of some trees, and passed near an hour there in thought. He came back determined to put every thing to the hazard, and gave orders that all should be in readiness for passing the river on the morrow.

The river was passed; and, at the close of a toilsome day's march, the army, long after sunset, took up its quarters in a grove of mango-trees near Plassey, within a mile of the enemy. Clive was unable to sleep, he heard, through the whole night, the sound of drums and cymbals from the vast camp of the Nabob. It is not strange that even his stout heart should now and then have sunk, when he reflected against what odd, and for what a prize, he was in a few hours to contend.

Nor was the rest of Surajah Dowlah more peaceful. His mind, at once weak and stormy, was distracted by wild and

horrible apprehensions Appalled by the greatness and nearness of the crisis, distrusting his captains, dreading every one who approached him, dreading to be left alone, he sat gloomily in his tent, haunted, a Greek poet would have said, by the furies of those who had cursed him with their last breath in the Black Hole

The day broke, the day which was to decide the fate of India At sunrise the army of the Nabob, pouring through many openings of the camp, began to move towards the grove where the English lay Forty thousand infantry, armed with firelocks, pikes, swords, bows and arrows, covered the plain They were accompanied by fifty pieces of ordnance of the largest size, each tugged by a long team of white oxen, and each pushed on from behind by an elephant Some smaller guns, under the direction of a few French auxiliaries, were perhaps more formidable The cavalry were fifteen thousand, drawn, not from the effeminate population of Bengal, but from the bolder race which inhabits the northern provinces, and the practised eye of Clive could perceive that both the men and the horses were more powerful than those of the Carnatic. The force which he had to oppose to this great multitude consisted of only three thousand men But of these nearly a thousand were English, and all were led by English officers, and trained in the English discipline Conspicuous in the ranks of the little army were the men of the Thirty-Ninth Regiment, which still bears on its colours, amidst many honourable additions won under Wellington in Spain and Gascony, the name of Plassey, and the proud motto, *Primus in Indis*

The battle commenced with a cannonade in which the artillery of the Nabob did scarcely any execution, while the few field-pieces of the English produced great effect. Several of the most distinguished officers in Surajah Dowlah's service fell. Disorder began to spread through his ranks His own terror increased every moment One of the conspirators urged on

him the expediency of retreating. The insidious advice, agreeing as it did with what his own terrors suggested, was readily received. He ordered his army to fall back, and this order decided his fate. Clive snatched the moment, and ordered his troops to advance. The confused and dispirited multitude gave way before the onset of disciplined valour. No mob attacked by regular soldiers was ever more completely routed. The little band of Frenchmen, who alone ventured to confront the English, were swept down the stream of fugitives. In an hour the forces of Surajah Dowlah were dispersed, never to reassemble. Only five hundred of the vanquished were slain. But their camp, their guns, their baggage, innumerable waggons, innumerable cattle, remained in the power of the conquerors. With the loss of twenty-two soldiers killed and fifty wounded, Clive had scattered an army of near sixty thousand men, and subdued an empire larger and more populous than Great Britain.

Meer Jaffier had given no assistance to the English during the action. But, as soon as he saw that the fate of the day was decided, he drew off his division of the army, and, when the battle was over, sent his congratulations to his ally. The next morning he repaired to the English quarters, not a little uneasy as to the reception which awaited him there. He gave evident signs of alarm when a guard was drawn out to receive him with the honours due to his rank. But his apprehensions were speedily removed. Clive came forward to meet him, embraced him, saluted him as Nabob of the three great provinces of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa, listened graciously to his apologies, and advised him to march without delay to Moorshedabad.

Surajah Dowlah had fled from the field of battle with all the speed with which a fleet camel could carry him, and arrived at Moorshedabad in little more than twenty-four hours. There he called his counsellors round him. The wisest advised him

to put himself into the hands of the English, from whom he had nothing worse to fear than deposition and confinement. But he attributed this suggestion to treachery. Others urged him to try the chance of war again. He approved the advice, and issued orders accordingly. But he wanted spirit to adhere even during one day to a manly resolution. He learned that Meer Jassier had arrived, and his terrors became insupportable. Disguised in a mean dress, with a casket of jewels in his hand, he let himself down at night from a window of his palace, and accompanied by only two attendants, embarked on the river for Patna.

In a few days Clive arrived at Moorsshedabad, escorted by two hundred English soldiers and three hundred sepoys. For his residence had been assigned a palace, which was surrounded by a garden so spacious that all the troops who accompanied him could conveniently encamp within it. The ceremony of the installation of Meer Jassier was instantly performed. Clive led the new Nabob to the seat of honour, placed him on it, presented to him, after the immemorial fashion of the East, an offering of gold, and then, turning to the natives who filled the hall, congratulated them on the good fortune which had freed them from a tyrant. He was compelled on this occasion to use the services of an interpreter, for it is remarkable that, long as he resided in India, intimately acquainted as he was with Indian politics and with the Indian character, and adored as he was by his Indian soldiery, he never learned to express himself with facility in any Indian language. He is said indeed to have been sometimes under the necessity of employing, in his intercourse with natives of India, the smattering of Portuguese which he had acquired, when a lad, in Brazil.

The new sovereign was now called upon to fulfil the engagements into which he had entered with his allies. A conference was held at the house of Jugget Seit, the great banker, for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements. Omichu

came thither, fully believing himself to stand high in the favour of Clive, who, with dissimulation surpassing even the dissimulation of Bergal, had up to that day treated him with undiminished kindness. The white treaty was produced and read. Clive then turned to Mr Serafton, one of the servants of the Company, and said in English, "It is now time to undeceive Omichund." "Omichund," said Mr Serafton in Hindostanee, "the red treaty is a trick. You are to have nothing." Omichund fell back insensible into the arms of his attendants. He revived, but his mind was irreparably ruined. Clive, who, though little troubled by scruples of conscience in his dealings with Indian politicians, was not inhuman, seems to have been touched. He saw Omichund a few days later, spoke to him kindly, advised him to make a pilgrimage to one of the great temples of India, in the hope that change of scene might restore his health, and was even disposed, notwithstanding all that had passed, again to employ him in the public service. But from the moment of that sudden shock, the unhappy man sank gradually into idiocy. He, who had formerly been distinguished by the strength of his understanding and the simplicity of his habits, now squandered the remains of his fortune on childish trinkets, and loved to exhibit himself dressed in rich garments and hung with precious stones. In this abject state he languished a few months, and then died.

We should not think it necessary to offer any remarks for the purpose of directing the judgment of our readers, with respect to this transaction, had not Sir John Malcolm undertaken to defend it in all its parts. He regrets, indeed, that it was necessary to employ means so liable to abuse as forgery, but he will not admit that any blame attaches to those who deceived the deceiver. He thinks that the English were not bound to keep faith with one who kept no faith with them, and that, if they had fulfilled their engagements with the wily Bengalee, so signal an example of successful treachery would

have produced a crowd of imitators. Now, we will not discuss this point on any rigid principles of morality. Indeed, it is quite unnecessary to do so for, looking at the question as a question of expediency in the lowest sense of the word, and using no arguments but such as Machiavelli might have employed in his conferences with Borgia, we are convinced that Clive was altogether in the wrong, and that he committed, not merely a crime, but a blunder. That honesty is the best policy is a maxim which we firmly believe to be generally correct, even with respect to the temporal interest of individuals, but with respect to societies, the rule is subject to still fewer exceptions, and that for this reason, that the life of societies is longer than the life of individuals. It is possible to mention men who have owed great worldly prosperity to breaches of private faith, but we doubt whether it be possible to mention a state which has on the whole been a gainer by a breach of public faith. The entire history of British India is an illustration of the great truth, that it is not prudent to oppose perfidy to perfidy, and that the most efficient weapon with which men can encounter falsehood is truth. During a long course of years, the English rulers of India, surrounded by allies and enemies whom no engagement could bind, have generally acted with sincerity and uprightness, and the event has proved that sincerity and uprightness are wisdom. English valour and English intelligence have done less to extend and to preserve our Oriental empire than English veracity. All that we could have gained by imitating the doublings, the evasions, the fictions, the perjuries which have been employed against us, is as nothing, when compared with what we have gained by being the one power in India on whose word reliance can be placed. No oath which superstition can devise, no hostage however precious, inspires a hundredth part of the confidence which is produced by the "yea, yea," and "nay, nay," of a British envoy. No fastness, however strong by art or nature, gives to



its inmates a security like that enjoyed by the chief who, passing through the territories of powerful and deadly enemies, is armed with the British guarantee. The mightiest princes of the East can scarcely, by the offer of enormous usury, draw forth any portion of the wealth which is concealed under the hearths of their subjects. The British Government offers little more than four per cent., and avarice hastens to bring forth tens of millions of rupees from its most secret repositories. A hostile monarch may promise mountains of gold to our sepoys, on condition that they will desert the standard of the Company. The Company promises only a moderate pension after a long service. But every sepoy knows that the promise of the Company will be kept: he knows that if he lives a hundred years, his rice and salt are as secure as the salary of the Governor-General: and he knows that there is not another state in India which would not, in spite of the most solemn vows, leave him to die of hunger in a ditch as soon as he had ceased to be useful. The greatest advantage which a government can possess is to be the one trustworthy government in the midst of governments which nobody can trust. This advantage we enjoy in Asia. Had we acted during the last two generations on the principles which Sir John Malcolm appears to have considered as sound, had we as often as we had to deal with people like Omichund, retaliated by lying and forging, and breaking faith, after their fashion, it is our firm belief that no courage or capacity could have upheld our empire.

Sir John Malcolm admits that Clive's breach of faith could be justified only by the strongest necessity. As we think that breach of faith not only unnecessary, but most inexpedient, we need hardly say that we altogether condemn it.

Omichund was not the only victim of the revolution. Serajah Dowlah was taken a few days after his flight, and was brought before Meer Jaffier. There he flung himself on the ground in convulsions of fear, and with tears and loud cries

implored the mercy which he had never shown Meer Jaffier hesitated, but his son Meeran, a youth of seventeen, who in feebleness of brain and savageness of nature greatly resembled the wretched captive, was implacable. Surajah Dowlah was led into a secret chamber, to which in a short time the ministers of death were sent. In this act the English bore no part, and Meer Jaffier understood so much of their feelings, that he thought it necessary to apologize to them for having avenged them on their most malignant enemy.

The shower of wealth now fell copiously on the Company and its servants. A sum of eight hundred thousand pounds sterling, in coined silver, was sent down the river from Moorshedabad to Fort William. The fleet which conveyed this treasure consisted of more than a hundred boats, and performed its triumphal voyage with flags flying and music playing. Calcutta, which a few months before had been desolate, was now more prosperous than ever. Trade revived, and the signs of affluence appeared in every English house. As to Clive, there was no limit to his acquisitions but his own moderation. The treasury of Bengal was thrown open to him. There were piled up, after the usage of Indian princes, immense masses of coin, among which might not seldom be detected the stuns and byzants with which, before any European ship had turned the Cape of Good Hope, the Venetians purchased the stuffs and spices of the East. Clive walked between heaps of gold and silver, crowned with rubies and diamonds, and was at liberty to help himself. He accepted between two and three hundred thousand pounds.

The pecuniary transactions between Meer Jaffier and Clive were sixteen years later condemned by the public voice, and severely criticized in Parliament. They are vehemently defended by Sir John Malcolm. The accusers of the victorious general represented his gains as the wages of corruption, or as plunder extorted at the point of the sword from a

ally. The biographer, on the other hand, considers these great acquisitions as free gifts, honourable alike to the donor and to the receiver, and compares them to the rewards bestowed by foreign powers on Marlborough, on Nelson, and on Wellington. It had always, he says, been customary in the East to give and receive presents, and there was, as yet, no Act of Parliament positively prohibiting English functionaries in India from profiting by this Asiatic usage. This reasoning, we own, does not quite satisfy us. We do not suspect Clive of selling the interests of his employers or his country, but we cannot acquit him of having done what, if not in itself evil, was yet of evil example. Nothing is more clear than that a general ought to be the servant of his own government, and of no other. It follows that whatever rewards he receives for his services ought to be given either by his own government, or with the full knowledge and approbation of his own government. This rule ought to be strictly maintained even with respect to the merest bauble, with respect to a cross, a medal, or a yard of coloured riband. But how can any government be well served, if those who command its forces are at liberty, without its permission, without its privity, to accept princely fortunes from its allies? It is idle to say that there was then no Act of Parliament prohibiting the practice of taking presents from Asiatic sovereigns. It is not on the Act which was passed at a later period for the purpose of preventing any such taking of presents, but on grounds which were valid before that Act was passed, on grounds of common law and common sense, that we arraign the conduct of Clive. There is no Act that we know of, prohibiting the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs from being in the pay of continental powers. But it is not the less true that a Secretary who should receive a secret pension from France would grossly violate his duty, and would deserve severe punishment. Sir John Malcolm compares the conduct of Clive with that of the Duke of Wellington. Suppose,—and

we beg pardon for putting such a supposition even for the sake of argument,—that the Duke of Wellington had, after the campaign of 1815, and while he commanded the army of occupation in France, privately accepted two hundred thousand pounds from Lewis the Eighteenth, as a mark of gratitude for the great services which his Grace had rendered to the House of Bourbon; what would be thought of such a transaction? Yet the statute-book no more forbids the taking of presents in Europe now than it forbade the taking of presents in Asia then.

At the same time, it must be admitted that, in Clive's case, there were many extenuating circumstances. He considered himself as the general, not of the Crown, but of the Company. The Company had, by implication at least, authorised its agents to enrich themselves by means of the liberality of the native princes, and by other means still more objectionable. It was hardly to be expected that the servant should entertain stricter notions of his duty than were entertained by his masters. Though Clive did not distinctly acquaint his employers with what had taken place and request their sanction, he did not, on the other hand, by studied concealment, show that he was conscious of having done wrong. On the contrary, he avowed with the greatest openness that the Nabob's bounty had raised him to affluence. Lastly, though we think that he ought not in such a way to have taken any thing, we must admit that he deserves praise for having taken so little. He accepted twenty lacs of rupees. It would have cost him only a word to make the twenty forty. It was a very easy exercise of virtue to declaim in England against Clive's rapacity, but not one in a hundred of his accusers would have shown so much self-command in the treasury of Moorshedabad.

Meer Jaffier could be upheld on the throne only by the hand which had placed him on it. He was not, indeed, a mere ; nor had he been so unfortunate as to be born in the

He was not therefore quite so imbecile or quite so depraved as his predecessor had been. But he had none of the talents or virtues which his post required, and his son and heir, Meeran, was another Surajah Dowlah. The recent revolution had unsettled the minds of men. Many chiefs were in open insurrection against the new Nabob. The viceroy of the rich and powerful province of Oude, who, like the other viceroys of the Mogul, was now in truth an independent sovereign, menaced Bengal with invasion. Nothing but the talents and authority of Clive could support the tottering government. While things were in this state a ship arrived with despatches which had been written at the India House before the news of the battle of Plassey had reached London. The Directors had determined to place the English settlements in Bengal under a government constituted in the most cumbrous and absurd manner, and, to make the matter worse, no place in the arrangement was assigned to Clive. The persons who were selected to form this new government, greatly to their honour, took on themselves the responsibility of disobeying these preposterous orders, and invited Clive to exercise the supreme authority. He consented, and it soon appeared that the servants of the Company had only anticipated the wishes of their employers. The Directors, on receiving news of Clive's brilliant success, instantly appointed him governor of their possessions in Bengal, with the highest marks of gratitude and esteem. His power was now boundless, and far surpassed even that which Duplex had attained in the south of India. Meer Jaffer regarded him with slavish awe. On one occasion, the Nabob spoke with severity to a native chief of high rank, whose followers had been engaged in a brawl with some of the Company's sepoys. "Are you yet to learn," he said, "who that Colonel Clive is, and in what station God has placed him?" The chief, who, as a famous jester and an old friend of Meer Jaffer, could venture to take liberties, answered, "I affront

the Colonel' I, who never get up in the morning without making three low bows to his jackass!" This was hardly an exaggeration. Europeans and natives were alike at Clive's feet. The English regarded him as the only man who could force Meer Jaffier to keep his engagements with them. Meer Jaffier regarded him as the only man who could protect the new dynasty against turbulent subjects and encroaching neighbours.

It is but justice to say that Clive used his power ably and vigorously for the advantage of his country. He sent forth an expedition against the tract lying to the north of the Carnatic. In this tract the French still had the ascendancy, and it was important to dislodge them. The conduct of the enterprise was intrusted to an officer of the name of Forde, who was then little known, but in whom the keen eye of the governor had detected military talents of a high order. The success of the expedition was rapid and splendid.

While a considerable part of the army of Bengal was thus engaged at a distance, a new and formidable danger menaced the western frontier. The Great Mogul was a prisoner at Delhi in the hands of a subject. His eldest son, named Shah Alum, destined to be, during many years, the sport of adverse fortune, and to be a tool in the hands, first of the Mahrattas, and then of the English, had fled from the palace of his father. His birth was still revered in India. Some powerful princes, the Nabob of Oude in particular, were inclined to favour him. Shah Alum found it easy to draw to his standard great numbers of the military adventurers with whom every part of the country swarmed. An army of forty thousand men, of various races and religions, Mahrattas, Rohillas, Jauts, and Afghans, was speedily assembled round him, and he formed the design of overthrowing the upstart whom the English had elevated to a throne, and of establishing his own authority throughout Bengal, Orissa, and Bahar.

Meer Jaffier's terror was extreme, and the only expedient



and pounds sterling a year. The whole of this splendid estate, sufficient to support with dignity the highest rank of the British peerage, was now conferred on Clive for life.

This present we think Clive justified in accepting. It was a present which, from its very nature, could be no secret. In fact, the Company itself was his tenant, and, by its acquiescence, signified its approbation of Meer Jassier's grant.

But the gratitude of Meer Jassier did not last long. He had for some time felt that the powerful ally who had set him up might pull him down, and had been looking round for support against the formidable strength by which he had himself been hitherto supported. He knew that it would be impossible to find among the natives of India any force which would look the Colonel's little army in the face. The French power in Bengal was extinct. But the fame of the Dutch had anciently been great in the Eastern seas, and it was not yet distinctly known in Asia how much the power of Holland had declined in Europe. Secret communications passed between the court of Moorsshedabad and the Dutch factory at Chinsurah, and urgent letters were sent from Chinsurah, exhorting the government of Batavia to fit out an expedition which might balance the power of the English in Bengal. The authorities of Batavia, eager to extend the influence of their country, and still more eager to obtain for themselves a share of the wealth which had recently raised so many English adventurers to opulence, equipped a powerful armament. Seven large ships from Java arrived unexpectedly in the Hoogley. The military force on board amounted to fifteen hundred men, of whom about one half were Europeans. The enterprise was well timed. Clive had sent such large detachments to oppose the French in the Carnatic that his army was now inferior in number to that of the Dutch. He knew that Meer Jassier secretly favoured the invaders. He knew that he took on himself a serious responsibility if he attacked the forces of a friendly power, that the



English ministers could not wish to see a war with Holland added to that in which they were already engaged with France, that they might disavow his acts, that they might punish him. He had recently remitted a great part of his fortune to Europe, through the Dutch East India Company, and he had therefore a strong interest in avoiding any quarrel. But he was satisfied that, if he suffered the Batavian armament to pass up the river and to join the garrison of Chinsurah, Meer Jaffer would throw himself into the arms of these new allies, and that the English ascendancy in Bengal would be exposed to most serious danger. He took his resolution with characteristic boldness, and was most ably seconded by his officers, particularly by Colonel Forde, to whom the most important part of the operations was intrusted. The Dutch attempted to force a passage. The English encountered them both by land and water. On both elements the enemy had a great superiority of force. On both they were signally defeated. Their ships were taken. Their troops were put to a total rout. Almost all the European soldiers, who constituted the main strength of the invading army, were killed or taken. The conquerors sat down before Chinsurah, and the chiefs of that settlement, now thoroughly humbled, consented to the terms which Clive dictated. They engaged to build no fortifications, and to raise no troops beyond a small force necessary for the police of their factories, and it was distinctly provided that any violation of these covenants should be punished with instant expulsion from Bengal.

Three months after this great victory, Clive sailed for England. At home, honours and rewards awaited him, not indeed equal to his claims or to his ambition, but still such as, when his age, his rank in the army, and his original place in society are considered, must be pronounced rare and splendid. He was raised to the Irish peerage, and encouraged to expect an English title. George the Third, who had just ascended the throne, received him with great distinction. The ministers paid him

marked attention, and Pitt, whose influence in the House of Commons and in the country was unbounded, was eager to mark his regard for one whose exploits had contributed so much to the lustre of that memorable period. The great orator had already in Parliament described Clive as a heaven-born general, as a man who, bred to the labour of the desk, had displayed a military genius which might excite the admiration of the King of Prussia. There were then no reporters in the gallery, but these words, emphatically spoken by the first statesman of the age, had passed from mouth to mouth, had been transmitted to Clive in Bengal, and had greatly delighted and flattered him. Indeed, since the death of Wolfe, Clive was the only English general of whom his countrymen had much reason to be proud. The Duke of Cumberland had been generally unfortunate, and his single victory, having been gained over his countrymen, and used with merciless severity, had been more fatal to his popularity than his many defeats. Conway, versed in the learning of his profession, and personally courageous, wanted vigour and capacity. Granby, honest, generous, and as brave as a lion, had neither science nor genius. Sackville, inferior in knowledge and abilities to none of his contemporaries, had incurred, unjustly as we believe, the imputation most fatal to the character of a soldier. It was under the command of a foreign general that the British had triumphed at Minden and Warburg. The people therefore, as was natural, greeted with pride and delight a captain of their own, whose native courage and self-taught skill had placed him on a level with the great tacticians of Germany.

The wealth of Clive was such as enabled him to vie with the first grandees of England. There remains proof that he had remitted more than a hundred and eighty thousand pounds through the Dutch East India Company, and more than forty thousand pounds through the English Company. The amount which he had sent home through private houses was also con-

siderable He had invested great sums in jewels, then a very common mode of remittance from India His purchases of diamonds, at Madras alone, amounted to twenty-five thousand pounds Besides a great mass of ready money, he had his Indian estate, valued by himself at twenty-seven thousand a year His whole annual income, in the opinion of Sir John Malcolm, who is desirous to state it as low as possible, exceeded forty thousand pounds, and incomes of forty thousand pounds at the time of the accession of George the Third were at least as rare as incomes of a hundred thousand pounds now We may safely affirm that no Englishman who started with nothing has ever, in any line of life, created such a fortune at the early age of thirty-four

It would be unjust not to add that Clive made a creditable use of his riches As soon as the battle of Plassey had laid the foundation of his fortune, he sent ten thousand pounds to his sisters, bestowed as much more on other poor friends and relations, ordered his agent to pay eight hundred a year to his parents, and to insist that they should keep a carriage, and settled five hundred a year on his old commander Lawrence, whose means were very slender. The whole sum which Clive expended in this manner may be calculated at fifty thousand pounds

He now set himself to cultivate Parliamentary interest. His purchases of land seem to have been made in a great measure with that view, and, after the general election of 1761, he found himself in the House of Commons, at the head of a body of dependents whose support must have been important to any administration In English politics, however, he did not take a prominent part His first attachments, as we have seen, were to Mr Fox, at a later period he was attracted by the genius and success of Mr Pitt, but finally, he connected himself in the closest manner with George Grenville Early in the session of 1764, when the illegal and impolitic persecu-

of that worthless demagogue Wilkes had strongly excited the public mind, the town was amused by an anecdote, which we have seen in some unpublished memoirs of Horace Walpole. Old Mr Richard Clive who, since his son's elevation, had been introduced into society for which his former habits had not well fitted him, presented himself at the levee. The King asked him where Lord Clive was. "He will be in town very soon," said the old gentleman, loud enough to be heard by the whole circle, "and then your Majesty will have another vote."

But in truth all Clive's views were directed towards the country in which he had so eminently distinguished himself as a soldier and a statesman, and it was by considerations relating to India that his conduct as a public man in England was regulated. The power of the Company, though an anomaly, is in our time, we are firmly persuaded, a beneficial anomaly. In the time of Clive, it was not merely an anomaly, but a nuisance. There was no Board of Control. The Directors were for the most part mere traders, ignorant of general politics, ignorant of the peculiarities of the empire which had strangely become subject to them. The Court of Proprietors, wherever it chose to interfere, was able to have its way. That court was more numerous, as well as more powerful than at present, for then every share of five hundred pounds conferred a vote. The meetings were large, stormy, even riotous, the debates indecently virulent. All the turbulence of a Westminster election, all the trickery and corruption of a Gram-pound election, disgraced the proceedings of this assembly on questions of the most solemn importance. Fictitious votes were manufactured on a gigantic scale. Clive himself laid out a hundred thousand pounds in the purchase of stock, which he then divided among nominal proprietors on whom he could depend and whom he brought down in his train to every discussion and every ballot. Others did the same, though not to quite so enormous an extent.

The interest taken by the public of England in Indian questions was then far greater than at present, and the reason is obvious. At present a writer enters the service young, he climbs slowly; he is fortunate if, at forty-five, he can return to his country with an annuity of a thousand a year, and with savings amounting to thirty thousand pounds. A great quantity of wealth is made by English functionaries in India, but no single functionary makes a very large fortune, and what is made is slowly, hardly, and honestly earned. Only four or five high political offices are reserved for public men from England. The residencies, the secretaryships, the seats in the boards of revenue and in the Sudder courts are all filled by men who have given the best years of life to the service of the Company, nor can any talents however splendid or any connections however powerful obtain those lucrative posts for any person who has not entered by the regular door, and mounted by the regular gradations. Seventy years ago, less money was brought home from the East than in our time. But it was divided among a very much smaller number of persons, and immense sums were often accumulated in a few months. Any Englishman, whatever his age might be, might hope to be one of the lucky emigrants. If he made a good speech in Leadenhall Street, or published a clever pamphlet in defence of the chairman, he might be sent out in the Company's service, and might return in three or four years as rich as Pigot or as Clive. Thus the India House was a lottery-office, which invited every body to take a chance, and held out such fortunes as the prizes destined for the lucky few. As soon as it was known that there was a part of the world where a lieutenant-colonel had one morning received as a present an estate as large as that of the Earl of Bath or the Marquess of Rockingham, and where it seemed that such a trifle as ten or twenty thousand pounds was to be had by any British adventurer, the trading society began to exhibit all the symptoms of

South Sea year, a feverish excitement, an ungovernable impatience to be rich, a contempt for slow, sure, and moderate gains.

At the head of the preponderating party in the India House, had long stood a powerful, able and ambitious director of the name of Sullivan. He had conceived a strong jealousy of Clive, and remembered with bitterness the audacity with which the late governor of Bengal had repeatedly set at nought the authority of the distant Directors of the Company. An apparent reconciliation took place after Clive's arrival, but enmity remained deeply rooted in the hearts of both. The whole body of Directors was then chosen annually. At the election of 1763, Clive attempted to break down the power of the dominant faction. The contest was carried on with a violence which he describes as tremendous. Sullivan was victorious, and hastened to take his revenge. The grant of rent which Clive had received from Meer Jaffer was, in the opinion of the best English lawyers, valid. It had been made by exactly the same authority from which the Company had received their chief possessions in Bengal, and the Company had long acquiesced in it. The Directors, however, most unjustly determined to confiscate it, and Clive was forced to file a bill in Chancery against them.

But a great and sudden turn in affairs was at hand. Every ship from Bengal had for some time brought alarming tidings. The internal misgovernment of the province had reached such a point that it could go no further. What, indeed, was to be expected from a body of public servants exposed to temptation such that, as Clive once said, flesh and blood could not bear it, armed with irresistible power, and responsible only to the corrupt, turbulent, distracted, ill informed Company, situated at such a distance that the average interval between the sending of a despatch and the receipt of an answer was above a year and a half? Accordingly, during the five years which followed the departure of Clive from Bengal, the misgovernment of the

English was carried to a point such as seems hardly compatible with the very existence of society. The Roman proconsul, who, in a year or two, squeezed out of a province the means of rearing marble palaces and baths on the shores of Campania, of drinking from amber, of feasting on singing birds, of exhibiting armies of gladiators and flocks of camelopards, the Spanish viceroy, who, leaving behind him the curses of Mexico or Lima, entered Madrid with a long train of gilded coaches, and of sumpter-horses trapped and shod with silver, were not outdone. Cruelty, indeed, properly so called, was not among the vices of the servants of the Company. But cruelty it still could hardly have produced greater evils than sprang from their unprincipled eagerness to be rich. They pulled down their creature, Meer Jaffier. They set up in his place another Nabob, named Meer Cossim. But Meer Cossim had parts and a will, and, though sufficiently inclined to oppress his subjects himself, he could not bear to see them ground to the dust by oppressions which yielded him no profit, nay, which destroyed his revenue in the very source. The English accordingly pulled down Meer Cossim, and set up Meer Jaffier again, and Meer Cossim, after revenging himself by a massacre surpassing in atrocity that of the Black Hole, fled to the dominions of the Nabob of Oude. At every one of these revolutions, the new prince divided among his foreign masters whatever could be scraped together in the treasury of his fallen predecessor. The immense population of his dominions was given up as a prey to those who had made him a sovereign, and who could unmake him. The servants of the Company obtained, not for their employers, but for themselves, a monopoly of almost the whole internal trade. They forced the natives to buy dear and to sell cheap. They insulted with impunity the tribunals, the judges, and the fiscal authorities of the country. They covered with their protection a set of native dependents who ranged through the provinces, spreading desolation and terror wherever they

appeared. Every servant of a British factor was armed with all the power of his master, and his master was armed with all the power of the Company. Enormous fortunes were thus rapidly accumulated at Calcutta, while thirty millions of human beings were reduced to the extremity of wretchedness. They had been accustomed to live under tyranny, but never under tyranny like this. They found the little finger of the Company thicker than the loins of Surajah Dowlah. Under their old masters they had at least one resource: when the evil became insupportable, the people rose and pulled down the government. But the English government was not to be so shaken off. That government, oppressive as the most oppressive form of barbarian despotism, was strong with all the strength of civilisation. It resembled the government of evil Genghis, rather than the government of human tyrants. Even despair could not inspire the soft Bengalee with courage to confront men of English breed, the hereditary nobility of mankind, whose skill and valour had so often triumphed in spite of tenfold odds. The unhappy race never attempted resistance. Sometimes they submitted in patient misery. Sometimes they fled from the white man, as their fathers had been used to fly from the Mahratta, and the palanquin of the English traveller was often carried through silent villages and towns, which the report of his approach had made desolate.

The foreign lords of Bengal were naturally objects of hatred to all the neighbouring powers, and to all the haughty race presented a dauntless front. The English armies, every where outnumbered, were every where victorious. A succession of commanders, formed in the school of Clive, still maintained the fame of their country. "It must be acknowledged," says the Mussulman historian of those times, "that this nation's presence of mind, firmness of temper, and undaunted bravery, are past all question. They join the most resolute courage to the most cautious prudence, nor have they their equals in the art



of ranging themselves in battle array and fighting in order. If to so many military qualifications they knew how to join the arts of government, if they exerted as much ingenuity and solicitude in relieving the people of God, as they do in whatever concerns their military affairs, no nation in the world would be preferable to them or worthier of command. But the people under their dominion groan every where, and are reduced to poverty and distress. Oh God! come to the assistance of thine afflicted servants, and deliver them from the oppressions which they suffer."

It was impossible, however, that even the military establishment should long continue exempt from the vices which pervaded every other part of the government. Rapacity, luxury, and the spirit of insubordination spread from the civil service to the officers of the army, and from the officers to the soldiers. The evil continued to grow till every mess room became the seat of conspiracy and cabal, and till the sepoys could be kept in order only by wholesale executions.

At length the state of things in Bengal began to excite uneasiness at home. A succession of revolutions; a disorganized administration, the natives pillaged, yet the Company not enriched, every fleet bringing back fortunate adventurers who were able to purchase manors and to build stately dwellings, yet bringing back also alarming accounts of the financial prospects of the government, war on the frontiers, disaffection in the army; the national character disgraced by excesses resembling those of Verres and Pizarro, such was the spectacle which dismayed those who were conversant with Indian affairs. The general cry was that Clive, and Clive alone, could save the empire which he had founded.

This feeling manifested itself in the strongest manner at a very full General Court of Proprietors. Men of all parties, forgetting their feuds and trembling for their dividends, exclaimed that Clive was the man whom the crisis required,

that the oppressive proceedings which had been adopted respecting his estate ought to be dropped, and that he ought to be entreated to return to India.

Clive rose. As to his estate, he said, he would make such propositions to the Directors as would, he trusted, lead to an amicable settlement. But there was a still greater difficulty. It was proper to tell them that he never would undertake the government of Bengal while his enemy Sullivan was chairman of the Company. The tumult was violent. Sullivan could scarcely obtain a hearing. An overwhelming majority of the assembly was on Clive's side. Sullivan wished to try the result of a ballot. But, according to the by-laws of the Company, there can be no ballot except on a requisition signed by nine proprietors; and, though hundreds were present, nine persons could not be found to set their hands to such a requisition.

Clive was in consequence nominated Governor and Commander-in-chief of the British possessions in Bengal. But he adhered to his declaration, and refused to enter on his office till the event of the next election of Directors should be known. The contest was obstinate, but Clive triumphed. Sullivan, lately absolute master of the India House, was within a vote of losing his own seat, and both the chairman and the deputy-chairman were friends of the new governor.

Such were the circumstances under which Lord Clive sailed for the third and last time to India. In May, 1765, he reached Calcutta, and he found the whole machine of government even more fearfully disorganized than he had anticipated. Meer Jaffier, who had some time before lost his eldest son Meeran, had died while Clive was on his voyage out. The English functionaries at Calcutta had already received from home strict orders not to accept presents from the native princes. But, eager for gain, and unaccustomed to respect the commands of their distant, ignorant, and negligent masters, they again set up the throne of Bengal to sale. About one hundred and forty

thousand pounds sterling was distributed among nine of the most powerful servants of the Company, and, in consideration of this bribe, an infant son of the deceased Nabob was placed on the seat of his father. The news of the ignominious bargain met Clive on his arrival. In a private letter, written immediately after his landing, to an intimate friend, he poured out his feelings in language which, proceeding from a man so daring, so resolute, and so little given to theatrical display of sentiment, seems to us singularly touching. "Alas!" he says, "how is the English name sunk! I could not avoid paying the tribute of a few tears to the departed and lost fame of the British nation—irrecoverably so, I fear. However, I do declare, by that great Being who is the searcher of all hearts, and to whom we must be accountable if there be a hereafter, that I am come out with a mind superior to all corruption, and that I am determined to destroy these great and growing evils, or perish in the attempt."

The Council met, and Clive stated to them his full determination to make a thorough reform, and to use for that purpose the whole of the ample authority, civil and military, which had been confided to him. Johnstone, one of the boldest and worst men in the assembly, made some show of opposition. Clive interrupted him, and haughtily demanded whether he meant to question the power of the new government. Johnstone was cowed, and disclaimed any such intention. All the faces round the board grew long and pale, and not another syllable of dissent was uttered.

Clive redeemed his pledge. He remained in India about a year and a half, and in that short time effected one of the most extensive, difficult, and salutary reforms that ever was accomplished by any statesman. This was the part of his life on which he afterwards looked back with most pride. He had it in his power to triple his already splendid fortune, to connive at abuses while pretending to remove them; to conciliate the

good-will of all the English in Bengal, by giving up to their rapacity a helpless and timid race, who knew not where lay the island which sent forth their oppressors, and whose complaints had little chance of being heard across fifteen thousand miles of ocean. He knew that if he applied himself in earnest to the work of reformation, he should raise every bad passion in arms against him. He knew how unscrupulous, how implacable, would be the hatred of those ravenous adventurers who, having counted on accumulating in a few months fortunes sufficient to support peerages, should find all their hopes frustrated. But he had chosen the good part, and he called up all the force of his mind for a battle far harder than that of Plassey. At first success seemed hopeless, but soon all obstacles began to bend before that iron courage and that vehement will. The receiving of presents from the natives was rigidly prohibited. The private trade of the servants of the Company was put down. The whole settlement seemed to be set, as one man, against these measures. But the inexorable governor declared that, if he could not find support at Fort Wilham, he would procure it elsewhere, and sent for some civil servants from Madras to assist him in carrying on the administration. The most factions of his opponents he turned out of their offices. The rest submitted to what was inevitable, and in a very short time all resistance was quelled.

But Clive was far too wise a man not to see that the recent abuses were partly to be ascribed to a cause which could not fail to produce similar abuses, as soon as the pressure of his strong hand was withdrawn. The Company had followed a mistaken policy with respect to the remuneration of its servants. The salaries were too low to afford even those indulgences which are necessary to the health and comfort of Europeans in a tropical climate. To lay by a rupee from such scanty pay was impossible. It could not be supposed that men of even average abilities would consent to pass the best years of life in exile,

under a burning sun, for no other consideration than these stinted wages. It had accordingly been understood, from a very early period, that the Company's agents were at liberty to enrich themselves by their private trade. This practice had been seriously injurious to the commercial interests of the corporation. That very intelligent observer, Sir Thomas Roe, in the reign of James the First, strongly urged the Directors to apply a remedy to the abuse. "Absolutely prohibit the private trade," said he, "for your business will be better done. I know this is harsh. Men profess they come not for bare wages. But you will take away this plea if you give great wages to their content, and then you know what you part from."

In spite of this excellent advice, the Company adhered to the old system, paid low salaries, and connived at the indirect gains of the agents. The pay of a member of Council was only three hundred pounds a year. Yet it was notorious that such a functionary could not live in India for less than ten times that sum; and it could not be expected that he would be content to live even handsomely in India without laying up something against the time of his return to England. This system, before the conquest of Bengal, might affect the amount of the dividends payable to the proprietors, but could do little harm in any other way. But the Company was now a ruling body. Its servants might still be called factors, junior merchants, senior merchants. But they were in truth proconsuls, proprietors, procurators of extensive regions. They had immense power. Their regular pay was universally admitted to be insufficient. They were, by the ancient usage of the service, and by the implied permission of their employers, warranted in enriching themselves by indirect means, and this had been the origin of the frightful oppression and corruption which had desolated Bengal. Clive saw clearly that it was absurd to give men power, and to require them to live in penury. He justly concluded that no reform could be effectual which should not be coupled with a plan for

liberally remunerating the civil servants of the Company. The Directors, he knew, were not disposed to sanction any increase of the salaries out of their own treasury. The only course which remained open to the governor was one which exposed him to much misrepresentation, but which we think him fully justified in adopting. He appropriated to the support of the service the monopoly of salt, which has formed, down to our own time, a principal head of Indian revenue, and he divided the proceeds according to a scale which seems to have been not unreasonably fixed. He was in consequence accused by his enemies, and has been accused by historians, of disobeying his instructions, of violating his promises, of authorising that very abuse which it was his special mission to destroy, namely, the trade of the Company's servants. But every discerning and impartial judge will admit, that there was really nothing in common between the system which he set up and that which he was sent to destroy. The monopoly of salt had been a source of revenue to the governments of India before Clive was born. It continued to be so long after his death. The civil servants were clearly entitled to a maintenance out of the revenue, and all that Clive did was to charge a particular portion of the revenue with their maintenance. He thus, while he put an end to the practices by which gigantic fortunes had been rapidly accumulated, gave to every British functionary employed in the East the means of slowly, but surely, acquiring a competence. Yet, such is the injustice of mankind, that none of those acts which are the real stains of his life has drawn on him so much obloquy as this measure, which was in truth a reform necessary to the success of all his other reforms.

He had quelled the opposition of the civil service that of the army was more formidable. Some of the retrenchments which had been ordered by the Directors affected the interests of the military service, and a storm arose, such as even Cæsar would not willingly have faced. It was no light thing to en-

counter the resistance of those who held the power of the sword, in a country governed only by the sword. Two hundred English officers engaged in a conspiracy against the government, and determined to resign their commissions on the same day, not doubting that Clive would grant any terms rather than see the army, on which alone the British empire in the East rested, left without commanders. They little knew the unconquerable spirit with which they had to deal. Clive had still a few officers round his person on whom he could rely. He sent to Fort St George for a fresh supply. He gave commissions even to mercantile agents who were disposed to support him at this crisis, and he sent orders that every officer who resigned should be instantly brought up to Calcutta. The conspirators found that they had miscalculated. The governor was inexorable. The troops were steady. The sepoy, over whom Clive had always possessed extraordinary influence, stood by him with unshaken fidelity. The leaders in the plot were arrested, tried, and cashiered. The rest, humbled and dispirited, begged to be permitted to withdraw their resignations. Many of them declared their repentance even with tears. The younger offenders Clive treated with lenity. To the ringleaders he was inflexibly severe, but his severity was pure from all taint of private malevolence. While he sternly upheld the just authority of his office, he passed by personal insults and injuries with magnanimous disdain. One of the conspirators was accused of having planned the assassination of the governor, but Clive would not listen to the charge. "The officers," he said, "are Englishmen, not assassins."

While he reformed the civil service and established his authority over the army, he was equally successful in his foreign policy. His landing on Indian ground was the signal for immediate peace. The Nabob of Oude, with a large army, lay at that time on the frontier of Bahar. He had been joined by many Afghans and Mahrattas, and there was no small reason to

expect a general coalition of all the native powers against the English. But the name of Clive quelled in an instant all opposition. The enemy implored peace in the humblest language, and submitted to such terms as the new governor chose to dictate.

At the same time, the government of Bengal was placed on a new footing. The power of the English in that province had hitherto been altogether undefined. It was unknown to the ancient constitution of the empire, and it had been ascertained by no compact. It resembled the power which, in the last decrepitude of the Western Empire, was exercised over Italy by the great chiefs of foreign mercenaries, the Rheimers and the Odorsers, who put up and pulled down at their pleasure a succession of insignificant princes, dignified with the names of Cæsar and Augustus. But as in Italy, so in India, the warlike strangers at length found it expedient to give to a domination which had been established by arms the sanction of law and ancient prescription. Theodoric thought it politic to obtain from the distant court of Byzantium a commission appointing him ruler of Italy, and Clive, in the same manner, applied to the Court of Delhi for a formal grant of the powers of which he already possessed the reality. The Mogul was absolutely helpless, and, though he murmured, had reason to be well pleased that the English were disposed to give solid rupees which he never could have extorted from them, in exchange for a few Persian characters which cost him nothing. A bargain was speedily struck, and the titular sovereign of Hindostan issued a warrant, empowering the Company to collect and administer the revenues of Bengal, Orissa, and Bahar.

There was still a Nabob, who stood to the British authorities in the same relation in which the last drivelling Chilperics and Childerics of the Merovingian line stood to their able and vigorous Mayors of the Palace, to Charles Martel and to Pepin. At one time Clive had almost made up his mind to discard this





did not come to light till after his death. He kept an exact account of his salary, of his share of the profits accruing from the trade in salt, and of those presents which, according to the fashion of the East, it would be churlish to refuse. Out of the sum arising from these resources, he defrayed the expenses of his situation. The surplus he divided among a few attached friends who had accompanied him to India. He always boasted, and, as far as we can judge, he boasted with truth, that his last administration diminished instead of increasing his fortune.

One large sum indeed he accepted. Meer Jaffier had left him by will above sixty thousand pounds sterling in specie and jewels, and the rules which had been recently laid down extended only to presents from the living, and did not affect legacies from the dead. Clive took the money, but not for himself. He made the whole over to the Company, in trust for officers and soldiers invalided in their service. The fund which still bears his name owes its origin to this princely donation.

After a stay of eighteen months, the state of his health made it necessary for him to return to Europe. At the close of January, 1767, he quitted for the last time the country, on whose destinies he had exercised so mighty an influence.

His second return from Bengal was not, like his first, greeted by the acclamations of his countrymen. Numerous causes were already at work which embittered the remaining years of his life, and hurried him to an untimely grave. His old enemies at the India House were still powerful and active, and they had been reinforced by a large band of allies whose violence far exceeded their own. The whole crew of pilferers and oppressors from whom he had rescued Bengal persecuted him with the implacable rancour which belongs to such abject natures. Many of them even invested their property in India stock, merely that they might be better able to annoy the man

whose firmness had set bounds to their rapacity. Lying newspapers were set up for no purpose but to abuse him, and the temper of the public mind was then such, that these arts, which under ordinary circumstances would have been ineffectual against truth and merit, produced an extraordinary impression.

The great events which had taken place in India had called into existence a new class of Englishmen, to whom their countrymen gave the name of Nabobs. These persons had generally sprung from families neither ancient nor opulent, they had generally been sent at an early age to the East, and they had there acquired large fortunes, which they had brought back to their native land. It was natural that, not having had much opportunity of mixing with the best society, they should exhibit some of the awkwardness and some of the pomposity of upstarts. It was natural that, during their sojourn in Asia, they should have acquired some tastes and habits surprising, if not disgusting, to persons who never had quitted Europe. It was natural that, having enjoyed great consideration in the East, they should not be disposed to sink into obscurity at home; and, as they had money, and had not birth or high connection, it was natural that they should display a little obtrusively the single advantage which they possessed. Wherever they settled there was a kind of feud between them and the old nobility and gentry, similar to that which raged in France between the farmer-general and the marquess. This enmity to the aristocracy long continued to distinguish the servants of the Company. More than twenty years after the time of which we are now speaking, Burke pronounced that among the Jacobins might be reckoned "the East Indians almost to a man, who cannot bear to find that their present importance does not bear a proportion to their wealth."

The Nabobs soon became a most unpopular class of men. Some of them had in the East displayed eminent talents, and rendered great services to the state, but at home their talents

were not shown to advantage, and their services were little known That they had sprung from obscurity, that they had acquired great wealth, that they exhibited it insolently, that they spent it extravagantly, that they raised the price of every thing in their neighbourhood, from fresh eggs to rotten boroughs, that their liveries outshone those of dukes, that their coaches were finer than that of the Lord Mayor, that the examples of their large and ill governed households corrupted half the servants in the country, that some of them, with all their magnificence, could not catch the tone of good society, but, in spite of the stud and the crowd of menials, of the plate and the Dresden china, of the venison and the Burgundy, were still low men, these were things which excited, both in the class from which they had sprung and in the class into which they attempted to force themselves, the bitter aversion which is the effect of mingled envy and contempt But when it was also rumoured that the fortune which had enabled its possessor to eclipse the Lord Lieutenant on the race-ground, or to carry the county against the head of a house as old as Domesday Book, had been accumulated by violating public faith, by deposing legitimate princes, by reducing whole provinces to beggary, all the higher and better as well as all the low and evil parts of human nature were stirred against the wretch who had obtained by guilt and dishonour the riches which he now lavished with arrogant and inelegant profusion The unfortunate Nabob seemed to be made up of those foibles against which comedy has pointed the most merciless ridicule, and of those crimes which have thrown the deepest gloom over tragedy, of Turcaret and Nero, of Monsieur Jourdain and Richard the Third A tempest of execration and derision, such as can be compared only to that outbreak of public feeling against the Puritans which took place at the time of the Restoration, burst on the servants of the Company The humane man was horror-struck at the way in which they had got their money,

the thrifty man at the way in which they spent it. The Dilettante sneered at their want of taste. The Maccaroni black-balled them as vulgar fellows. Writers the most unlike in sentiment and style, Methodists and libertines, philosophers and buffoons, were for once on the same side. It is hardly too much to say that, during a space of about thirty years, the whole lighter literature of England was coloured by the feelings which we have described. Foote brought on the stage an Anglo-Indian chief, dissolute, ungenerous, and tyrannical, ashamed of the humble friends of his youth, hating the aristocracy, yet childishly eager to be numbered among them, squandering his wealth on pandars and flatterers, tricking out his chairmen with the most costly hot-house flowers, and astounding the ignorant with jargon about rupees, lacs, and jaglures. Mackenzie, with more delicate humour, depicted a plain country family raised by the Indian acquisitions of one of its members to sudden opulence, and exciting derision by an awkward mimicry of the manners of the great. Cowper, in that lofty expostulation which glows with the very spirit of the Hebrew poets, placed the oppression of India foremost in the list of those national crimes for which God had punished England with years of disastrous war, with discomfiture in her own seas, and with the loss of her transatlantic empire. If any of our readers will take the trouble to search in the dusty recesses of circulating libraries for some novel published sixty years ago, the chance is that the villain or sub-villain of the story will prove to be a savage old Nabob, with an immense fortune, a tawny complexion, a bad liver, and a worse heart.

Such, as far as we can now judge, was the feeling of the country respecting Nabobs in general. And Clive was eminently the Nabob, the ablest, the most celebrated, the highest in rank, the highest in fortune, of all the fraternity. His wealth was exhibited in a manner which could not fail to excite odium. He lived with great magnificence in Berkeley

Squire He reared one palace in Shropshire and another at Cliremont His parliamentary influence might vie with that of the greatest families But in all this splendour and power envy found something to sneer at On some of his relations wealth and dignity seem to have sat as awkwardly as on Mackenzie's Margery Mushroom Nor was he himself, with all his great qualities, free from those weaknesses which the satirists of that age represented as characteristic of his whole class In the field, indeed, his habits were remarkably simple He was constantly on horseback, was never seen but in his uniform, never wore silk, never entered a palanquin, and was content with the plainest fare But when he was no longer at the head of an army he laid aside this Spartan temperance for the ostentatious luxury of a Sybarite Though his person was ungraceful, and though his harsh features were redeemed from vulgar ugliness only by their stern, dauntless, and commanding expression, he was fond of rich and gay clothing, and replenished his wardrobe with absurd profusion Sir John Malcolm gives us a letter worthy of Sir Matthew Mite, in which Clive orders "two hundred shirts, the best and finest that can be got for love or money" A few follies of this description, grossly exaggerated by report, produced an unfavourable impression on the public mind But this was not the worst Black stories, of which the greater part were pure inventions, were circulated touching his conduct in the East He had to bear the whole odium, not only of those bad acts to which he had once or twice stooped, but of all the bad acts of all the English in India, of bad acts committed when he was absent, nay, of bad acts which he had manfully opposed and severely punished The very abuses against which he had waged an honest, resolute, and successful war, were laid to his account He was in fact, regarded as the personification of all the vices and weaknesses which the public, with or without reason, ascribed to the English adventurers in Asia We have

ourselves heard old men, who knew nothing of his history, but who still retained the prejudices conceived in their youth talk of him as an incarnate fiend. Johnson always held this language. Brown, whom Clive employed to lay out his pleasure grounds, was amazed to see in the house of his noble employer a chest which had once been filled with gold from the treasury of Moorshedabad, and could not understand how the conscience of the criminal could suffer him to sleep with such an object so near to his bedchamber. The peasantry of Surrey looked with mysterious horror on the stately house which was rising at Claremont, and whispered that the great wicked lord had ordered the walls to be made so thick in order to keep out the devil, who would one day carry him away bodily. Among the gaping clowns who drank in this frightful story was a worthless ugly lad of the name of Hunt, since widely known as William Huntington, S S ; and the superstition which was strangely mingled with the knavery of that remarkable impostor seems to have derived no small nutriment from the tales which he heard of the life and character of Clive.

In the mean time, the impulse which Clive had given to the administration of Bengal was constantly becoming fainter and fainter. His policy was to a great extent abandoned, the abuses which he had suppressed began to revive, and at length the evils which a bad government had engendered were aggravated by one of those fearful visitations which the best government cannot avert. In the summer of 1770, the rains failed, the earth was parched up, the tanks were empty, the rivers shrank within their beds, and a famine, such as is known only in countries where every household depends for support on its own little patch of cultivation, filled the whole valley of the Ganges with misery and death. Tender and delicate women, whose veils had never been lifted before the public gaze, came forth from the inner chambers in which Eastern jealousy had kept watch over their beauty, threw

themselves on the earth before the passers-by, and, with loud wailings, implored a handful of rice for their children. The Hoogley every day rolled down thousands of corpses close to the porticoes and gardens of the English conquerors. The very streets of Calcutta were blocked up by the dying and the dead. The lean and feeble survivors had not energy enough to bear the bodies of their kindred to the funeral pile or to the holy river, or even to scare away the jackals and vultures, who fed on human remains in the face of day. The extent of the mortality was never ascertained, but it was popularly reckoned by millions. This melancholy intelligence added to the excitement which already prevailed in England on Indian subjects. The proprietors of East India stock were uneasy about their dividends. All men of common humanity were touched by the calamities of our unhappy subjects, and indignation soon began to mingle itself with pity. It was rumoured that the Company's servants had created the famine by engrossing all the rice of the country, that they had sold grain for eight, ten, twelve times the price at which they had bought it, that one English functionary who, the year before, was not worth a hundred guineas, had, during that season of misery, remitted sixty thousand pounds to London. These charges we believe to have been unfounded. That servants of the Company had ventured, since Clive's departure, to deal in rice, is probable. That, if they dealt in rice, they must have gained by the scarcity is certain. But there is no reason for thinking that they either produced or aggravated an evil which physical causes sufficiently explain. The outcry which was raised against them on this occasion was, we suspect, as absurd as the imputations which, in times of dearth at home, were once thrown by statesmen and judges, and are still thrown by two or three old women, on the corn factors. It was, however, so loud and so general that it appears to have imposed even on an intellect raised so high above vulgar prejudices as that of Adam



Smith What was still more extraordinary, these unhappy events greatly increased the unpopularity of Lord Clive. He had been some years in England when the famine took place. None of his acts had the smallest tendency to produce such a calamity. If the servants of the Company had traded in rice, they had done so in direct contravention of the rule which he had laid down, and, while in power, had resolutely enforced. But, in the eyes of his countrymen, he was, as we have said, the Nabob, the Anglo-Indian character personified, and, while he was building and planting in Surrey, he was held responsible for all the effects of a dry season in Bengal.

Parliament had hitherto bestowed very little attention on our Eastern possessions. Since the death of George the Second, a rapid succession of weak administrations, each of which was in turn flattered and betrayed by the Court, had held the semblance of power. Intrigues in the palace, riots in the capital, and insurrectionary movements in the American colonies, had left the advisers of the crown little leisure to study Indian politics. When they did interfere, their interference was feeble and irresolute. Lord Clutham, indeed, during the short period of his ascendancy in the councils of George the Third, had meditated a bold attack on the Company. But his plans were rendered abortive by the strange malady which about that time began to overcloud his splendid genius.

At length, in 1772, it was generally felt that Parliament could no longer neglect the affairs of India. The Government was stronger than any which had held power since the breach between Mr Pitt and the great Whig connection in 1761. No pressing question of domestic or European policy required the attention of public men. There was a short and decisive fall between two tempests. The excitement produced by the Middlesex election was over, the discontents of America did not yet threaten civil war, the financial difficulties of the Company



have produced a great impression on his audience Lord Chatham who, now the ghost of his former self, loved to haunt the scene of his glory, was that night under the gallery of the House of Commons, and declared that he had never heard a finer speech It was subsequently printed under Clive's dictation, and, when the fullest allowance has been made for the assistance which he may have obtained from literary friends, proves him to have possessed, not merely strong sense and a manly spirit, but talents both for disquisition and declamation which assiduous culture might have improved into the highest excellence He confined his defence on this occasion to the measures of his last administration, and succeeded so far that his enemies thenceforth thought it expedient to direct their attacks chiefly against the earlier part of his life

The earlier part of his life unfortunately presented some assailable points to their hostility A committee was chosen by ballot to inquire into the affairs of India, and by this committee the whole history of that great revolution which threw down Surajah Dowlah and raised Meer Jaffier was sifted with malignant care Clive was subjected to the most unsparing examination and cross-examination, and afterwards bitterly complained that he, the Baron of Plassey, had been treated like a sheep-stealer The boldness and ingenuousness of his replies would alone suffice to show how alien from his nature were the frauds to which, in the course of his eastern negotiations, he had sometimes descended He avowed the arts which he had employed to deceive Omichund, and resolutely said that he was not ashamed of them, and that, in the same circumstances, he would again act in the same manner He admitted that he had received immense sums from Meer Jaffier, but he denied that, in doing so, he had violated any obligation of morality or honour He laid claim, on the contrary, and not without some reason, to the praise of eminent disinterestedness He described in vivid language the situation in which his victory had placed

him, great princes dependent on his pleasure, an opulent city afraid of being given up to plunder, wealthy bankers bidding against each other for his smiles, vaults piled with gold and jewels thrown open to him alone. "By God Mr Chairman," he exclaimed, 'at this moment I stand astonished at my own moderation."

The inquiry was so extensive that the Houses rose before it had been completed. It was continued in the following session. When at length the committee had concluded its labours, enlightened and impartial men had little difficulty in making up their minds as to the result. It was clear that Clive had been guilty of some acts which it is impossible to vindicate without attacking the authority of all the most sacred laws which regulate the intercourse of individuals and of states. But it was equally clear that he had displayed great talents and even great virtues, that he had rendered eminent services both to his country and to the people of India, and that it was in truth not for his dealings with Meer Jaffer, nor for the fraud which he had practised on Omichund but for his determined resistance to avarice and tyranny, that he was now called in question.

Ordinary criminal justice knows nothing of set-off. The greatest desert cannot be pleaded in answer to a charge of the slightest transgression. If a man has sold beer on Sunday morning, it is no defence that he has saved the life of a fellow-creature at the risk of his own. If he has harnessed a Newfoundland dog to his little child's carriage, it is no defence that he was wounded at Waterloo. But it is not in this way that we ought to deal with men who, raised far above ordinary restraints, and tried by far more than ordinary temptations, are entitled to a more than ordinary measure of indulgence. Such men should be judged by their contemporaries as they will be judged by posterity. Their bad actions ought not, indeed, to be called good, but then good and bad actions ought to be

fairly weighed, and if on the whole the good preponderate, the sentence ought to be one, not merely of acquittal, but of approbation. Not a single great ruler in history can be absolved by a judge who fixes his eye inexorably on one or two unjustifiable acts. Bruce the deliverer of Scotland, Maurice the deliverer of Germany, William the deliverer of Holland, his great descendant the deliverer of England, Murray the good regent, Cosmo the father of his country, Henry the Fourth of France, Peter the Great of Russia, how would the best of them pass such a scrutiny? History takes wider views, and the best tribunal for great political cases is the tribunal which anticipates the verdict of history.

Reasonable and moderate men of all parties felt thus in Clive's case. They could not pronounce him blameless, but they were not disposed to abandon him to that low-minded and rancorous pack who had run him down and were eager to worry him to death. Lord North, though not very friendly to him, was not disposed to go to extremities against him. While the inquiry was still in progress, Clive, who had some years before been created a Knight of the Bath, was installed with great pomp in Henry the Seventh's Chapel. He was soon after appointed Lord Lieutenant of Shropshire. When he kissed hands, George the Third, who had always been partial to him, admitted him to a private audience, talked to him half an hour on Indian politics, and was visibly affected when the persecuted general spoke of his services and of the way in which they had been requited.

At length the charges came in a definite form before the House of Commons. Burgoyne, chairman of the committee, a man of wit, fashion, and honour, an agreeable dramatic writer, an officer whose courage was never questioned, and whose skill was at that time highly esteemed, appeared as the accuser. The members of the administration took different sides, for in that age all questions were open questions, except such as

were brought forward by the Government, or such as implied some censure on the Government. Thurlow, the Attorney General, was among the assailants. Wedderburne, the Solicitor General, strongly attached to Clive, defended his friend with extraordinary force of argument and language. It is a curious circumstance that, some years later, Thurlow was the most conspicuous champion of Warren Hastings, while Wedderburne was among the most unrelenting persecutors of that great though not faultless statesman. Clive spoke in his own defence at less length and with less art than in the preceding year, but with much energy and pathos. He recounted his great actions and his wrongs, and, after bidding his hearers remember, that they were about to decide not only on his honour but on their own, he retired from the House.

The Commons resolved that acquisitions made by the arms of the State belong to the State alone, and that it is illegal in the servants of the State to appropriate such acquisitions to themselves. They resolved that this wholesome rule appeared to have been systematically violated by the English functionaries in Bengal. On a subsequent day they went a step farther, and resolved that Clive had, by means of the power which he possessed as commander of the British forces in India, obtained large sums from Meer Jaffier. Here the Commons stopped. They had voted the major and minor of Burgoyne's syllogism, but they shrank from drawing the logical conclusion. When it was moved that Lord Clive had abused his powers, and set an evil example to the servants of the public, the previous question was put and carried. At length, long after the sun had risen on an animated debate, Wedderburne moved that Lord Clive had at the same time rendered great and meritorious services to his country, and this motion passed without a division.

The result of this memorable inquiry appears to us, on the whole, honourable to the justice, moderation, and discernment

of the Commons They had indeed no great temptation to do wrong They would have been very bad judges of an accusation brought against Jenkinson or against Wilkes But the question respecting Clive was not a party question, and the House accordingly acted with the good sense and good feeling which may always be expected from an assembly of English gentlemen, not blinded by faction

The equitable and temperate proceedings of the British Parliament were set off to the greatest advantage by a foil The wretched government of Lewis the Fifteenth had murdered, directly or indirectly, almost every Frenchman who had served his country with distinction in the East Labourdonnais was flung into the Bastile, and, after years of suffering, left it only to die Duplex, stripped of his immense fortune, and broken-hearted by humiliating attendance in antechambers, sank into an obscure grave Lally was dragged to the common place of execution with a gag between his lips The Commons of England, on the other hand, treated their living captuin with that discriminating justice which is seldom shown except to the dead They laid down sound general principles, they delicately pointed out where he had deviated from those principles, and they tempered the gentle censure with liberal eulogy The contrast struck Voltaire, always partial to England, and always eager to expose the abuses of the Parliaments of France. Indeed he seems, at this time, to have meditated a history of the conquest of Bengal He mentioned his design to Dr Moore when that amusing writer visited him at Ferney Wedderburne took great interest in the matter, and pressed Clive to furnish materials Had the plan been carried into execution, we have no doubt that Voltaire would have produced a book containing much lively and picturesque narrative, many just and humane sentiments poignantly expressed, many grotesque blunders, many sneers at the Mosaic chronology, much scandal about the Catholic missionaries, and much sublime theo phi-





an appeal to the sword seemed inevitable, and the Ministers were desirous to avail themselves of the services of Clive. Had he still been what he was when he raised the siege of Patna, and annihilated the Dutch army and navy at the mouth of the Ganges, it is not improbable that the resistance of the Colonists would have been put down, and that the inevitable separation would have been deferred for a few years. But it was too late. His strong mind was fast sinking under many kinds of suffering. On the twenty-second of November, 1774, he died by his own hand. He had just completed his forty-ninth year.

In the awful close of so much prosperity and glory, the vulgar saw only a confirmation of all their prejudices, and some men of real piety and genius so far forgot the maxims both of religion and of philosophy as confidently to ascribe the mournful event to the just vengeance of God, and to the horrors of an evil conscience. It is with very different feelings that we contemplate the spectacle of a great mind ruined by the weariness of satiety, by the pangs of wounded honour, by fatal diseases, and more fatal remedies.

Clive committed great faults, and we have not attempted to disguise them. But his faults, when weighed against his merits, and viewed in connection with his temptations, do not appear to us to deprive him of his right to an honourable place in the estimation of posterity.

From his first visit to India dates the renown of the English arms in the East. Till he appeared, his countrymen were despised as mere pedlars, while the French were revered as a people formed for victory and command. His courage and capacity dissolved the charm. With the defence of Arcot commences that long series of Oriental triumphs which closes with the fall of Ghizni. Nor must we forget that he was only twenty-five years old when he approved himself ripe for military command. This is a rare if not a singular distinction.



If the reproach of the Company and of its servants has been taken away, if in India the yoke of foreign masters, elsewhere the heaviest of all yokes, has been found lighter than that of any native dynasty, if to that gang of public robbers which formerly spread terror through the whole plain of Bengal has succeeded a body of functionaries not more highly distinguished by ability and diligence than by integrity, disinterestedness, and public spirit, if we now see such men as Munro, Elphinstone, and Metcalfe, after leading victorious armies, after making and deposing kings, return, proud of their honourable poverty, from a land which once held out to every greedy factor the hope of boundless wealth, the praise is in no small measure due to Clive. His name stands high on the roll of conquerors. But it is found in a better list, in the list of those who have done and suffered much for the happiness of mankind. To the warrior, history will assign a place in the same rank with Lucullus and Trajan. Nor will she deny to the reformer a share of that veneration with which France cherishes the memory of Turgot, and with which the latest generations of Hindoos will contemplate the statue of Lord William Bentinck.

THE END

